# MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XX.

MARCH, 1899.

No. 6.

# IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PEOPLE AND THINGS OF TIMELY INTEREST-PRESENT DAY CELEBRITIES IN THE WORLD OF POLITICS AND DIPLOMACY, OF ART AND LITERATURE, OF SOCIETY AND RELIGION.

THE FILIPINO DICTATOR.

Emilio Aguinaldo, the leader of the Filipino insurgents, and the self appointed president of the Philippine Republic, was practically unknown to us a year ago. Spain had already made his acquaintance, and had recently paid him a very large bribe to induce him to give up the sedition business and retire to China. At the outbreak of our late unpleasantness with the peninsular monarchy he was discovered enjoying a well earned rest in Hong Kong. Rounsevelle Wildman, our consul at that port, had very cleverly detected the young man's abilities as a maker of disturbance; and, thinking to turn them to account, he forwarded Aguinaldo to Manila as a present to Dewey. It is said in Washington, with more or less seriousness, that the admiral's constant effort ever since has been to lose the troublesome gift.

Still, there are about this young Malay half breed the unquestionable characteristics of a leader. Agoncillo, his special envoy in this country, says of THE NATION TO him: "He is our idol, our Washington. So far he has



EMILIO AGUINALDO, THE SELF APPOINTED DICTATOR OF THE FILIPINOS.

From a photograph.



"THE GIFT OF REAR ADMIRAL DEWRY.

never failed us."

On the other hurry were it not that he was bolstered hand, Mr. Raymon Reyes Lala, an up with false hopes that Congress educated and refined native of the would refuse to ratify the treaty and Philippines, who is also in this that in some way he would personally



THE LOVING CUP PRESENTED TO MRS. WILLIAM T. SAMPSON BY THE OFFICERS WHO SERVED UNDER HER HUSBAND IN THE WAR WITH SPAIN, AS A TOKEN OF THEIR REGARD FOR ADMIRAL SAMPSON.

country, declares that "Aguinaldo and his companions, though fervent patriots, do not represent the best classes in the island, who, almost without exception, are for annexation or a protectorate."

It is said that a letter from Admiral Dewey, received by his nephew in this country the latter part of January, says benefit by the stand he had taken for independent recognition.

TRIBUTES TO TWO GREAT SAILORS.

That republics are not wholly devoid of gratitude to the men who fight their battles is shown by such incidents as the recent gift of a sword to Admiral Dewey and a loving cup to the wife of that Aguinaldo is losing his strength Admiral Sampson. Both presents—of with the natives, and that he could be which engravings are given heredisposed of as a disturbing factor in a are beautiful and valuable things. The Dewey sword, which was designed by Paulding Farnham and made by Tiffany, of New York, is of solid gold, with the exception of the damascened steel blade and the body metal of the scabbard. On the blade is the inscription, "The gift of the nation to Rear Admiral Dewey, U. S. N., in memory of the victory at Manila Bay, May 1, 1898."

A more personal tribute, and one which, though less costly, is no less beautiful, and will be a no less valued heirloom, is the loving cup presented to the wife of Admiral Sampson by the commanding officers who served under him in the late war with Spain. The cup is about twelve inches high and of graceful design. The



about twelve inches high and of graceful design. The

JAMES SMITH, JR., WHO ON MARCH 4 RETIRES FROM OFFICE
AS UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM NEW JERSEY.

From a photograph by Walters, Newark.

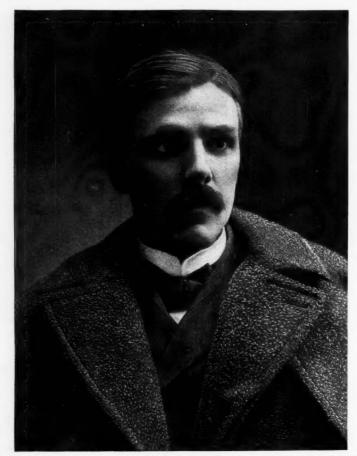


ARTHUR P. GORMAN, WHO ON MARCH 4 RETIRES FROM OFFICE AFTER EIGHTEEN YEARS' SERVICE AS UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM MARYLAND.

From a photograph by Parker, Washington.

shape is nautical and dolphins and mermaids form the decoration. On one side of the bowl is etched the engagement off Santiago, and on the other appears this inscription:

" Presented to Mrs. William T. Sampson by the commanding officers serving under her husband, Rear Admiral Sampson, in 1808, during the war between the United States and Spain, which resulted in the destruction of the Spanish squadron under Admiral Cervera off Santiago, Cuba, on the glorious Third of July, 1898, as a token of their high regard and esteem for Admiral Sampson's professional qualities as a commander in chief, and in loving remembrance of the uniform kindness,



THE REV. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS, D.D., THE NEW PASTOR OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN.

From a photograph by Harrison, Chicago.

consideration, and courtesy which characterized his bearing toward them in all their official intercourse."

The base upon which the cup rests is formed of miniature representations of the bows of the four Spanish men of war, the Oquendo, Vizcaya, Maria Teresa, and Cristobal Colon, all of which were destroyed in the battle of Santiago.

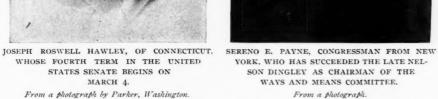
THE NEW PASTOR OF PLYMOUTH.

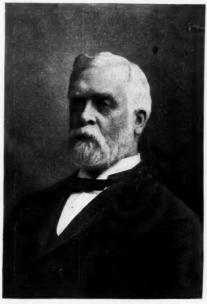
Though we are often told that books and newspapers have superseded the platform and the pulpit, oratory does not lose its charm and its influence, and a preacher who can sway great audiences is always a power in the religious world. Such preachers are rare. Henry Ward Beecher was one of them—the greatest of his day; and some of those who used to hang upon his words think that a worthy successor has been found in Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, who has been called from Chicago to the Brooklyn church that Beecher made famous.

Dr. Hillis is a comparatively young man, being little more than forty years old. He was born in Iowa and brought up on a farm in Nebraska. At seventeen he entered the missionary work of the American Sunday School Union. He is a graduate of Lake Forest Col-



STATES SENATE BEGINS ON MARCH 4.





WHOSE FOURTH TERM IN THE UNITED YORK, WHO HAS SUCCEEDED THE LATE NEL-SON DINGLEY AS CHAIRMAN OF THE WAYS AND MEANS COMMITTEE.

From a photograph.



WHO RETIRES FROM THE UNITED STATES FROM THE UNITED STATES SENATE ON SENATE ON MARCH 4.

From a photograph.



STEPHEN MALLORY WHITE, OF CALIFORNIA, GEORGE GRAY, OF DELAWARE, WHO RETIRES MARCH 4.

From a photograph by Rice, Washington.



OSCAR II OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY, WHO HAS INTRUSTED HIS ROYAL FUNCTIONS TO HIS ELDEST SON, AND IS SEEKING REST FROM THE CARES OF STATE AND FROM THE BITTER DISSENSIONS OF HIS DUAL KINGDOM.

From his latest photograph by Florman, Stockholm.

cupied several minor pulpits before be-Chicago, where he succeeded the late well as more useful. David Swing. The Central Church, we believe, is not a church as some understand the term. It has no parish, no educational or charitable work, and has been prominently before the eyes one sermon on each Sunday was all of the people during the last year is

lege and McCormick Seminary, and oc- that was asked of Dr. Hillis. At Plymouth, his duties will be far more onering called to the Central Church, ous, and therefore more acceptable as

#### HELEN GOULD.

An American woman whose name

only one more verification of the old desire for the publicity that has been adage that "to him that hath shall be thrust upon her, has been shown by her given." Position and wealth were al- aversion to any public recognition of

Miss Helen Gould. In a way this is suffering soldiers, and that she had no



GUSTAVUS, CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY, WHO IS ACTING AS REGENT IN THE AB-SENCE OF HIS FATHER, KING OSCAR,

From his latest photograph by Florman, Stockholm.

-and has deserved it.

Miss Gould's place among American heiresses is unique, inasmuch as she has absolute control over her great fortune. This enables her to give whatever, whenever, and wherever she pleases. That her actions have been prompted solely by a charitable instinct, by her womanly sympathy for the sick and Phya Visuddha as minister from Siam

ready hers, and now she has won honor her services. "The thanks of Congress" she could not well refuse, nor the "thanks of the State Legislature," but, as she herself says, the gratitude of the soldiers themselves has more than repaid her for what she did.

A DUAL MINISTER FROM SIAM.

In speaking of the appointment of



the representative of the Lord of the White Elephant, with our kinsmen across the sea.

Mr. Visuddha, who is a lawyer by profession, was born in Bangkok about forty years ago, and, through his father, is allied to one of the princely houses of India. In 1893 he was made secretary of the Siamese legation in London, and two years later was advanced to the position of chargé d'affaires. Since his arrival in America the new minister has traveled extensively, and has given special attention to our system of public and industrial schools. It has been Siam's practice in the past to send her



THE DININGROOM AND DRAWINGROOM
IN MISS HELEN GOULD'S HOUSE,
AT IRVINGTON ON HUDSON,
NEW YORK.

to both Washington and London, frivolous Americans have suggested that this courtly gentleman from Bangkok will have to play the part of his compatriots, the celebrated twins, in the fulfilment of his diplomatic duties; but on the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread, we should be very glad to divide our new Asiatic friend.

MISS GOULD'S PRIVATE SITTINGROOM IN HER HOUSE AT IRVINGTON ON HUDSON, NEW YORK.



PHYA VISUDDHA, ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY AND MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY FROM SIAM TO THE UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN.

From a photograph by Stalee, Washington.

improvements in the field of popular education.

# ADIOS, ANDRADE.

The diplomatic circle in Washington is continually called upon to welcome to Señor Andrade's intimate knowl-

young men of noble birth to England new members and to bid farewell to old for their technical education, but Mr. associates. Señor Don Jose Andrade, Visuddha sees no reason why his who has been Venezuela's minister to country should not profit by American this country since 1893, has been appointed to the head of the South American republic's legation in Londonnewly reëstablished after a long break of official relations.

This appointment may be attributed



SENOR DON JOSE ANDRADE, RECENTLY APPOINTED MINISTER FROM VENEZUELA TO GREAT BRITAIN, AFTER SIX YEARS' SERVICE AS HIS COUNTRY'S REPRESENTATIVE AT WASHINGTON.

From a photograph by Gilbert, Washington.

edge of the somewhat burning ques- cope with English statesmen, Sir Julian tions that have arisen between Great Pauncefote, the British ambassador at Britain and his home government. In Washington, having been his adversary the Venezuelan boundary dispute he in more than one diplomatic bout. gave ample evidence of his ability to Minister Andrade is a man of middle

age, and has been in public life for more than a quarter of a century. He is a brother of the President of Venezuela.

PRESIDENT DIAZ OF MEXICO.

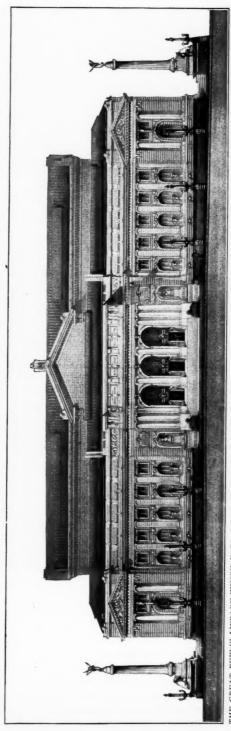
As his sixth term of office as President of Mexico draws to a close, General Porfirio Diaz stands out as the most striking and interesting figure in the history of the Spanish American republic that is our southern

neighbor.

Much of his personal popularity is due to the fact that in him are represented the two chief factors of Mexican civilization. His mother was a direct descendant from one of the oldest native Indian tribes, while his father was a Spaniard; and this no doubt has helped him to his perfect understanding of the complex race that he has had to govern.

His father dving when he was an infant, his mother had him educated for service in the Catholic church, but this he forsook for law and politics. He was a general in the war against Maximilian, and it was through the distinction won in that campaign that he became provisional president in 1876, since which time, with the exception of the term of Manuel Gonzales. he has held continuous office.

" History will note his career as worthy of study and respect," said the late John Russell Young, who was a personal friend of President Diaz, "and, it may be, of emulation; as a ruler who has given his fellow countrymen a government; whose achievements add luster to a century which has seen what has been done in the cause of civilization, of national unity and freedom, by O'Connell, Bis-



CITY, FRONTING UPON FIFTH AVENUE BETWEEN FORTIETH AND FORTY SECOND BY DESIGN THE ACCEPTED PARK, TO STAND IN BRYANT PARK, STREETS—FRONT ELEVATION PUBLIC LIBRARY WHICH IS TO



JACOB G. SCHURMAN, LL.D., PRESIDENT OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY, NOW SERVING AS A MEMBER OF THE PHILIPPINES COMMISSION.

From a photograph by Howes, Ithaca.

marck, Garibaldi, Kossuth, Jefferson, Lincoln, and Grant."

TWO STORIES OF BERNHARDT.

Paris is never tired of hearing and relating anecdotes of her idol, Sarah Bernhardt, and two new ones have appeared on the Boulevards. Strangely enough, one comes from Chicago. The actress had been purchasing some books in that city. Having been attentively waited upon by the proprietor of the shop himself, and wishing to show her appreciation, she took up his pencil and asked in French for something to write on. The book-

seller did not understand. Quick as a flash Bernhardt picked up a volume of a most expensive set of Scott's novels, bound in tree calf, opened it at the center, wrote something hurriedly, calmly tore out the leaf, and, smiling, handed it to the astonished bookman. It was a pass for two to her performance of "Cleopatra" that evening.

The second story concerns itself with the actress' summer home at Belle Île en Mer. The place was purchased some fifteen years ago, and many of the most enjoyable moments of Bernhardt's life have been passed there. She likes it for its absolute quietude; but last summer she was startled by the announcement that the municipal council were about to build a railway which would pass by her grounds and bring a station to her very doors. She was furious, and at once advertised her property for sale.

Two or three days later she received a bulky document bearing the names



PORFIRIO DIAZ, PRESIDENT OF MEXICO.
From his latest photograph by Moreno & Lopez, New York.



PROFESSOR DEAN C. WORCESTER, OF THE UNI-VERSITY OF MICHIGAN, NOW SERVING AS A MEMBER OF THE PHILIPPINES COMMISSION.

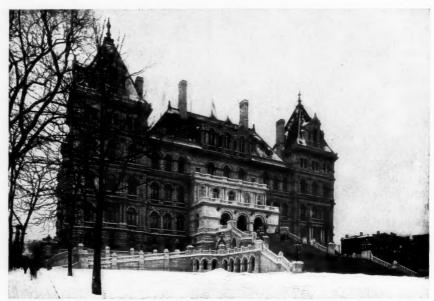
From a photograph by Rockwood, New York.

of almost all the natives of Belle Île en Mer. It was a protest against the railway and a petition begging her to stay. The peasants declared that they would fight the council's plans, and would refuse to sell their lands. She withdrew her offer to sell, and Belie Île en Mer is still without a railroad.

### THE CZAR AND TOLSTOY.

The Czar's meeting with Count Tolstoy at a little railroad station in Central Russia, not long ago, must have been one of the pleasantest and most human incidents that has occurred in the not over happy life of Russia's ruler. It was an incident, too, that may possibly prove to mark an era in the history of progressive Russia.

The old reformer has repeatedly refused to appear at functions where it was known that the Czar was to be present. Nevertheless, on hearing that the emperor had stopped for luncheon at his own little station of Toola, and



THE NEW YORK STATE CAPITOL AT ALBANY—A TWENTY MILLION DOLLAR BUILDING WHICH IS NOW REGARDED AS FINISHED, AFTER TWENTY EIGHT YEARS' WORK UPON IT.

From a photograph by Turnbull, New York.



THE EXECUTIVE MANSION, GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S OFFICIAL RESIDENCE AT ALBANY.

wanted to see him, Tolstoy, though in his peasant's dress, hastened to present himself. According to a published account of the interview, Nicholas greeted him most cordially, kissing him on the mouth and both cheeks.

"What is your opinion upon our imperial proposal for the limitation of armaments?" asked the Czar.

"I shall believe in it only when your majesty shall set the example to other nations," replied the philosopher.

"Ah, but there are many difficulties. One cannot take such a step alone."

"At least, then," answered Tolstoy, "I trust that your majesty will be able to attain some definite result or formulate some plan at the conference."

The Czar thanked him heartily for his good wishes, and said that he would be pleased if Tolstoy could be induced to lend his genius to the solution of the question. The count rejoined that the emperor might command his earnest cooperation.

Russia's artists will hardly lose the chance given them, in this unusual meeting, to paint a striking and characteristic canvas. The scene—a little country station; Tolstoy in his peasant garb, being greeted by the Czar, surrounded by his richly dressed officers. The story—the autocrat of all the Russias asking the peasant to help him.

# CHANGES IN THE SENATE.

Some very interesting changes will be made in the Senate on the 4th of this month. Perhaps the most important is the retirement of Arthur P. Gorman of Maryland, who for many years has been recognized as the leader of the Democratic party in that body. Mr. Gorman is a typical American politician. He began life as a Senate page, and the fact has always added to the picturesqueness of his personality in the eyes of the public. He was chairman of the national committee which helped elect Mr. Cleveland to his first term in the White House, and he him-

self has been considered a Presidential possibility in more than one December convention.

Senator Gray, who is also slated for retirement—although as we go to press there remains a faint possibility of his reëlection—came into the Senate to succeed the late Thomas F. Bayard, whom Mr. Cleveland elevated to the headship of the State Department. Mr. Gray has an excellent record as a lawyer and a public man, and his departure will be a distinct loss to the Senate. He has twice declined an appointment to the Federal bench.

Mr. White of California, chairman of the Democratic Congressional committee, and Mr. Smith of New Jersey, complete a quartet of well known Democrats who step out of official life because their States went Republican in the last election. Of the more fortunate Senators who succeeded in securing their reëlection, one of the most conspicuous is General Hawley of Connecticut, whose service began on the same day with Gorman's, eighteen years ago, and who has long been one of the wheel horses of the Republican party. There are several new men who are likely to be interesting figures at Washington. One of these, of course, is Senator Depew of New York; another is Albert J. Beveridge of Indiana, who, though quite young for Senatorial honors, is known as an orator of unusual ability.

The temperance question is one of which it is very difficult to secure a calm and fair discussion. Bishop Potter recently stated, in effect, that the saloon—being to the poor man, to a certain extent, what his club is to the richer man—is an evil that cannot be wiped out of existence by a wave of the reformer's hand, but must be replaced by something better; whereupon the bishop—who is himself an abstainer, and than whom few have worked harder for the cause of temperance, and of social reform in general—has been

roundly denounced for "indorsing the saloon." The misrepresentation is not creditable to the honesty or the intelligence of those who set it afoot.

An example of the striking contrast between military and civil fame as viewed by the people is apparent in England just now, where two memorial funds are accumulating through popular subscription-the one for the Gordon Memorial College at Khartoum, a tribute to Kitchener, the conqueror; the other a fund to establish popular libraries in the principal cities of Great Britain, a memorial to Gladstone. Between the benefits to be derived from each there can be no comparison; yet to Gladstone, dead, only twenty thousand pounds has been subscribed, while . Kitchener, alive, has readily drawn one hundred and twenty thousand from an enthusiastic public.

To welcome the dawn of the twentieth century Pope Leo XIII contemplates a universal peace jubilee.

The late John Russell Young, Librarian of Congress, always maintained a marked respect for his chosen profession, journalism. He was one of the few prominent men of the day who regarded the position of the trusted correspondent as fully equal to that of Senators and Representatives. establishment of a reading room for the blind in the Congressional Library will, perhaps, be more permanently associated with Mr. Young's name than any other single act of his short tenure of office as the first custodian of our splendid new National Library. Almost his last act was of a similar nature. the providing of a reading room for children too young to be admitted to the general library.

In the turbulent life of Émile Zola proofs of the loyalty of his friends have not been wanting. Twice recently—as a result of his daring sally into the

lists on behalf of Dreyfus—the author's household furniture and personal effects have been put up at auction to satisfy a judgment. On the first occasion an antique walnut table, which originally cost a hundred and twenty francs, was run up to thirty two thousand by friends of the novelist. A second sale was necessary to pay the costs of the first, and a small looking glass, the first article offered, brought the desired amount—two thousand five hundred francs.

Dorothy Drew, Gladstone's little granddaughter, has been added to the list of Kipling's admirers who are tired of his stories. The two had been together for some time in the grounds of an English country house where both were guests, Kipling telling the little girl stories. Mrs. Drew finally came to the rescue of the child.

"I hope you have not been wearying Mr. Kipling, Dorothy," she said.

"Oh, not a bit," replied Miss Dorothy; "he has been wearying me."

A small bronze statue of Kaiser Wilhelm sold on the streets of Berlin is evidently the work of a great satirist. The emperor, dressed as a crusader, is looking up to heaven. Both hands clasp the hilt of a sword on which is the word "Credo"—"I believe."

It is eminently fitting that the lady selected to christen the new torpedo boat Lawrence should be a descendant of Captain James Lawrence, the hero of the Chesapeake, who uttered the never to be forgotten words, "Don't give up the ship," but whose fate it was to die a prisoner on his surrendered frigate. Miss Ruth Lawrence is the daughter of a New York judge, Justice Lawrence of the Supreme Court. She is one of the incorporators of the Colonial Dames of the State of New York, and an active member of the Little Sisters of the Quill, a society of young women devoted to literature.

# THE KING'S MIRROR.\*

# BY ANTHONY HOPE.

MR. HOPE, WHO IN THE LAST FIVE YEARS HAS WON SO REMARKABLE A REPUTATION AS AN AUTHOR OF DASHING TALES OF ADVENTURE AND AS A MASTER OF CLEVER DIALOGUE, STRIKES A NEW VEIN OF FICTION IN THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A YOUNG KING. THE WORLD ENVIES THE MEN WHO SIT ON THRONES; THOSE WHO FOLLOW THE STORY OF KING AUGUSTIN WILL HAVE SYMPATHY RATHER THAN ENVY FOR HIM IN HIS LOFTY AND LONELY STATION.

#### SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

This is the story of the life of a young king, Augustin, as told by himself, and the principal characters in his little drama are his mother, the Princess Heinrich; his sister, the Princess Victoria, who is Augustin's elder by two years; and the Prince von Hammerfeldt, an old statesman and diplomatist, who is really the dominating force in the young king's domains. As the years roll by Augustin finds himself more and more disillusioned of his boyish dreams of kingly power; his position prevents him from acquiring any real friends, his cherished plans are continually thwarted, and restrictions hedge him in on every side. When Victoria is seventeen she indulges in a firtation with a baron, and this brings about an open rupture between her and her mother. In six months' time the girl realizes how foolish she has been, but her relations with the Princess Heinrich are not bettered. And now it is decided that it is time that Victoria was married, and her mother and Hammerfeldt go husband hunting. When Augustin learns of this he seriously contemplates trying the effect of a hitherto untried royal veto on such premature haste and cruel forcing of a girl's inclination.

# VI (Continued).

VICTORIA received my advances with visible surprise. Did I suppose, she asked, that she was so happy at home as to shrink from marriage? Would not such a step be rather an emancipation than a banishment? I paraphrase and condense her observations. Did I not perceive that she must hail the prospect with relief? I must know that her mother and herself were at one on this matter; she was obliged for my kindness, but thought that I need not concern myself. Considerably relieved, not less puzzled, with a picture of Victoria sobbing and the baron walking (well watched) by the river's brink, I withdrew from my sister's presence. It occurred to me that to take a husband in order to escape from a mother was a peculiar step; I have since seen reason to suppose that it is more common than I imagined.

The history of my private life is (to speak broadly) the record of the reaction of my public capacity on my personal position; the effect of this reaction has been almost uniformly unfortunate. The case of Victoria's marriage affords a good instance. It might have been that here at least I should be suffered to play a fraternal and graceful part. My fate and Hammerfeldt ruled otherwise.

There were two persons who suggested themselves as suitable mates for my sister; one was the reigning king of a country which I need not name, the other was Prince William Adolphus of Alt Gronenstahl, a prince of considerable wealth and unexceptionable descent, but not in the direct succession to a throne, nor likely to occupy a prominent position in Europe. Victoria had

<sup>\*</sup> Copyright, 1808, by Anthony Hope Hawkins. - This story began in the January number of Munsey's Magazine.

never quite forgiven fortune (or perhaps me, either) for not making her a queen in the first instance; she was eager to repair the error. She came to me and begged me to exert my influence in behalf of the king, who was understood through his advisers to favor the suggestion. I was most happy to second her wishes, although entirely skeptical as to the value of my assistance.

I recollect very well the interview that followed between Hammerfeldt and myself. Throughout, the prince treated me *en roi*, speaking with absolute candor, disclosing to me the whole question, and assuming in me an elevation of spirit superior to merely per-

sonal feelings.

"After your majesty," said he, "the princess is heir to the throne. We have received representations that the union of the two countries in one hand could not be contemplated by the powers. Now, you, sire, are young, you are and must be for some years unmarried; life is uncertain, and"—here he looked at me steadily—"your physicians are of opinion that certain seeds of weakness, sown by your severe illness, have not yet been eradicated from your constitution. It is necessary for me to offer these observations to your majesty."

The old man's eyes were very kind.

"It's all right, sir," said I. "Go on."
"We all trust that you may live through a long reign, and that your son may reign after you. It is, indeed, the only strong wish that I have left in a world that I have well nigh done with. But the other possibility has been set before us, and we cannot ignore it."

From that moment I myself never

ignored it.

"It was suggested that Princess Victoria should renounce her rights of succession. I need not remind your majesty that the result would be to make your cousin, Prince Ferdinand, heir presumptive. I desire to speak with all respect of the prince, but his succession would be an unmixed calamity."

Hammerfeldt took a pinch of snuff. Ferdinand was very liberal in his theories, and equally so, in a rather different sense, in his mode of life.

I thought for a moment.

"I shouldn't like the succession to go out of our branch," said I,

"I was sure of it, sire," he said, bowing. "It would break your mother's heart and mine."

I was greatly troubled. What of my ready inconsiderate promise to Victoria? And apart from the promise, I would most eagerly have helped her to her way. I had felt severely the lack of confidence and affection that had recently come about between us; I was hungry for her love, and hoped to buy it of her gratitude. I believe old Hammerfeldt's keen eyes saw all that passed in my thoughts. The Styrian teaching had left its mark on my mind, as had the Styrian discipline on my soul. "God did not make you king for your own pleasure," Krak used to say with that instinctive knowledge of the Deity which marks those who train the young; no, nor for my sister's, nor even that I might conciliate my sister's love. Nay, again, nor even that I might make my sister happy. For none of these ends did I sit where I sat. But I felt very forlorn and sad as I looked at the old prince.

"Victoria will be very angry," said I.
"I wanted to please her so much."

"The princess has her duties, and will recognize yours," he answered.

"Of course, if I die it will be all right. But if I live, she'll say I did it just out of ill nature."

The old man rose from his chair, laying his snuff box on the table by him. He came up to me and held out both his hands; I put mine into them and looked up into his face. It was moved by a most rare emotion. I had never seen him like this before.

"Sire," said he, in a low voice, "do not think that nobody loves you; for from that mood it may come that a man will love nobody. There is an old

man that loves you, as he loved your father and your grandfather; and your people shall love you." He bent down and kissed me on either cheek. Then he released my hands and stood before me. There was a long silence. Then he said:

"Have I your majesty's authority and support in acting for the good of the kingdom?"

"Yes," said I.

But alas for Victoria's hopes, ambitions, and vanity, for her crown and her crowned husband! Alas, poor sister! And, alas, poor brother, hungry to be friends again!

# VII.

I HAVE not the heart to set down what passed between my sister and myself when I broke to her the news that I must be against her. Impulsive in all her moods and ungoverned in her emotions, she displayed much bitterness and an anger that her disappointment may excuse. I have little doubt that I on my part was formal, priggish, perhaps absurd; all these faults she charged me with. You cannot put great ideas in a boy's head without puffing him up. I was doing at cost to myself what I was convinced was my duty; it is only too likely that I gave myself some airs during the performance. Might I not be pardoned if I talked a little big about my position? The price I was paying for it was big enough.

It touched me most nearly when she accused me of jealousy, but I set it down only to her present rage. I was tempted to soften her by dwelling on my own precarious health, but I am glad that an instinct for fair play made me leave that weapon unused. She grew calm at last, and rose to her feet

with a pale face.

"I have only tried to do right, Victoria," said I.

"I shall not forget what you have done," she retorted, as she walked out of the room.

I have been much alone in my lifealone in spirit, I mean, for that is the only loneliness that has power to hurt a man-but never so much as during the year that elapsed before Victoria's marriage was celebrated. Save for Hammerfeldt, whose engagements did not allow him to be much in my company, and to whom it was possible to open one's heart only rarely, I had nobody with whom I was in sympathy. For my mother, although she yielded more readily to the inevitable, was yet in secret on Victoria's side in the matter of the marriage.

Victoria had been for meeting the foreign representatives by renouncing her succession; my mother would not hear of that, but was for defying the protests. Nothing, she had declared, could really come of them. Hammerfeldt overbore her with his knowledge and experience, leaving her defeated but only half convinced, sullen and disappointed. She was careful not to take sides against me overtly, but neither did she seek to comfort or to aid me. She withdrew into a neutrality that favored Victoria secretly, although it refused openly to espouse her cause. The two ladies thus came closer together again, leaving me more to myself. The near prospect of independence reconciled Victoria to a temporary control; my mother was more gentle from her secret share of her daughter's disappointment. For my part I took refuge more and more in my books and my sport.

Amusement is the one great consolation that life offers, and even in this dreary time it was not lacking. The love lorn baron had returned to Waldenweiter: he wrote to Hammerfeldt for permission, the prince refused it; the baron rejoined that he was about to be married: I can imagine the grim smile with which the old man withdrew his objection. The baron came home with his wife. This event nearly broke the new alliance between my mother and my sister; it was so very difficult for my mother not to triumph, and

Victoria detected a taunt even in silence.

However, there was no rupture, the baron was never mentioned; but I, seeking distraction, made it my business to pursue him as often as he ventured into his boat. I overtook him once, and insisted on going up to Waldenweiter and being introduced to the pretty young baroness. She knew nothing about the affair, and was rather hurt at not being invited to Artenberg. The baron was on thorns during the whole interview; but not so much because he must be looking a fool in my eyes, as because he did not desire to seem light of love in his wife's.

Unhappily, however, about this time a pamphlet was secretly printed and circulated, giving a tolerably accurate account of the whole affair. The wrath in "exalted quarters" may be imagined. I managed to procure (through Baptiste) a copy of this publication, and read it with much entertainment. Victoria, in spite of her anger, borrowed it from me. It is within my knowledge that the baroness received a copy from an unknown friend, and that the baron, being thus driven into a corner, admitted that the princess had at one time distinguished him by some attentionand could he be rude?

Now, curiously enough, the report that got about on our bank of the river was that there was no foundation at all for the assertions of the pamphlet, except in a foolish and ill mannered persecution to which the princess had during a short period been subjected. After this there could be no question of any invitation passing from Artenberg to Waldenweiter. The subject dropped; the printer made some little scandal and a pocketful of money; and persons who, like myself, knew the facts and could appreciate the behavior of the lovers, gained a good deal of amusement.

My second source of diversion was found in my future brother in law, William Adolphus of Alt Gronenstahl. He was in himself a thoroughly heavy fellow, although admirably good natured, and, I believe, a practical and competent soldier. He was tall, dark, and even at this time inclining to stoutness; he became afterwards exceedingly corpulent. He did not at first promise amusement, but a rather malicious humor found much in him owing to the circumstance that the poor fellow was acquainted with the negotiations touching the marriage first suggested for Victoria, and was fully aware that he himself was in his lady's eyes only a pis aller. His dignity might have refused such a situation, but in the first instance he had been hardly more of a free agent than Victoria herself, and later on, as if he were determined to deprive himself of all defense, he proceeded to fall genuinely in love with my capricious but very attractive sister.

I was sorry for him; but I am not aware that sympathy with people excludes amusement at them. I hope not, for wide sympathies are a very desirable thing. William Adolphus, looking round for a friend, honored me with his confidence, and during his visits to Artenberg used to consult me almost daily as to how he might best propitiate his deity and wean her thoughts from that other alliance which had so eclipsed his in its prospective brilliance.

"Girls are rather difficult to manage," he used to say to me ruefully. "You'll know more about them in a few years, Augustin."

I knew much more about them than he did already. I am not boasting; but people who learn only from experience do not allow for intuition. How should they? I cannot conceive omniscience, a contrast of ignorance being necessary to my conception of knowledge.

"But I think she's beginning to get fonder of me," he would end with an uphill cheerfulness.

She was not beginning to get in the least fonder of him; she was beginning to be interested and excited in the stir of the marriage. There were so many

things to do and talk about, and so much desirable prominence and publicity attaching to the affair, that she had less time for nursing her dislike. The shock of him was passing over; he was falling into focus with the rest of it; but she was not becoming in the least fonder of him. I knew all this without the "few years"; with them, he knew none of it. It seems to be a mere accident who chances to be pervious to truth, who impervious.

In loneliness for me, in perturbation for poor William Adolphus, in I know not what for Victoria, the time passed on. There is but one incident that stands out, flaming against the gray of that monotony. The full meaning of it I did not understand then, but now I know it better.

I was sitting alone in my dressing room. I had sent Baptiste to bed, and was reading a book with interest. Suddenly the door was opened violently. Before I could even rise to my feet, Victoria, the door slammed behind her, had thrown herself on her knees before me. She was in her night dress, barefooted, her hair loose and tumbled on her shoulders; it seemed as though she had sprung up from her bed and run to me. She caught my arms in her hands and laid her face on my knees; she said nothing, but sobbed violently, with a terrible, gasping rapidity.

"My God, what's the matter?" said I. For a moment there was no answer; then her voice came, interrupted and half choked by constant sobs:

"I can't do it, I can't do it! For God's sake, don't make me do it!"

"Do what?" I asked.

Her sobs alone answered me, and their answer was enough. I sat there helpless and still, the nervous, tight clutching of her hands pinning my arms to my side.

"You're the king, you're the king," she moaned.

Yes, I was the king; even then I smiled.

"You don't know," she went on,

and now she raised her face streaming with tears. "You don't know—how can you know what it is? Help me, help me, Augustin!"

The thing had come on me with utter suddenness, the tranquillity of my quiet room had been rudely rent by the invasion. I was, in an instant, face to face with a strange tragedy, the like of which I had never known, the stress of which I could never fully know. But all the tenderness that I had for her, my love for her beauty, and the yearning for comradeship that she herself had choked, rose in me. I bent my head till my lips rested on her hair, crying, "Don't, darling, don't."

She sprang up, throwing her arms about my neck, and looking round the room as if there were something that she feared; then she sat on my knee and nestled close to me. She had ceased to sob now, but it was worse to me to see her face strained in silent agony and her eyes wept dry of tears.

"Let me stay here, do let me stay here a little," she said, as I passed my arm round her and her head fell on my shoulder. "Don't send me away yet, Augustin," she whispered. "I don't want to be alone."

"Stay here, dearest, nobody shall hurt you," said I, as I kissed her. My heart broke for her trouble, but it was sweet to me to think that she had fled from it to my arms. After all, the old bond held between us; the tug of trouble revealed it. She lay quite still a while with closed eyes; then she opened her eyes and looked up at me.

"Must I?" she asked.

"No," I answered. "If you will not, you shall not."

Her arm coiled closer round my neck, and she closed her eyes again, sighing and moving restlessly. Presently she lay very quiet, her exhaustion seeming like sleep. How long had she tormented herself before she came to me?

My brain was busy, but my heart outran it. Now, now if ever, I would

assert myself, my power, my position. She should not call to me in vain. What to do, I did not know; but the thing she dreaded should not be. But although I was in this fever, I did not stir; she was resting in peace; let her rest as long as she would. For more than an hour she lay there in my arms; I grew stiff and very weary, but I did not move. At last I believe that in very truth she slept.

The clock in the tower struck midnight, and the quarter, and the half hour. I had rehearsed what I should say to my mother and what to Hammerfeldt; I had dreamed how this night should knit her and me so closely that we could never again drift apart, that now we knew each other, and for each of us what was superficial in the other existed no more, but was swept away by the flood of full sympathy. She and I against the world, if need be!

A shiver ran through her; she opened her eyes wide, and wider, looking round the room, no longer in fear, but in a sort of wonder. Her gaze rested an instant on my face; she drew her arm from round my neck and rose to her feet, pushing away my arm. There she stood for a moment with a strange, fretful, ashamed look on her face. She tossed her head, flinging her hair back behind her shoulders. I had taken her hand and still held it, now she drew it also away.

"What must you think of me?" she said. "Good gracious, I'm in my night

dress!"

She walked across to the looking glass and stood opposite to it.

"What a fright I look!" she said. "How long have I been here?"

"I don't know; more than an hour." "It was horrid in bed tonight," she said in a half embarrassed yet half absent away. "I got thinking aboutabout all sorts of things, and I was frightened."

The change in her mood sealed my

"I hope mother hasn't noticed that

my room's empty. No, of course not; she must be in bed long ago. Will you take me back to my room, Augustin?"

"Yes," said I.

She came up to me, looked at me for a moment, then bent down to me as I sat in my chair and kissed my forehead.

"You're a dear boy," she said. "Was

I quite mad?"

"I meant what I said," I declared, as

I stood up. "I mean it still."

"Ah!" said she, flinging her hands out. "Poor Augustin! you mean it still! Take me along the corridor, dear;

I'm afraid to go alone."

Sometimes I blame myself that I submitted to the second mood as completely as I had responded to the first; but I was staggered by the change, and the old sense of distance, scattered for an hour, was enveloping me again.

One protest I made.

"Are we to do nothing, then?" I

asked in a low whisper.

"We're to go to our beds like good children," said she, with a mournful little smile. "Come, take me to mine."

"I must see you in the morning."

"In the morning? Well, we'll see. Come, come."

Now she was urgent, and I did as she bade me. But first she made me bring her a pair of my slippers; her feet were very cold, she said, and they felt like ice against my hand as I touched them in putting on the slippers for her. She passed her hand through my arm, and we went together. The door of her room stood wide open; we went in; I saw the bed in confusion.

"Fancy if any one had come by and seen!" she whispered. "Now, good

night, dear."

I opened my lips to speak to her again.

"No, no; go-please, go. Good

night, dear."

I left her standing in the middle of her room. Outside the door I waited many minutes; I heard her moving about and getting into bed; then all was quiet; I returned to my own room.

I was up early the next morning, for I had been able to sleep but little. I wanted above all things to see Victoria again. But even while I was dressing, Baptiste brought me a note. I opened it hurriedly, for it was from her. I read:

Forget all about last night; I was tired and ill. I rely on your honor to say nothing to anybody. I am all right this morning.

She was entitled to ask the pledge of my honor, if she chose. I tore the note in fragments and burned them.

It was about eleven o'clock in the morning when I went out into the garden. There was a group on the terrace—my mother, Victoria, and William Adolphus. They were laughing and talking, and seemed very merry. As a rule I should have waved a "good morning" and passed on for my solitary walk. Today I went up to them. My mother appeared to be in an excellent temper, the prince looked quite easy and happy. Victoria was a little pale, but very vivacious. She darted a quick look at me and cried out the moment I had kissed my mother:

"We're settling the bridesmaids! You're just in time to help, Augustin."

We settled the bridesmaids. I hardly knew whether to laugh or cry during this important operation. Victoria was very kind to her fiancé, receiving his suggestions with positive graciousness; he became radiant under this treatment. When our task was done, Victoria passed her arm through his, declaring that she wanted a stroll in the woods; as they went by me, she laid her hand lightly and affectionately on my arm, looking me full in the face the while. I understood; for good or evil my lips were sealed.

My mother looked after the betrothed couple as they walked away; I looked at my mother's fine, high bred, resolute face.

"I'm so glad," said she at last, "to see Victoria so happy. I was afraid at one time that she'd never take to it. Of course, we had other hopes." The last words were a hit at me. I ignored them; that battle had been fought, the victory won, and paid for by me in handsome fashion.

"Has she taken to it?" I asked as carelessly as I could. But my mother's eyes turned keenly on me.

"Have you any reason for thinking she hasn't?" came in quick question.

"No," I answered.

The sun was shining, and Princess Heinrich opened her parasol very leisurely. She rose to her feet and stood there for a moment. Then in a smooth, even, and what I may call reasonable voice, she remarked:

"My dear Augustin, from time to time all girls have fancies. We mothers know that it doesn't do to pay any attention to them. They soon go if they're let alone. We shall meet at lunch, I hope?"

I bowed respectfully, but perhaps I looked a little doubtful.

"It really doesn't do to take any notice of them," said my mother over her shoulder.

So we took no notice of them; my sister's midnight flight to my room and to my arms was between her and me, and for all the world as if it had never been, save that it left behind it a little legacy of renewed kindliness and trust between us. For that much I was thankful; but I could not forget the rest.

A month later she was married to William Adolphus at Forstadt.

# VIII.

THE foreign tour I undertook in my eighteenth year has been sufficiently, or even more than sufficiently, described by the accomplished and courtly pen of Vohrenlorf's secretary. I traveled as the Count of Artenberg under my governor's guidance, and saw in some ways more, in some respects less, than most young men on their travels are likely to see. Old Hammerfeldf recommended for my reading the English letters of Lord Chesterfield to

his son, and I studied them with some profit, much amusement, and an occasional burst of impatience; I believe that in the prince's opinion, I, like Mr. Stanhope, had hitherto attached too little importance to and not attained enough proficiency in "the graces"; concealment was the life's breath of his statecraft, and "the graces" help a man to hide everything-ideals, emotions, passions, his very soul. It must have been an immense satisfaction to the prince, on leaving the world at a ripe age, to feel that nobody had ever been sure that they understood him, except, of course, the fools who think that they understand everybody.

As far as my private life is concerned, one incident only on this expedition is of moment. We paid a visit to my father's cousins, the Bartensteins, who possessed a singularly charming place in Tyrol. The duke was very rich, very able, and very indolent. He was a connoisseur in music and the arts. His wife, my cousin Elizabeth, was a very good natured woman of seven or eight and thirty, noted for her dairy and fond of out of door pursuits; her devotion to these last had resulted in her complexion being rather reddened and weather beaten.

We were to stay a week, an unusually long halt, and even before we arrived I detected a simple slyness in my good Vohrenlorf's demeanor. When a secret was afoot, Vohrenlorf's first apparent effort was to draw everybody's attention to the fact of its existence. Out of perversity I asked no questions, and left him to seethe in his overboiling mystery. I knew that I should be enlightened soon enough. I was quite right; before I had been a day with my relatives it became obvious that Elsa was the mystery. I suppose that it is not altogether a common thing for a youth of eighteen, feeling himself a man, trying to think himself one, just become conscious of the power and attraction of the women he meets, to be shown a child of twelve and given to understand that in six years' time she will be ready to become his wife. The position, even if not as uncommon as I suppose, is curious enough to justify a few words of description.

I saw Elsa first as she was rolling down a hill, with a scandalized governess in full chase. Elsa rolled quickly, marking her progress by triumphal cries. She "brought up" at the foot of the slope in an excessively crumpled state; her short skirts were being smoothed down when her mother and I arrived. She was a pretty, fair, blue eyed child, with a natural merriment about her attractive enough. She was well made, having escaped the square solidity of figure that characterized Cousin Elizabeth. Her features were still in an undeveloped condition, and her hair, brushed smooth and plastered down on her forehead, was tormented into ringlets behind. She looked at my lanky form with some apprehension.

"Was it a good roll, Elsa?" I asked.

"Splendid!" she answered.

"You didn't know Cousin Augustin was looking on, did you?" asked her mother.

"No, I didn't." But it was plain that she did not care either.

I felt that Cousin Elizabeth's honest eyes were searching my face.

"Give me a kiss, Elsa?" I asked.

Elsa turned her chubby cheek up to me in a perfection of indifference. In fact, both Elsa and I were performing family duties. Thus we kissed for the first time.

"Now go and let nurse put on a clean frock for you," said Cousin Elizabeth. "You're not fit to be seen. Don't roll any more when you've changed your frock."

Elsa smiled, shook her head, and ran off. I gathered the impression that even in the clean frock she would roll again, if she chanced to be disposed to that exercise. The air of Bartenstein was not the air of Artenberg. A milder climate reigned. There was no Styrian discipline for Elsa. I believe that in

all her life she did at her parents' instance only one thing that she seriously disliked. Cousin Elizabeth and I walked on.

"She's a baby still," said Cousin Elizabeth presently, "but I assure you that she has begun to develop."

"There's no hurry, is there?"

"No. You know, I think you're too old for your age, Augustin. I suppose it was inevitable."

I felt much younger in many ways than I had at fifteen; the gates of the world were opening and showing me prospects unknown to the lonely boy at Artenberg.

"And she has the sweetest disposition. So loving!" said Cousin Elizabeth.

I did not find anything appropriate to answer. The next day found me fully, although delicately, apprised of the situation.

It seemed to me a strange one. The duke was guarded in his hints and profuse of declarations that it was too soon to think of anything. Good Cousin Elizabeth strove to conceal her eagerness and repress the haste born of it by similar but more clumsy speeches. I spoke openly on the subject to Vohrenlorf.

"Ah, well, even if it should be so, you have six years," he reminded me, in good natured consolation; "and she will grow up."

"She won't roll down hills always, of course," I answered, rather peevishly.

In truth, the thing would not assume an appearance of reality for me; it was too utterly opposed to the current of my ways and dreams. A boy of my years will readily contemplate marriage with a woman ten years his senior; in regard to a child six years younger than himself, the idea seems absurd. Yet I did not put it from me; I had been well tutored in the strength of family arrangements, and the force of destiny had been brought home to me on several occasions. I had no doubt at all that my visit to Bartenstein was part

of a deliberate plan. The person who contrived my meeting with Elsa had a shrewd knowledge of my character; he knew that ideas long present in my mind became, as it were, domiciled there and were hard to uproot. I discovered afterwards without surprise that the stay with my relatives was added to my tour at Prince von Hammerfeldt's suggestion.

Many men, or youths bordering on manhood, have seen their future brides in short frocks and unmitigated childhood, but they have not been aware of what was before them. I was at once amused and distressed; my humor was touched, but life's avenue seemed shortened. Even if it were not Elsa, it would be some other little girl, now playing with her toys and rolling down banks. Imagination was not elastic enough to leap over the years and behold the child transformed. I stuck in the present, and was whimsically apprehensive of a child seen through a magnifying glass, larger but unchanged in form, air, and raiment. Was this my fate? And for it I must wait till the perfected beauties who had smiled on me passed on to other men and with them grew oldaye, as it seemed, quite old. I felt myself ludicrously reduced to Elsa's status: a long boy, who had outgrown his clothes and yet was no nearer to a

My trouble was, perhaps unreasonably, aggravated by the fact that Elsa did not take to me. I did my best to be pleasant. I made her several gifts. She accepted my offerings, but was not bought by them; myself she considered I had not the flow of animal spirits that appeals so strongly to children. I played with her, but her young keenness detected the cloven hoof of duty. She told me that I need not play unless I liked. Cousin Elizabeth apologized for me; Elsa was gentle, but did not change her opinion. The passage of years, I reflected, would increase in me all that the child found least to her taste: I was, as I have said, unable to

picture her with tastes changed. But a failure of imagination may occasionally issue in a paradoxical rightness; for imagination relies on the common run of events which the peculiar case may chance to contradict.

As a fact, I do not think that Elsa ever did change greatly. I began to be sorry for her as well as for myself. Considered as an outlook in life, as the governing factor in a human being's existence, I did not seem to myself brilliant or even satisfactory. I had at this time remarkable forecasts of feeling

most daily companions.

"And what shall your husband be like, Elsa?" asked the duke, as his little daughter sat on his knee, and he

that were in later years to be my al-

played with her ringlets.

I was sitting by, and the duke's eyes twinkled discreetly. The child looked across to me and studied my appearance for some few moments. Then she gave us a simple but completely lucid description of a gentleman differing from myself in all outward characteristics and in all such inward traits as Elsa's experience and vocabulary enabled her to touch upon. I learned later that she took hints from a tall grenadier who sometimes stood sentry at the castle. At the moment it seemed as if her ideal was well enough delineated by the picture of my opposite. The duke laughed and I laughed also; Elsa was very grave and businesslike in defining her requirements. Her inclinations have never been obscure to her. Even then she knew perfectly well what she wanted, and I was not that.

By the indiscretion of somebody (the duke said his wife, his wife said the governess, the governess said the nurse) on the day before I went Elsa got a hint of her suggested future. Indeed, it was more than a hint, it was enough to entangle her in excitement, interest, and, I must add, dismay. Children play with the words "wife" and "husband" in a happy ignorance;

their fairy tales give and restrict their knowledge. Cousin Elizabeth came to me in something of a stir; she was afraid that I should be annoyed, should suspect, perhaps, a forcing of my hand, or some such maneuver. But I was not annoyed; I was interested to learn what effect the prospect had upon my little cousin. I was so different from the grenadier, so irreconcilable with Elsa's fancy portrait.

"I'm very terribly vexed!" cried Cousin Elizabeth. "When it's all so—

all no more than an idea!"

"She's so young she'll forget all about it," said I soothingly.

"You're not angry?"

"Oh, no!" I was only affected with

a sense of absurdity.

Chance threw me in Elsa's way that afternoon. She was with her nurse in the gardens. She ran up to me at once, but stopped about a yard from the seat on which I was sitting. I became the victim of a grave, searching, and long inspection. There was a roundness of surprise in her baby blue eyes. Embarrassed and amused (I am inclined sometimes to think that more than half my life has been a mixture of these not implacable enemies) I took the bull by the horns.

"I'm thin and sallow and hook nosed, and I can't sing, and I don't laugh in a jolly way, and I can't fly kites," said I, having the description of her ideal in my mind. "You wouldn't like me to be your husband, would you?"

Elsa, unlike myself, was neither enbarrassed nor amused. The mild and interested gravity of her face persisted

unchanged.

"I do not know," she said medita-

With most of the faults that can beset one of my station, I do not plead guilty to any excessive degree of vainglory. I was flattered that the child hesitated.

"Then, you like me, rather?" I asked.
"Yes, rather." She paused, and

then added: "If I married you, I should be queen, shouldn't I, Cousin Augustin?"

"Yes," I assured her.

"I should think that's rather nice, isn't it?"

"It isn't any particular fun being a king," said I, in a burst of confidence.

"Isn't it?" she asked, her eyes growing rounder. "Still, I think I should like it." Her tone was quite confident even at that age; as I have observed, she knew very well what she liked. For my part, I remembered so vividly my own early dreams and later awakenings that I would not cut short her guileless visions; moreover, to generalize from oneself is the most fatal, even while it is the most inevitable, foolishness.

During the remaining hours of my visit Elsa treated me, I must not say with more affection, but certainly with more attention. She was interested in me; I had become to her a source of possibilities, dim to vision but gorgeous to imagination. I knew so well the image that floated before a childish mind, able to gape at them, but half able to grasp them. I had been through the stage. It is odd to reflect now that I was in an unlike but almost equally great delusion myself. I had ceased to expect immoderate enjoyment from my position. I had conceived an exaggerated idea of its power and influence on the world and mankind. Of this mistake I was then unconscious; I smiled to think that Elsa could now play at being a queen, the doll, the bolster, the dog, or whatever else might chance to come handy, enacting the regal rôle in my place. I do not altogether quarrel with my substitutes.

The hour of departure came. I have a vivid recollection of Cousin Elizabeth's overwhelming tact; she was so anxious that I should not exaggerate the meaning or importance of the suggestion which had been made that she succeeded in filling my mind with it to the exclusion of everything else. The

duke, having tried in vain to stop her, fell into silence, cigarettes, and drolly resigned glances. But he caught me alone for a few moments and gave me his word of advice.

"Think no more about this nonsense for six years," said he. "The women will match make, you know."

I promised, with a laugh, not to anticipate troubles. He smiled at my phrase, but did not dispute its justice. I think he shared the sort of regret which I felt, that such things should be so much as talked about in connection with Elsa. A man keeps that feeling about his daughter long after her mother has marked a husband and chosen a priest.

My visit to my cousins was the last stage of my journey. From their house Vohrenlorf and I traveled through to Forstadt. I was received at the railway station by a large and distinguished company. My mother was at Artenberg, where I was to join her that evening, but Hammerfeldt awaited me, and some of the gentlemen attached to the court. I was too much given to introspection and self appraisement not to be aware that my experiences had given me a lift toward manhood; my shyness was smothered, though not killed, by a kind of mechanical ease born of practice. After greeting Hammerfeldt, I received the welcome of the company with a composed courtesy of which the prince's approval was very manifest.

Ceremonial occasions such as these are worthy of record and meditation only when they surround and, as it were, frame some incident really material. Such an incident occurred now. My inner mind was still full of my sojourn with the Bartensteins, of the pathetic, whimsical, hypothetical connection between little Elsa and myself, and of the chains that seemed to bind my life in bonds not of my making. These reflections went on in an undercurrent while I was bowing, saluting, grasping hands, listening and respond-

ing to appropriate observations. Suddenly I found the Count von Sempach before me. His name brought back my mind in an instant from its wanderings. The countess was recalled very vividly to my recollection; I asked after her; Sempach, much gratified, pointed to a row of ladies who (the occasion being official) stood somewhat in the background. There she was, now in the mature perfection of her remarkable beauty, seeming to me the embodiment of perfect accomplishment. I saluted her with marked graciousness; fifty heads turned instantly from me towards her. She blushed very slightly and courtesied very low. Sempach murmured gratification: Hammerfeldt smiled.

I was vaguely conscious of a subdued sensation running all through the company, but my mind was occupied with the contrast between this finished woman and the little girl I had left behind. From feeling old, too old, sad, and knowing, for poor little Elsa, I was suddenly transported into an oppressive consciousness of youth and rawness. Involuntarily I drew myself up to my full height and assumed the best air of dignity that was at my command. So posed, I crossed the station to my carriage between Hammerfeldt and Vohrenlorf.

"Your time has not been wasted," old Hammerfeldt whispered to me. "You are ready now to take up what I am more than ready to lay down."

I started slightly; I had for the moment forgotten that the council of regency-was now discharged of its office, and that I was to assume the full burden of my responsibilities. I had looked forward to this time with eagerness and ambition. But a man's emotions at a given moment are very seldom what he has expected them to be. Some foreign thought intrudes and predominates; something accidental supplants what has seemed so appropriate and certain. While I traveled down to Artenberg that evening, with

Vohrenlorf opposite to me—Vohrenlorf, who himself was about to lay down his functions—the assumption of full power was not what occupied my mind. I was engrossed with thoughts of Elsa, with fancies about my countess, with strange, dim speculations that touched me, the young man, not the king about whom all the coil was.

Had I been called upon to condense those vague meditations and emotions into a sentence, I would have borrowed what Vohrenlorf had said to me-when we were with the Bartensteins. He did not often hit the nail exactly on the head, but just now I could give no better summary of all I felt than his soberly optimistic reminder: "Ah, well, even if it should be so, you have six years!"

The thought that I treasured on the way to Artenberg that evening was the thought of my six years.

### IX.

Soon after my return my mother and I went into residence at Forstadt. My time was divided between mastering my public duties under Hammerfeldt's tuition, and playing a prominent part in the gaieties of the capital. Just now I was on cordial, if not exactly intimate terms with the princess. She appeared to have resigned herself to Hammerfeldt's preponderating influence in political affairs, and to accept in compensation the office of mentor and guide in all social matters. I was happy in the establishment of a modus vivendi which left me tolerably free from the harassing trifles of ceremonial and etiquette. To Hammerfeldt's instructions I listened with avidity, and showed a deference which did not forbid secret criticism. He worked me hard: the truth is (and it was not then hidden either from him or from me) that his strength was failing; age had not bent, but it threatened to break him: the time was short in which he could hope to be by my side, instilling

his principles and riveting his methods on me.

He was too shrewd not to detect in me a curiosity of intellect that only the strongest and deepest prepossessions could restrain; these it was his untiring effort to create in my mind, and to buttress till they were impregnable. To some extent he attained his object, but his success was limited and his teaching affected by what I can only call a modernness of temperament in me which no force of tradition wholly destroyed or stifled. That many things must be treated as beyond question was the fruit of his maxims; it is a position which I have never been able to adopt; with me the acid of doubt bit into every axiom.

I took pleasure in the society and arguments of the liberal politicians and journalists who began to frequent the court as soon as a rumor of my inclinations spread. I became the center and object of a contention between the Right and the Left, between conservative and liberal forces—or, if I apply to each party the nickname accorded to it by the enemy, between the Reaction and the Revolution.

Doubtless all this will find an accomplished and, possibly, an impartial historian. Its significance for these personal memoirs is due chiefly to the accidental fact that, whereas my mother was the social center of the orthodox party and in that capacity gave solid aid to Hammerfeldt, the unorthodox gathered round the Countess von Sempach. Her husband was considered no more than a good soldier, a man of high rank, and a devoted husband; by her own talents and charms this remarkable woman, although a foreigner, had achieved for herself a position of great She renewed the glories influence. of the political salon in Forstadt; but she never talked politics. Eminent men discussed deep secrets with one another in her rooms; she was content to please their taste without straining their intellects or seeking to rival them

in argument. By the abdication of a doubtful claim she reigned absolute in her own dominion.

It was from studying her that I first learned both how far reaching is the inspiration of a woman's personality and how it gathers and conserves strength by remaining within its own boundaries and refusing alien conquests. The men of the princess' party. from Hammerfeldt downwards, were sometimes impatient of her suggestions and attempted control; the countess' friends were never aware that they received suggestions, and imagined themselves to exercise control. think that the old prince was almost alone in penetrating the secret of the real power his charming enemy exercised, and the extent of it. They were very cordial to each other.

"Madam," he said to her once, "you might convince me of anything if I were not too old."

"Why, prince," she cried, "you are not going to pretend that your mind has grown old?"

"No, countess; my feelings," he replied with a smile. Her answer was a blush.

This was told to me by Wetter, a young and very brilliant journalist who had once given me lessons in philosophy, and with whom I maintained a friendship in spite of his ultra radical politics. He reminded me now and then of Geoffrey Owen, but his enthusiasm was of a dryer sort; not humanity, but the abstract idea of progress, inspired him; not the abolition of individual suffering, but the perfecting of his logical conceptions in the sphere of politics, was his stimulating hope. And there was in him a strong alloy of personal ambition and a stronger of personal passion. Rather to my surprise Hammerfeldt showed no uneasiness at my friendship with him; I joked once on the subject, and he answered:

"Wetter only appeals to your intellect, sire; there I am not afraid."

His answer, denying one apprehen-

sion, hinted another. It will cause no surprise that I had renewed an old acquaintance with the countess and had been present at a dinner in her house. More than this, I fell into the habit of attending her reception on Wednesdays; on this night all parties were welcome, and the gathering was by way of being strictly non political. Strictly non political also were the calls that I paid in the dusk of the evening, when she would recall our earlier meetings, our glances exchanged, our thoughts of each other, and lead me to talk of my boyhood. These things did not appeal only to the intellect of a youth of eighteen or nineteen, when they proceeded from the lips of a beautiful and brilliant woman of twenty eight.

I approach a very common occurrence, but in my case its progress and result were specially modified and conditioned. There was the political aspect, looming large to the alarmed Right; there was the struggle for more intimate influence over me, in which my mother fought with a grim intensity; in my own mind there was always the curious dim presence of an inexorable fate that wore the incongruous mask of Elsa's baby face. All these were present to me in their full force during the earlier period of my friendship with

the countess, when I was still concealing from myself as well as from her and all the world that I could ever desire to have more than friendship.

The first stages past, there came a time when the secret was still kept from all save myself, but when I knew it with an exultation not to be conquered, with a dread and a shame that tormented while they could not prevail. But I went more and more to her house. I had no evil intent, nay, I had no intent at all, in my going; I could not keep away. She alone had come to satisfy me; with her alone—all of me—thoughts, feelings, eyes, and ears, seemed to find some cause for exercise and a worthy employment of their life.

The other presences in my mind grew fainter and intermittent in their visits; I gave myself up to the stream and floated down the current. Yet I was never altogether forgetful nor blind to what I did; I knew the transformation that had come over my friendship; to myself now I could not but call it love; I knew that others in the palace, in the chancellery, in drawingrooms, in newspaper offices, aye, perhaps even in the very street, called it now not the king's friendship or the king's love, but the king's infatuation.

(To be continued.)

# ALADDIN'S LAMP.

So long ago, when but a little child,
 I read the charming tale,
Longed for the lamp as longed the fair knights for
 The Holy Grail—
Then, voices called, and I on life's great sea
 Set sail.

To ports of love, ambition, dreams, and strife
My caravel was blown,
And fearful storms of wee befell, yet I
Great joy had known,
But ever searched for something sweet that far
Had flown.

In long, long after years, 'twas then that I
Divined the hidden truth:
The lamp has other names that must be found
Through pain and ruth,
And one, the hardest, saddest one to trace,
Is youth!

# THE SANTIAGO BATTLEFIELD AS IT IS TODAY.

#### BY HENRY HARRISON LEWIS.

SCENES IN AND ABOUT SANTIAGO THAT HAVE BEEN MADE HISTORIC BY THE VALOR AND THE SUFFERINGS OF AMERICAN SOLDIERS—THE MEDIEVAL, CUBAN CITY WITH ITS

TRAGEDIES OF THE PAST AND ITS HOPES FOR THE FUTURE.

A BROWN man, lithe, sturdy, and clad only in a pair of thin cotton overalls, was slashing away at a jungle of wire grass confronting him. The morning sun beat down with intense heat, throwing reflections from the bright blade of the machete in his hand. Overhead the sky was blue with that tinge of azure found only in the latitude of the West Indies. The deadly heat of the day curled the edge of the palm leaves, and shriveled up the tender

shoots of young vegetation, but unheeding, the Cuban swept his machete from side to side, eating his way into the heart of the rank growth.

Suddenly he stopped and peered in consternation at an objectlying huddled in a tangle of weeds. It was the skeleton of a man, the bones bleached to a grayish hue, and some of them disarranged as if some vulture or animal had waxed impatient at the feast. A short distance from the skull was a stained campaign



EL POZO, AND PART OF THE BATTLEFIELD OF SANTIAGO. ON THE MORNING OF JULY 1, 1898, GRIMES' BATTERY WAS POSTED ON THE RISING GROUND FROM WHICH THIS VIEW WAS TAKEN.

hat with rusted cross swords pinned to the front. Over the swords was a fragment of the figure 1. Pieces of tattered brown khaki cloth were scattered about, and near one of the feet was a battered canteen.

The Cuban gave a shout, and presently another man, evidently a farm la-

little further on where the trail divides, I think—that we had the first battle. Madre de Dios! It rained bullets that hour. The Americanos fought like tigers, and they laughed and joked as if it was a fiesta. Ur-r-r! In a few minutes the grass and the weeds and some of the bushes were flat as if beaten



BRIGADIER GENERAL LEONARD WOOD, WITH A PARTY OF AMERICANS FROM SANTIAGO, AT THE BROOK WHERE GENERAL WOOD HAD HIS HEADQUARTERS AT LAS GUASIMAS IN JUNE, 1898.

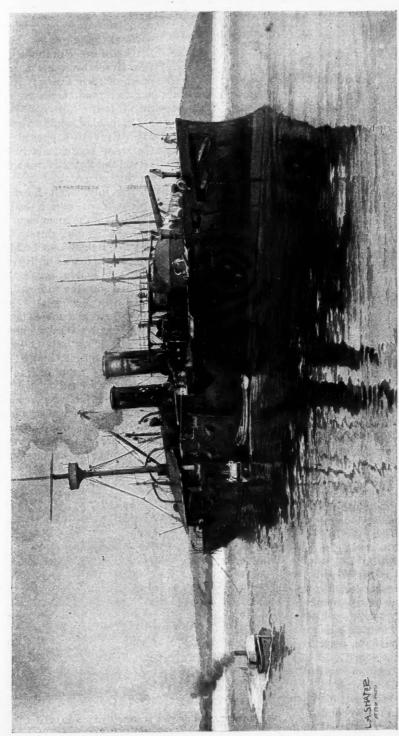
From a photograph by E. C. Rost.

borer, came pushing and cutting his way through the jungle. He too paused aghast, but only for a moment; then he laughed grimly, and pointing downward, said:

"It is an Americano, Juan. He was a soldier in the great fight. There were many of them, and they dropped all around here like agave leaves in a strong wind. I remember that day very well. It was just five months ago, and I had been in the Cuban army almost a year. It was just about here—no, a

down with the machete. And there were bodies and blood and guns and fine clothing scattered all about. *Por Dios*, that was only the other day—less than half a year—and now look at it."

He gave a swing of his machete at the snarled, tangled mass of vegetation, shoulder high in places, which walled them in, and then, after another careless glance at the poor grinning skull, went back to his work in another part of that Cuban wilderness which had sprung up with tropical swiftness over



THE FIRST CLASS SPANISH CRUISER MARIA TERESA LYING IN GUANTANAMO BAY, ON THE DAY BEFORE SHE STARTED FOR THE UNITED STATES-TO BE WRECKED ON HER WAY NORTH.

Drawn by L. A. Shafer from a photograph by E. C. Rost.



THE COURT OF CLAIMS BUILDING, ON THE CALLE SAN PEDRO ALTO, SANTIAGO.

From a photograph by E. C. Rost.

mountains are as peaceful and pastoral to the eye as a bit of Staffordshire. But to the man who lived through the campaign of 1898, the very rocks and trees and creeks are eloquent.

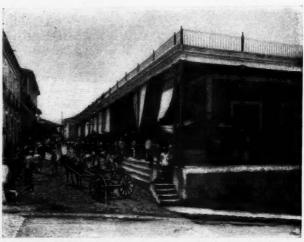
On Sunday, while on a visit to El Caney, I happened into the stone church which had served the Spaniards as a fort on that memorable day, the 1st of July, when Lawton's brave troops sent a hail of death upon the town from the surrounding heights. weather stained old building bore many marks of the conflict, but native hands had patched up the doors, and there was evidence of new tiling here and there in the roof. I saw several women in black, leading little children, disappear inside, and I followed just as a bell tolled drearily overhead.

The interior was scantily furnished and not over clean, and the altar showed signs of

the ground so recently trodden and neglect; but there was a priest presharrowed and blood bathed by the ent, and a number of natives, and

American hosts from the north.

The casual visitor to Santiago and the surrounding country, if a stranger, will find little to indicate that he is on the site of one of the fiercest and most decisive fights in history. In the city itself he will see nothing save an occasional scarred wall or a jagged hole in a tiled roof; and the little valleys and foliage crowned hills between the bay and the higher range of



THE MARKET, ONE OF THE BUSIEST SPOTS IN SANTIAGO.

From a photograph by E. C. Rost.

in the aisle. midway from the door, resting upon a wooden carrier, was a coffin. As I watched, the padre produced a small book and prepared to read. The light was dim, and he stepped over to where a bright shaft of sunlight shot diagonally across the church from a broken edged hole in the wall close to the ceiling. Then he resumed his service in a sonorous voice. Presently a Cuban, evidently one of the better class,

slipped over to where I stood, and asked respectfully:

"You are an American, señor?"

I nodded, and he continued, with a jerk of hisright thumb toward the coffin:

"Jesus Montero there was in the great battle, señor. He was a scout with your General Chaffee, and he was wounded by a Mauser bullet from the blockhouse on the hill. He died last night."

BRIGADIER GENERAL LEONARD WOOD, MILITARY GOV-ERNOR OF SANTIAGO, AND HIS ORDERLY, PRIVATE BYRNES.

Drawn from a photograph by E. C. Rost, taken on San Juan Hill.

I looked from the coffin containing the body of the Cuban scout to the bible in the priest's hands, and then at the hole in the wall through which came the ray of sunlight. That hole had been made by a shell from Capron's battery. It was a peculiar coincidence.

WHERE THE BATTLE WAS FOUGHT.

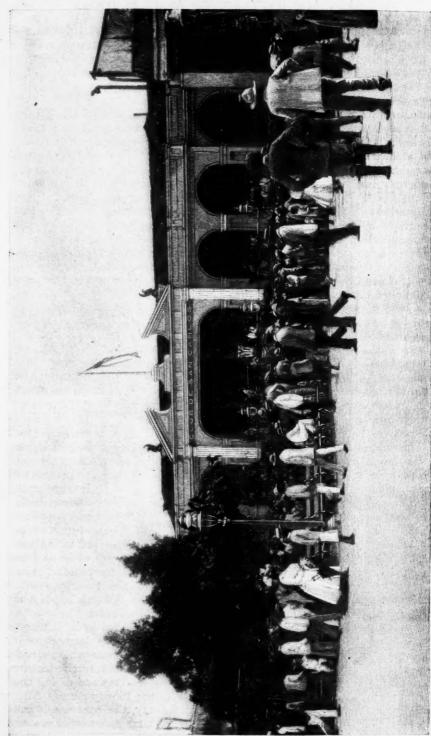
From the edge of the parade ground in front of the Spanish barracks, now occupied by the Fifth United States Infantry, one can see a stretch of country which represents the whole battlefield of the Santiago campaign, except the scene of the Rough Riders' fight at Guasimas. It is a huge basin with a ridge of mountains forming one rim, and the heights upon which the city of Santiago is built, the other. To the right are several rises and depressions extending to a tropical jungle in the extreme distance. In that mass of green foliage which, from the point of obser-

vation, seems like the billows of a troubled sea, are El Pozo and San Juan Hill. There also is the pond of water through which some of the troops waded in their eagerness to batter the blockhouse on San Juan. Away to the extreme left of the

> basin are several hills among which nestles what was a warm bit of territory on the first day of Julythe village of El Caney. Here and there amid the long stretches of green are yellow streaks. In some spots these streaks take on the appearance of a railway embankment

or the level dyke of a Holland farm. They represent the trenches — the trenches dug by Spanish hands and taken by American arms.

One can take a carriage in Santiago, or preferably a horse, as Santiago roads and streets are still crude in places, and, in the course of an hour, reach a locality as eloquent of bravery and daring and suffering as the Bloody Angle. After leaving the city, the road winds and dips through a tangled maze of vegetation that forms two solid walls of green



A FESTIVAL HELD IN THE PLAZA OF SANTIAGO, ON THE 19TH OF OCTOBER, 1898, TO CELEBRATE THE DELIVERANCE OF CUBA FROM SPANISH RULE. THE SAN CARLOS CLUB HAS ALWAYS BEEN, AND IS STILL, THE CENTER OF THE CUBAN PARTY IN SANTIAGO. From a photograph by E. C. Rost.



THE TOWN OF GUANTANAMO. IN THE FOREGROUND ARE THE SPANISH BARRACKS USED AS QUARTERS FOR THE THIRD UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS (IMMUNES), COMMANDED BY COLONEL RAY.

From a photograph by E. C. Rost.

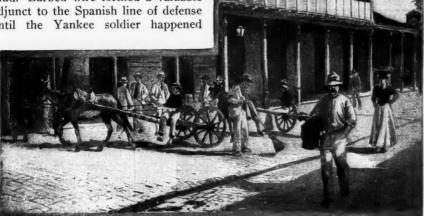
and red. Just beyond the last cluster of houses a branch leads off the main road, and in the angle is a framework of wood which was once a Spanish blockhouse. The boarding and most of the uprights have been torn away for firewood, and it stands outlined against the cloudless sky, a gaunt and grim reminder of the passing of Spain.

The road to San Juan Hill has great holes in it, holes made by the artillery and army wagons of the American forces, and there are many pitfalls which require wariness and skill to avoid. At times fragments of barbed wire are encountered half buried in the mud. Barbed wire formed a valuable adjunct to the Spanish line of defense until the Yankee soldier happened

and red. Just beyond the last cluster of houses a branch leads off the main road, and in the angle is a framework of wood which was once a Spanish north.

#### THE SURRENDER TREE.

After riding almost a mile from town, an open field is seen on the right. This slopes down to a shallow ravine, and at the beginning of the slope is a mag-



CALLE MARINO, A CHARACTERISTIC SANTIAGO STREET, SHOWING THE PECULIARLY CONSTRUCTED CARTS USED BY THE NATIVES.



DISINTERRING AN AMERICAN SOLDIER'S BODY.

branches of this tree. The latter was of another race and wore a stained and frayed military uniform. A sword was tendered and refused, a few words were exchanged; then the great tree passed into history as the one under which the representative of an ancient monarchy signed and sealed a surrender which meant that his country yielded up its

nificent tree with great spreading branches. It stands almost alone in the field. There are other trees, but they are mere dwarfs compared with this monarch of the forest. The shade it casts at noonday would afford comfort to a regiment of soldiers.

One day, seven months ago, a man with a sallow, worn face, and a look of bitter humiliation, confronted another man under the



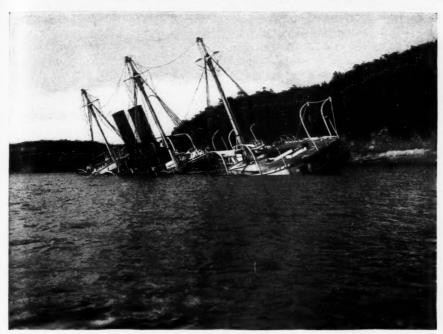
"IT'S FOLLOW ME-FOLLOW ME HOME."



SOLDIERS' GRAVES IN THE TRENCHES

brightest colonial gem to a new republic. As yet the sole visible proof of its recently acquired glory is a number of scars and marks about the lower trunk where iconoclastic relic seekers have chopped away the wood.

Almost in the shadow of the Surrender Tree, as it is now called, are a dozen mounds of earth, each with a plain wooden board at the



THE WRECK OF THE REINA MERCEDES, SUNK BY THE SPANIARDS IN THE MOUTH OF SANTIAGO HARBOR ON THE NIGHT OF JULY 4, 1898, IN AN ATTEMPT TO BLOCK THE CHANNEL AGAINST SAMPSON'S FLEET.

From a photograph by E. C. Rost.

head. The board nearest the tree bears this inscription:

395 UNKNOWN U. S. SOLDIER.

Mereiy a number to signify that underneath rests one who died for his country, and that he was not a Spaniard, nor a Cuban, but an American soldier. There is many a home in the United States that saw father or brother, son or husband, go forth to the war, never to return, and that possesses no record to show where the missing one lies. Poor "395" represents one—but which?

A mile beyond the Surrender Tree the road takes an upward slant to a crest from which one looks ahead down a cut like the sunken road that figures in stories of the field of Waterloo. A

rough trail leads off to the right along the ridge, and it is after taking this trail that you get your first glimpse at close range of the famous trenches. You stumble upon them unexpectedly. The dense rank growth of vegetation "sprung up in a night" has covered them with a mantle of green, leaving to the view only a scratch in the earth and a ridge of sodden dirt. In a peaceful New England valley they would represent commonplace ditches; but down here, where the royal palms nod their tufted heads, and the cacti grow in wild abundance, they have a different meaning.

Each one of those trenches held men battling fiercely for their lives; and men wounded, and men dead. They were mowed with bullets and bursting shells; and they now contain such strange objects as broken shot, abandoned soldiers' kits, and even human bones. Carefully placed along the edge of each trench are coarse bags of earth heaped three and four deep. The bagging has rotted in the tropical dews and sun, and is rapidly disappearing. Yards of it go north by every steamer; and in due time many a crazy quilt in American homes will have as the central piece of honor an inch or two of bagging from the Santiago battlefield.

It is all that is left of the San Juan blockhouse.

There is nothing to indicate that it is the spot where seventy five men under two officers crawled and tugged and struggled upward in the face of a hail of bullets, and, as their officers fell near the top of the ridge, battered upon the



MORRO CASTLE AS IT APPEARED AFTER THE BUFFETINGS IT RECEIVED FROM THE GUNS OF SAMPSON'S FLEET.

From a photograph by E. C. Rost, taken in November last.

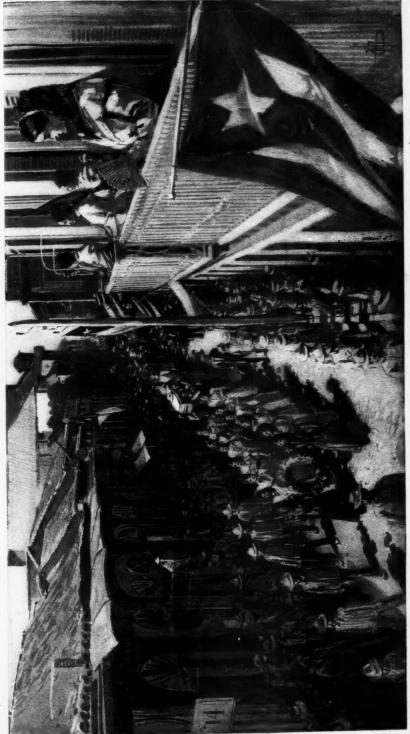
Some of the pieces may bear stains of red which is not rust.

THE SAN JUAN OF TODAY.

The ridge just mentioned is the crest of San Juan Hill, the hill that was stormed and captured by the gallant "thin blue line" of American soldiers on the 2d of July. A short distance from the main road is a crumbling heap of ruins level with the ground. There is an excavation that once was a cellar, and several lines of adobe and stone foundations. Scattered about in unsightly piles are great quantities of red tiling and twisted wooden supporters.

outer walls of the blockhouse with their naked hands, so eager were they to get at the enemy, then in amazed flight. The spot and the surroundings are peaceful enough for an Acadian drama. There is little of war in the heap of ruins. Struggling grass and weeds of many brilliant colors are creeping up between the broken tiling, and here and there green lizards scurry across the crumbling adobe walls. The stillness of summer is upon the scene.

From the site of the San Juan blockhouse one can see a great part of the battlefield. Directly below is the slope up which the Rough Riders and several



A CUBAN FUNERAL PROCESSION IN SANTIAGO-THE OBSEQUIES OF CAPTAIN PREVAL, ONE OF GENERAL GARCIA'S OFFICERS.

regiments of regulars made their famous charge. The slope is fairly gentle, and the undergrowth does not offer much of an obstacle, but even a layman can see that the summit should be almost impregnable. How even a corporal's guard gained the top of the ridge in the face of such a terrific fire is one of the mysteries of war.

Spanish trenches. In the whole battlefield there is no spot more exposed.

In riding along the ridge of San Juan hill one comes upon little squares of ground thickly strewn with empty provision cans and other odds and ends generally found in the vicinity of military camps. Rude frameworks of "shacks" constructed of bamboo can



THE OLD CHURCH AT EL CANEY, WHICH WAS DAMAGED BY AMERICAN SHELLS DURING THE BATTLE OF JULY 1, 1898, AND AFTERWARDS SHELTERED WOUNDED MEN AND REFUGEES FROM SANTIAGO.

From a photograph by E. C. Rost.

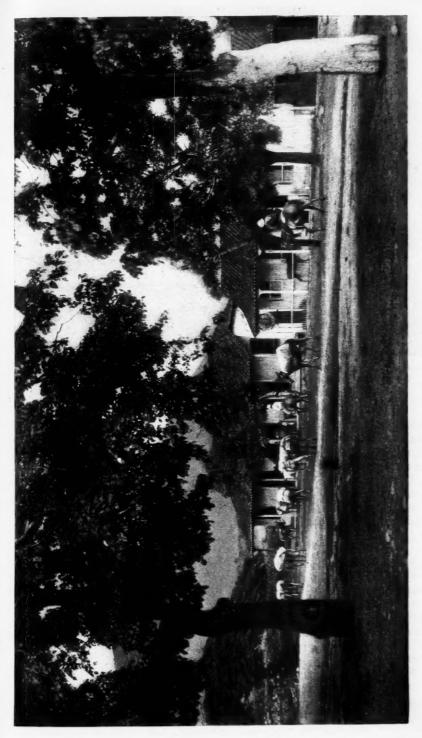
Down in the little valley between what are known as the first and the second of the San Juan hills is a small body of water not much larger than an ordinary pond. It is deep in places, and the bottom is soft, but in the wild charge from the first hill the line of American soldiers swept through it as if it were only a purling brook. One man met his death there from drowning, and many from the enemy's bullets. On the left of the pond is a road, and a stretch of open ground. It was on the latter that the Seventy First New York first faced the withering fire of the

be seen, and not far from the first line of trenches is a rather elaborate structure of brushwood strengthened here and there with flattened meat tins. Over the aperture representing the door is a legend scrawled with the charred end of a stick. It says:

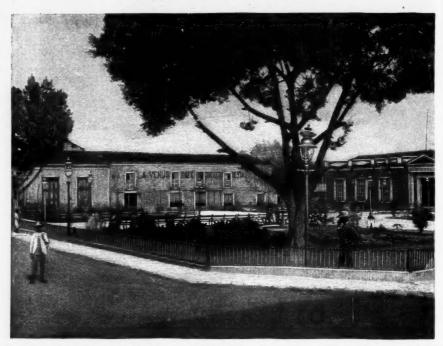
SAN JUAN HOTEL.

(NO) MEALS AT ALL HOURS.
EMPTY BEER BOTTLES ON TAP.

During the many weary days of waiting after the surrender of Santiago the soldiers, Othello-like, found their oc-



PEACE AFTER WAR IN EL CANEY-A PACK TRAIN, CARRYING RATIONS TO BE DISTRIBUTED TO THE CUBANS, PASSING THROUGH THE VILLACE. From a photograph by E. C. Rost.



THE PLAZA OR CENTRAL SQUARE OF SANTIAGO—ON THE RIGHT, IN THE BACKGROUND, IS THE GOVERNMENT PALACE; ON THE LEFT, IS THE VENUS CAFÉ, THE LEADING HOTEL AND RESTAURANT IN THE CITY.

From a photograph by E. C. Rost.

cupation gone and time hanging heavy on their hands. They were driven to novel expedients for amusement, and traces can still be found of rude broken bats, home made balls, and roughly fashioned quoits. I encountered cards, too, and pieces of tin which had probably served as poker chips.

#### THE AMERICAN DEAD.

Beyond San Juan road, in the direction of El Caney, the Spanish trenches are numerous. They have not outlived their usefulness, for they form the burying ground of the American hospitals in Santiago. After the battle it was found convenient to utilize the shallow trenches as graves for the dead soldiers, both Spanish and American. There were no coffins, the bodies being wrapped in squares of canvas made of shelter tents. They were then placed in the trenches and covered over with loose earth, with a head board of rough

wood, bearing a number and in some cases a name, stuck at one end.

There are scores of such graves scattered over the battlefield, besides scores of empty ones. Disinterring has been going on since the 1st of September, and it is seldom that a government transport returns from Santiago to the United States without including in its cargo list one or more bodies. As there is no regular cemetery, aside from the Catholic, in or near Santiago, it has been found necessary to give a temporary resting place in the trenches to Americans who die in that part of Cuba.

## A NEW ERA FOR SANTIAGO.

The Santiago battlefield, as represented by the country between Siboney and the city, is much as it was last July. In the city itself there have been many changes. The result of the battle and the siege has been to the lasting good

of the people. Under the wonderful administrative work of Major General Leonard Wood, the military governor, the ancient capital has been thoroughly cleaned and renovated, and made habitable for the first time in almost four centuries. The military barracks, formerly a pest hole, are now in splendid shape.

Morro Castle is being set in order, and before many months have passed it will contain modern high power guns in place of the ancient smoothbore relics that laughed at Admiral Sampson's fleet.

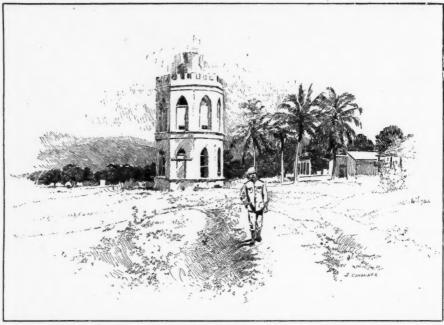
Of the mighty squadron that rode proudly at anchor in Santiago Bay when the famous blockade began, but

one vessel is now visible. It lies careened upon its side just within the entrance. Ships passing in and out clear it by a few yards only, and of all the interesting sights around Santiago that of the wrecked Reina Mercedes is at once the most melancholy and the most fascinating. There is something pathetic in the spectacle of a once formidable modern cruiser lying helpless and deserted at the very door of its former home. The broad deck exposed to view presents a scene of ruin and disaster almost impossible to conceive. Dismantled guns, heaps of débris. shattered hatches, and long lines of broken and twisted railings are all that remains visible of the cruiser. To the



THE "SURRENDER TREE," UNDER WHICH SHAFTER AND TORAL MET TO COMPLETE THE FORMAL SURRENDER OF THE SPANISH FORCES IN SANTIAGO.

Drawn by J. Conacher from a photograph by E. C. Rost.



A SPANISH SIGNAL TOWER IN SANTIAGO, FROM WHICH IT IS SAID THAT CARRIER PIGEONS WERE SENT TO MANZANILLO WHEN TELEGRAPHIC COMMUNICATION WAS CUT OFF.

Drawn by J. Conacher from a photograph by E. C. Rost.

average spectator it seems an impossible task to raise the hull and make of it an efficient warship, but skilled wreckers are at work, at the time of writing this, and the name of Reina Mercedes may in time be added to the growing list of the American navy.

Perhaps one of the first questions asked by the passengers on board of steamers entering Santiago Bay is, "Where is the Merrimac?" The answer is given in a sweep of the hand toward a spot just beyond the wreck of the Reina Mercedes. There, a short distance off shore and almost directly opposite a quaint old fort that was in its prime when the buccaneers ruled the Spanish main, the broken stump of a

steamer's mast projects above the surface of the water. It is so insignificant and commonplace that it would not attract a second glance if it were not known that there rests a collier that has been converted into a golden argosy of glory by the unparalleled bravery and daring of a handful of Americans. People who visit Santiago and see the narrow, winding channel at the entrance, and the forts that line the shores, and picture to themselves the hell into which Hobson and his men went that memorable night, feel that if the Spanish American war did nothing else it served to engrave upon the rolls of fame one of the bravest deeds in all history.



# THE COLLEGIAN, PAST AND PRESENT.

## BY TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D.D., PRESIDENT OF YALE UNIVERSITY.

A BRIEF STUDY OF THE SPIRIT THAT IS TYPICAL OF THE YOUNG COLLEGE MAN OF TODAY, AND THE CHANGE THAT HAS RESULTED FROM THE GROWTH OF THE NATIONAL WEALTH.

THERE are two tendencies to which men, even men who suppose themselves to be honest investigators, are liable, and which we see oftentimes manifesting themselves in experience.

On the one side, the seeker for light, discovering a system of thought or form of teaching handed down to him from the past, is disposed to accept it simply because of its established or venerable character. He feels that what the fathers taught and their fathers believed is not to be set aside, but that the consent of the ages, as he would express it, ought to have a binding influence upon the men of today. Who are we, that we should contradict the generations past? Movement is dangerous; let us abide in the old things which have a permanent foundation. The new light is a taper, and may soon be extinguished. The old light is the sun, which illumines all.

On the other side, the youthful student who enters upon the same search says to himself: "Why should I sit so constantly at the feet of the past? Progress is the law of the world. The fathers were well enough for their time, but we have passed beyond them; and strange indeed when all around us is growing and changing if we had not thus passed beyond them. Moreover, for what was my mind given me, if I cannot investigate and decide upon all things for myself, independent of what my father or his father thought?"

The fair and large minded way is between these two, and leads apart from the errors which belong to both. He who follows this way opens his eyes to the future without shutting them to the He is a creature of hope and vet of remembrance. He is both a conservative and a progressive, or, rather, that union and combination of the two which would hold fast to all the good which has been attained, while reaching out to all that which is yet to be. Moving forward out of the past into the future, such a man has his eyes, as a distinguished personage has said, in the front of his head, and not in the back of it. His look is forward, and not behind him. But he does not go on without any guidance from knowledge already gained, or, in a single word, think that he is the only student or that he has the final wisdom.

I heard a prominent graduate of one of our universities say that when he was a student many years ago, there was in the student community almost a contempt for wealth. The thoughts and ambitions of the college men at that period were in the line of higher things than wealth, and in their estimate of one another they regarded this as nothing. The whole life of the country has greatly changed since then. We have become a wealthy nation. We have passed from the simple life of a quiet town, as it were, to the luxury and abundance of a great city. The devotion of the people to money getting has become so great as even to be alarming, and the one desire which seems to unite all men together is the desire to make

something in this matter of money out

of nothing.

There is surely no worse sign of the times in our day than this. But I believe that much of the old spirit still remains—at least, so far as our judgment

of men goes.

If the evil tendencies that are manifesting themselves so strongly among our people are to be checked, and the glory of the old ancestry is to be preserved, the result must be accomplished through the influence of educated men. Those who go forth from the universities and colleges must show by their living, by the estimate of things which they manifestly form, by the energy which they display in the pursuit of the higher and nobler objects of desire, by their exaltation of learning and mental culture, and of the power to do good

service to the world and of honorable character above all external things, and, if we may use the strong expression, by a contempt for wealth, what the true life for the nation is.

The young men of this generation are in greater danger of being led away in the false path, in this regard, than those who lived in former times were. They need, therefore, the more carefully and constantly to open their minds to the higher influences of a university life.

May I not also say that they owe it to the best interests of the country and of the future to keep alive these higher influences? The student's work is the student's life, and no higher obligation rests upon him than to pass on to other generations the true spirit which has been transmitted to himself.

#### MEDIA NOCTE.

Thou dying day, whose rushing surge
Was pregnant with life's good and ill—
With deeds that scale the heights of fame;
With acts that stir the dregs of shame;
Thy tenebrae the midnight's still—
I sing thy dirge.

Thou wave from out of time's great sea,
What argosies thy bosom bore!
Whose freighted hopes and precious fears,
And garnered burthen of the years,
Are with thee spent upon the shore—
The jetsam of eternity.

The dial's face and pulses tell

How swift thy race to midnight nears—
Thy moments rob the future store,
Become the present, then—no more.
Go to—thou'rt numbered with the years—
There rings thy knell.

How have I lived thee, fleeting day?
How told thy rosary of hours?
Well may my soul, thus pausing, ask
Its stewardship of one day's task;
For I have trifled all my powers,
And thee, in play.

Yet will tomorrow give me time
To guide my course by wiser rules;
Awaking, wisdom warning cries,
"Who begs tomorrow, pauper dies:
None own tomorrow, but the fools
Who play and rhyme."

# THE GARDEN OF SWORDS.\*

## BY MAX PEMBERTON.

THE LATEST NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN OF KRONSTADT" IS A STORY OF LOVE AND WAR, A TRAGEDY OF PASSION AMID THE SOUND AND FURY OF BATTLE-MR, PEMBERTON SAYS OF IT THAT HE THINKS IT IS HIS BEST WORK. "BECAUSE IT IS THE NEAREST TO A SIMPLE RECORD OF LIFE UNDER VERY TRAGIC AND HISTORIC CIRCUMSTANCES."

#### SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

SHORTLY after Beatrix Hamilton, the English granddaughter of Hélène, Countess of Gorsdorf, becomes the wife of Edmond Lefort, a French officer of lancers, war is declared between France and Germany, and the young husband is ordered to join his regiment. Beatrix remains at Worth, where she becomes an eye witness of some of the horrors of war. The French, under Douay, are defeated at Weissenburg, and when, shortly after, the Prussians attack the French position at Wörth, Beatrix rides out and watches the battle. She sees her husband's regiment charge the enemy, only to be engulfed by a murderous storm of shot and shell. The French are overwhelmed, and by nightfall the Prussians remain in undisputed possession of the field. Beatrix, her home burned, has no thought of seeking shelter, but, accompanied by her maid, Guillaumette, seeks for her husband among the dead. After wandering fruitlessly for hours, the two women come upon the watch fires of a Prussian regiment of dragoous; and to Beatrix' astonishment and unspeakable relief, she finds that one of the officers is an old friend, an Englishman, Brandon North. He ascertains for her that her husband is held as a prisoner of war, and then finds her a refuge in the house of the curé of Morsbroun. The following morning Brandon arranges that she shall go to Strasburg, where Mme. Hélène is, in the care of an English war correspondent named Watts; he advises her, however, not to remain there, as Strasburg will soon be invested by the Germans.

## XVI (Continued).

F course I shall go, Brandon," Beatrix said. "It's very good of you to have troubled so much, and Edmond will be grateful. He would not look for me anywhere else when he comes back. If I could only be sure that they were treating him well-"

She laughed at herself for her naive confession, and corrected it instantly.

"You are a Prussian," she said. "I forgot. And you never told us-"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"My father made his home in Germany. I offered myself for the service. A man cannot always look at life and selling are not altogether intellectual pursuits, you will admit. If I

had thought that there was any backbone on the other side, I might have gone there on a sporting impulse. All that appealed to me-order, method, strength, iron will-is the property of the Saxon. We may not like it, but we must not dispute it. And I ought not to say such things to you, who are waiting for breakfast. Have you ever breakfasted in camp before, Beatrix?"

He began to lead his horse away from the priest's cottage to the bivouac of dragoons, and put the question as he went. This half hour of a subtle and satisfying intimacy might never return. He rejoiced in the comradeship, but from other motives than those which through empty wine bottles. Buying gave her pleasure in it. And she would remember only that she had found a friend.

<sup>\*</sup> Copyright, 1898, by Max Pemberton.—This story began in the November number of Munsey's Magazine.

"No," she said, looking up to him frankly. "I am a soldier's wife, but I know nothing about soldiers. If your order and your method and your iron will could help some of these poor people who die in the fields, I would think more of the Saxon. You can never make good the evil of yesterdaynever, never, Brandon. And what is it in us all that makes us callous to suffering as we are now? When a trooper was killed at Niederbronn, a week ago, it was as if one of my own servants had died in our garden. I thought of the poor fellow all night, and prayed for him. Yesterday the dead were everywhere, and we passed them by as though they had been stones. Is it 'backbone' that gives us courage to look at things always through the glasses of self? Why, at this very minute, should I not be asking myself how I can help Edmond, and not how I can get to Strasburg?"

He laughed at the unconscious con-

ceit of her thought.

"You can help your husband best by keeping out of harm's way," he said. "We are not savages, Beatrix, nor cannibals, either. Edmond is all the better where he is. He won't be killed, any way, and every one is talking of his fellows and their charge yesterday. Whatever may happen to the rank and file, the officers will be well treated, be sure of that. I wouldn't mind being in their place at all. They'll have good quarters and plenty to eat and drink. When the war's over, and that's a matter of a few weeks at the most, they will come back whole men and not as those poor fellows yonder. Is there anything to make you sorry in that prospect?"

They had entered the field of the bivouac, and he pointed to a row of wounded infantrymen sitting beneath a tottering wall, which was the last upstanding mark where yesterday a prosperous farm had been. All the men were badly hurt, yet all bore their sufferings with unflinching patience. War

had obliterated memory of their nationality. A great Wurtemburger nursed the head of a maimed chasseur, and a gunner of France did his best to bind up the shattered hand of one of Von Werder's men. Faint and wan and unattended, these poor fellows made a brave attempt to salute when the officer approached them; nor did one of them utter so much as a single word of complaint.

"Come," said Brandon, desiring to put a bright face upon it, "and who is looking after your breakfasts, my poor

fellows?"

"Ah, Herr Major—if it were so much as a drink of water! I have been here since one o'clock yesterday—since one o'clock! My God, it is nearly twenty hours, and my lips are glued together."

Another opened his vest and showed a jagged wound upon which the blood

had congealed.

"They are slow up yonder—but then, they are not in pain, Herr Major. As for me, I do not count. I shall never

stand again."

"Do not talk so," cried an old sergeant, whose arm had been scarred and broken by a shell from Froeschweiler. "We have our duty to do, and all this is nothing. The doctor will laugh at us for troubling him. A cigar would cure me, Herr Major—ah, you are all too kind to a useless old man."

Brandon distributed his cigars among them, and called to a trooper to fetch them water from the village and to send the ambulance. The place wherein they lay was a very pit of blood and agony; he turned from it quickly when he saw the white face of the girl at his side. He knew that she had all the desire and the pity to serve them, and he understood the helplessness she realized and blamed.

"It is a doctor's work, Beatrix—you would only make things worse. The ambulance will be here just now, and they have already been looked after in some sort of way, as you see. You need a lot of training to stand this sort

of thing, and remember, you have had none at all——"

He stopped abruptly, for there were tears in her eyes.

"Brandon," she said quickly, "do you not despise me—"

"Because you are not a doctor? Certainly not."

"No, not for that, but for all that I have been talking about. As if anything mattered when those poor fellows are like that! And I am doing nothing, nothing. I have never done anything all my life——"

"You can begin now by going back to Mme. Hélène. She is alone in Strasburg. She will have need of you in the days to come. I am afraid they will be terrible days, Beatrix."

"Why should they be, Brandon?"

"Because we march today."
Something of the strange

Something of the strange circumstance of their association came in that moment to both of them. For the first time she read a suspicion of the whole truth in the look he turned upon her; but she would not think of it, nor debate it in her mind, lest that should be in itself a dishonor. After all, he was her husband's friend. She would trust her life to him, and Edmond would applaud her confidence.

"I will go to Strasburg now," she said quickly. "If only I could hear of Edmond there!"

"If that is all," he said, "I will bring you the news myself."

She laughed.

"They would shoot you for a spy," she said.

## XVII.

A BURLY man with a great black beard and a sunburned face drove up to the place as she spoke, and exchanged words with Brandon. He had obtained a little pony cart, by some occult means of which old travelers are the master, and he sat in it smoking contentedly, as one who found nothing remarkable either in his presence at Wörth or in

the circumstances which brought him there. When he was introduced to her as "Richard Watts" he took his china pipe from his mouth and lifted the brim of a vast sombrero hat stuck carelessly upon the very back of his curly black hair. He would be a man of sixty years, Beatrix thought—a man of many cities, yet the servant of none.

"Is this the lady?" he asked laconic-

"This is Mme. Lefort," said Brandon. "Her servant is with her, but she

can go behind."

The stranger nodded his head and put his pipe in his mouth again.

"Two, then," he exclaimed, and asked immediately: "Anything more?" Brandon laughed.

"Mr. Watts is not accustomed to this kind of luggage, Beatrix," he said, "but he'll see you into Strasburg, and he's a safer escort than a squadron of hussars."

She turned to him a little anxiously.

"But you ride to Hagenau?"

"Certainly—if your people do not say no."

Guillaumette climbed into the cart laboriously,

"Va là," she said, "here goes a fine fat goose to market. You will not eat me, monsieur!"

She sat jauntily, her arms crossed and her eyes upon the trooper who had helped her to her seat; but the great man in the cart did not notice her. He had thrust out a huge hand to grip Beatrix by the wrist, and now he began to address her as he would have addressed a child.

"Sit there and hold the rail. The road is rough and the pony stumbles. Have you had your breakfast—eh, yes? Well, that's all right. You wouldn't get any if you hadn't."

She turned to Brandon.

"You are not coming with us, then?"

"Indeed and we are—there goes the bugle."

Richard Watts shrugged his tremendous shoulders.

"The pretty soldiers," he said. "Can't you do without them today, madame?"

She looked up at him, angry at the blunt speech. There was something kind in his big eyes, but his manner was that of a boor.

"If we are a trouble to you, sir-"

"A trouble, God bless me-an Englishwoman! Geeho! Geeho!"

He lashed the pony, and they began to jog across the fields. She gazed-it might be for the last time-up at the forest land where her home had been, and she saw burning houses and churches which were but quaking walls and black ruins of the homesteads of vesterday. In the vineyards by the river the laborers were burying the dead. Rusted cuirasses, broken helmets, twisted swords, rags which had been uniforms, rifles in the ditches, horses stiff and stark with their feet pointing upward to the sky-these were the emblems of battle around her. But the sun shone warm upon the pastures; there were gay tunics in all the valleys; she heard the music of the drums; the romance of war put a cloak upon the reality of war. And the way lay to a city and to a home. She desired with all the intensity of which she was capable to turn from that place of death to the light and life of Strasburg. Edmond would come to her there. She thanked God that he was a prisoner, and that war could not harm him now.

They had struck the great southern road to the city, but the way was laborious, for troops followed it everywhere, and no turn of it but showed them the wavering hues of spiked helmets or the lances of the uhlans. And here the story of the flight was to be read in all its fulness. Dead men with glassy eyes stared up at her from the fetid ditches. Masterless horses galloped along the roadside, whinnying to them, or stood in wondering troops, saddles still upon their backs, and even their own wounds to show. No man could have numbered the rifles cast aside by the flying hosts of yesterday. Broken caissons, gun carriages lacking wheels, empty wagons shattered and plundered, field glasses, even letters and pocketbooks and little tokens whereby the names of those who fled were to be learned—these things bore witness to the living as the graves upon the hillside bore witness to the dead.

But they provoked Beatrix no longer to despair or pity. If, of the aftermath, she should reap her lover's life, she would crave no other grace. And she was all fortunate. She thought of the children asking today for those who nevermore would stoop to lift them to their lips. How many there were in the very city to which this strange Englishman was taking her! How many women prayed in the silent churches for those who lay dead in the vineyards she was leaving! It was not selfishness, but gratitude, which turned her thoughts to such a channel.

They went to the south. Many a hamlet was numbered before her companion spoke a word or took his pipe from his mouth. The exclamations of Guillaumette fell upon deaf ears. It was odd to be there on the road with one she had never seen before; but the kaleidoscope of her life had been turning swiftly for many hours. She accepted the present as she found it, and found content therein.

"You are going to Strasburg, monsieur?" she asked for the very sake of speaking.

Richard Watts took his pipe from his mouth very slowly, and answered her

by another question.

"What's that?" he exclaimed. "Monsieur! Bless vou, child, I'm no monsieur! I was born within the sound of Bow Bells."

"Oh," she said, "one gets into the habit of it here. You are Mr. Watts, are you not?"

He nodded his head.

"Richard Watts, young lady-as much at your service as your French friends will let me be."

"Do you think we shall have any

difficulty in getting into Strasburg, then?"

"No difficulty at all—and God help us when we're there."

He smoked contemplatively for a lit-

"There is nothing good in France today, young lady. I have seen fighting all my life, and I know what I say. Your German friends will be at the gates of Strasburg in a week, and then the fruit will fall. It rots on the trees already. It has been rotting ever since the hand of an adventurer pruned it. Look at that fellow in the ditch there. Yesterday he was all gold lace and glory. Today he is dead, and you cannot see the gold lace for mud. The glory has gone up to the hills, where the Prussians burn the farms. You have married a Frenchman, and you do not believe me, as a matter of course. Twenty years ago I thought as you did. It's a long time, twenty years, madame—a long time. France was the first nation in Europe twenty years ago. In twenty years hence, she may be so again. These poor fellows could not wait, you see."

A dead chasseur lay in the ditch at the roadside. His head was pillowed upon his arm as one who slept a child's sleep; but his splendid uniform had been washed by the mud of the fields, and the pillagers had cut off two of his fingers for the sake of the rings he wore. Beatrix turned away her eyes that she might not see the dead man's face. To what new scenes of peril and of death was that strange journey carrying her. The cities in danger! She could not believe it possible.

"I am going to Strasburg because my husband will come there when they release him. I could not go anywhere else, for I have no other friends in France. If the Germans follow, it will not matter. They are gentlemen at any rate, as you yourself say."

He nodded his head approvingly.

"You are quite right to go," he said, "and they are gentlemen, I admit. If war is like a good dinner and our gentlemen dine sometimes—that doesn't concern you. Strasburg will suffer, but you have English friends—ah, your friends are English, madame?"

She smiled. "And if they are not?" He shrugged his shoulders.

"In that case we must make the worst of a bad job," he said bluntly.

She looked up at him quickly, to read a face hardened to a gravity very foreign to it; but he did not speak. They had left the highroad now, and were in the heart of the forest of Hagenau. In and out, by woodland paths, through avenues of chestnuts, past little churches which spoke of God's peace and of all the primitive forest life, the road carried them. All the hubbub and turmoil of the great highway was hushed here. Impossible to believe, as the wind stirred the trees to a murmur of song, and the glades opened their golden hearts to the wayfarer, that the things of yesterday had been. War was a hallucination of their sleep. There had been no battle. Such contrasts were beyond the possibilities.

"Who could realize that we were at Wörth this morning?" she exclaimed, as a turn of the road opened to their view scenes of a remoter and even more sylvan beauty. "Is there any one in these woods who would understand that a great army is all around us, and that those poor fellows lie dying in the vineyards? I don't believe, I cannot believe—"

Richard Watts smoked on doggedly, but presently he pulled up the pony suddenly.

"Look there, young lady," he said, as he jerked his whip in the direction of a great tree. "There is something to help your incredulity."

Her eyes followed the direction he indicated, and the work of the women of France was before her.

They had taken a uhlan in the forest and hanged him from the tree. The body swayed gently in the breeze, and showed gaping wounds upon the hands and throat. A group of hags, their faces dark with the ferocity of anger unsatiated, stood in the shade of the tree and greeted their own work tri-

umphantly.

"He was taken at Berdot's farm, monsieur—he rode up at daybreak and Henriette found him. Ah, she is brave, Henriette! She let the dogs loose, the droll. He will not go back to his Bismarck today, monsieur. And it is our work—our work!"

They screeched together as creatures of the fables; but the man whipped up the pony and was soon in the heart of the silent forest again. For a long time now he puffed at his great pipe doggedly; but it was not lost upon Beatrix that he skirted the town of Hagenau, and began to go faster as he approached the city of Strasburg.

"Is not Mr. North to meet us there?" she asked anxiously.

He answered her bruskly.

"After the war, young lady—we will learn patience. I cannot wait today. I am flying from the defenders of France —as good a Frenchman as any of them today."

"But there are no soldiers here?"

"Glory be to God for that. The fewer the better. See as few of them as you can, girl."

She thought upon it for a little while, and then exclaimed, as though she read

his thoughts:

"My husband will be very grateful to Mr. North."

The idea amused him. She could hear him chuckling to himself.

"Will be grateful, young lady?" he asked presently. "You said grateful?"

"And why not?"

"No reason at all. We are always grateful when the man who knocks us down is the very good friend of our wife. Would not you be under the circumstances?"

Never, until that moment, had there come to her the thought that Edmond might not understand the circumstances which had compelled her to seek Brandon's friendship. She sat de-

bating it very silently. She would not q believe that her companion's words were aught but a jest; and yet, as the cart ni jogged on, a sense of unrest and fore-not boding displaced the content with no which she had quitted Wörth. If Edmond should not think as she did! If he should hold that war had made that a friendship impossible! She blamed herself that she had not thought of it before.

"Of course he will understand," she said, rather as one uttering her thoughts aloud. "They were old friends in Strasburg. And he will know why I went to the camp. I shall tell him all about it when he comes back to Stras-

burg."

"Tell him nothing, child. A tale untold is not to be criticised. There is always the off chance. I am an old man, and have the right to advise you. Go to your friends in Strasburg and keep your own secrets. Too much confidence has ruined many a man, and many a woman, too. Your husband will know nothing unless you tell him. Why should you make him unhappy?"

"I will tell everything—he has the

right to know."

He would not agree with her; but he watched her with kindly eyes, and when, long hours afterwards, the city of Strasburg, lying in purple and golden mists of the evening light, came to their view, he said to her almost earnestly:

"If you ever want a friend yonder, young lady, remember old Richard Watts. Any Englishman in Strasburg will know where he lives. Come and tell him all about it. He understands women and he understands men. You will find him alone; he has been alone all his life."

She thought that he spoke with an infinite tenderness; her own heart was heavy, and the sympathy he offered her touched a plaintive chord of melancholy which the hour and the scene and the city of the golden mists helped to linger in her path. She had come home, indeed—the bride of yesterday—yet she knew not whether tomorrow would

permit the house of her affections to stand, or would give her one true friend in all France. The hosts of Germany were crossing already that plain above which rose up the spires and pinnacles of Strasburg. The very silence of the night was as some herald of storm and tempest raging in the hearts of men. But it was fear for herself that dominated her when they entered the city by the northern gate and began to trot quickly toward the Broglie Platz. If Edmond should not understand!

"I know that you wish to be kind to me," she said, "and I will not forget I have many friends here, for I am Mme. Hélène's grandchild. Every one knows the Countess of Görsdorf. She lives in the Place Kleber."

Richard Watts pulled the pony back upon its haunches.

"Eh, what's that?" he exclaimed. "The Countess of Görsdorf-you know her?"

"She is my grandmother."

"Then, you are the daughter of

Marie Douay-impossible!"

The exclamation burst from him involuntarily. He sat quite still for some minutes, regarding her very curiously. All about them was the life of Strasburg, the music of the bands, the glare of the lamps before the cafés, the buzz of tongues, and the rumbling wheels. The man saw nothing of it all. He had eyes only for his little companion.

She, in her turn, sat wondering at his astonishment.

"You do not know Mme. Hélène?" she asked presently-for he continued to let the pony stand.

"Know her, child-how should I know her?"

"You are a stranger to Strasburg, then?"

He laughed hardly. "An utter stranger." The words seemed to please him. He repeated them, as if in emphasis. "An utter stranger, young lady—without a home anywhere."

A great idea, one of pity for his loneliness, came to her. She could not account for her friendship, yet friendship she gave to this rugged acquaintance instinctively.

"If you would come to the Place Kleber, they would be very grateful to you," she said. "I am sure Mme. Hélène would like to thank you herself."

Again he looked at her with a curiosity he could not cloak.

"Marie Douay's daughter-so you are Marie Douay's daughter," he continued to mutter, as one who has recalled forgotten names and places. "Well, the world is small indeed. Do vou know your way to the Place Kleber from here, child?"

She laughed at the doubt.

"Every inch of it."

"Then I will say good night."

It was an abrupt invitation for her to leave him, and she did not misunderstand it. There was nothing odd in such a man telling her that here was the parting of the ways.

"I am sorry you will not come with me," she repeated, when she stood at last upon the pavement. "Mme. Hélène would have been so glad. Perhaps you will call tomorrow?

He thrust his hand over the side of the cart and held hers for a moment in a clasp which almost crushed her fingers.

"God bless you, little passenger," he said, ignoring her question. "Don't forget old Richard Watts. And mind

you keep your secrets."

He was gone with the words, away into the shadows of the great city. She turned quickly toward her own home, for the bells of the churches were striking midnight. And as the musical chimes rang out, they seemed to say, "Secrets, secrets-keep your secrets."

Was it true, then, that some thought, born of the impotence of France and of yesterday's defeat, had come into her own life, and that it must be hidden from Edmond? She would listen to no such suggestion of shame, but hurried on to the old home and the beloved

voices and the arms outstretched to hold the little wanderer.

And through the forests and over the mountains of France, by many roads and woodland paths, the hosts of Germany marched on toward the city whose doom the finger of fate already had written.

#### XVIII.

THE French fled from Wörth, and the passes of the Vosges were open to the victorious armies of the invader. Villages, which knew not why war had come to the vineyards, beheld the advancing hosts who carried the sword into the gardens of France. People said that no man might number them, no general withstand them. For a nation armed had gone out against those who had betrayed a nation. Old men spoke of Austerlitz and of Jena, and told one another that never again would the shame of the new day be forgotten or its humiliations avenged. Peasants fled from their homes to the shelter of the cities; the wounded crawled to the churches and lay side by side with the forgotten dead. Everywhere the devastating hand withered the fields and gave payment of their ashes. The curse was upon France, men said. The day for hope had passed. Out there upon the hill lands the spiked helmets glistened and the uhlans rode triumphantly. The hope, the courage, of Paris seemed a mockery beyond words. For the children cried for bread, the dirge for the dead was the daily prayer.

Westward and southward from Wörth, MacMahon's hosts had fled to tell the tale in all the towns, and even to proclaim it at the gates of Strasburg and in the cafés by the great cathedral there. The wounds the soldiers showed, the enduring fear of those mighty forces crossing the mountains so swiftly, moved the city to belief and to activity. Men would not stop to ask why this had been, this betrayal surpassing

belief, this wreck of the glory of a century. The Germans were coming to the gates of the city they loved. All that life could give in defense of that city should be their offering to France. Whatever else of shame and of defeat had been their country's harvest of the war, Strasburg at least would play her part with honor. Never, while one stone stood upon another, would she open her gates to the Prussian king.

The few of German heart and birth, who remained indifferent to the issues, found themselves silenced by the greater voice of patriotism. Citizens congregated in all the cafés to tell the good story. "To the last brick, comrades—our general said so." And that watchword became their own from the first.

The news came to the city on the seventh day of August. The eighth day had not dawned before the great work began. Old and young, civilians and soldiers-no longer was there to be any distinction of age or class or fitness for the task. Even the women went to gaze upon the mighty citadel, and to tell each other that those glistening guns were greater than all the hosts of Germany. In the squares and public places, the national guards and francstireurs drilled incessantly. The whole city was full of the sounds of war-of squadrons tramping, of the blaring music of the bands, of the rumbling of the great guns, of the brisk word of command and of encouragement. Even the little children were taught to honor the general who had said that Strasburg should not open her gates while one stone stood upon another.

While all this became the talk of the open places of the city, there was to be found in the privacy of her houses a determination as real, as faithful, as unwavering, as the creed of the multitude or the gospel of the cafés. In the Place Kleber itself, Mme Hélène, that mistress of gentleness and of love, spoke of courage always; of courage and of patience, and of a woman's work for France. People who passed the great

house in the Place Kleber would point up to the windows where the beloved face was to be seen, and would tell each other that there was the mother of the city, ever giving good counsel with a mother's heart, and inspiring them to that self sacrifice which is the truest gift of motherhood.

Beatrix herself, listening to that gentle voice, would forget her own regrets and all that had been since Edmond left the chalet of the Niederwald. There. in the streets of the city, were those who called for her pity and her help. Wan men, hobbling upon crutches; great fellows hugging terrible wounds; lads robbed forever of the joy of youth; old soldiers with tears upon their cheeks because they could fight for France no more-Wörth had sent such as these in their thousands to Strasburg. She saw them sunning themselves in the square before her house. Often she listened to the pathetic story of their flight. She knew not why destiny had so done to them, yet had spared the man she loved.

"If one could only be grateful enough!" she said to old Hélène on the morning of the seventh day after her return. "I feel sometimes that I have lost the power to be thankful for anything. It will be different when Edmond comes home. And one can only wait, wait, wait."

Old Hélène shook her head in gentle rebuke.

"Of ourselves always, dear child! Is there no one else but a poor old woman and an impatient little wife in Strasburg today? Do not the streets teach us their lesson? Ah, the brave hearts in the streets, Beatrix; the brave men who would save our homes for us! What are we doing for them—we the women of France? What help shall we give them when the need comes and the children suffer? And we must help them. What can we ask of the poor when the rich give nothing? Let us give abundantly, dear child, as it has been given to us."

There was a noble courage of her voice; but to Beatrix that voice was as a sound from afar. She believed no longer in France or the armies of France. The mighty impotence of Wörth remained her abiding message. The doom of the city and of her home seemed already written. The childish fear that this lack of faith put a bond upon her love grew day by day. She was not worthy of the man who had whispered his ambitions to her in the chalet of the Niederwald, and had sealed his vow of faith in France with a lover's caress. Her very belief in the might and the glory of the Saxon stood against her as a sin. The future lay through a valley of shadows, which gathered quickly about her path and enveloped her in the gloom of foreboding and of doubt. She was not a Frenchwoman; she never would understand-never, never.

"Dear Hélène, how good you are," she said impulsively. "I feel guilty when I listen to you. All that I see here makes me think of Edmond. If only one could write to him! If only one were sure that the prison meant nothing to him but four square walls and a German jailer! It would have been different, perhaps, a year agobut now! Ah, mamma, you were never married in the Minster, and you never went to the Niederwald for your honeymoon. My life has changed since that day they came for him. I don't think I have any heart left. I try to remember other things, but every day the question is, will he come this morning-will it be next month, next year-or never, never again until the end?"

She lifted a white face to the kindly eyes and felt old Héléne's arms about her neck.

"I cannot lose him, even for France," she said very pitifully. "You are not angry with me, Hélène?"

"Angry, my child? God forbid! A thousand women's hearts are heavy as yours today. We must not let them see our tears, we to whom they look for

hope and courage. When Edmond comes, our hands must not be empty. Oh, think of it, Beatrix—there are Germans at Schiltigheim, Germans at the gates of our own city. Tomorrow—ah, God knows what we shall see and hear tomorrow!"

There were tears upon her cheeks as this doubt for the city of her childhood came to trouble her, and Beatrix knew well of what she was thinking. The armies of France had not saved them yesterday. Who should say that tomorrow would find them victorious?

"If all were as you, dear Hélène," she said tenderly, "we need fear for nothing. And we shall know how to suffer for Edmond's sake, if the day comes. Sometimes I think that I should be glad for it to come. It is hard to be a woman when those in whom you trust have ceased to be men. At Wörth I believed that nothing in all the world could defeat the armies of France. I dare not tell you all I saw there. Strasburg cannot be like that. Nothing will ever be like that again."

"It will be as our destiny writes it, my child. And we must have faith, faith always. It is all a woman can offer—her whole heart and soul and sympathy for those who suffer that she may have a home. Let us give unstintingly while

we may."

They went together to the windows of the house to watch the marching of a regiment, which went by with banners flying and drums rolling and all the glorious panoply of war. It was a sunny Sabbath morning of August, and in all the steeples the bells were calling the citizens to mass. When the troops had passed, and the cheering for the "mother of the city," whose white hairs the soldiers had seen at the window, had died away, Beatrix quitted the house and went alone toward the Minster, for thither the citizens now turned, and there the great service of the day was to be held.

She had never seen so many people abroad in the streets of Strasburg before; nor did they wear the air of those who feared for themselves or their houses. Women anticipated coming victories in colors which would not mourn the past irrevocable. Men walked in groups and spoke of the brave General Uhrich. Bands played everywhere. The cafés were scenes of mirth and excitement. In the churches themselves priests spoke of a nation fighting God's battles, and moved their flocks to a frenzy of applause. Old soldiers told of Jena and of Italy. Little children carried long swords at their belts, and their watchword was "Aux armes!"

By these she passed quickly, for the bells told her that the service was about to begin. In the cathedral square she found a great concourse of people moved by some savage impulse she could not at the first understand. Ferocious cries were raised: she heard the smashing of glass in the doors of a café, and saw bludgeons and sticks raised threateningly above the heads of the people. A man at her side told her that they had caught a spy, and were about to kill him. They had taken him in the Minster itself. He had run to the café for shelter, but they would settle his affair, and he would go back to Germany no more.

Had it been possible, she would have drawn back from the crowd, but the' human wave engulfed her and carried her forward almost to the doors of the house. Half fainting in the press, unable to make her voice heard, she became unwillingly the spectator of that tragedy of the Sabbath. She saw the white faced man in the porch of the house; she heard his frenzied appeals for mercy. Foam dripped from his lips, his hair was disheveled, his coat torn, his hands upraised to protect his face; but no one thought of pity or of justice. Men struck at him with their fists; a drunkard threw a glass at him and cut his forehead: the blows of canes fell upon his face as whips that strike a board: blood flowed from his nostrils.

He fell fainting, and those about him beat out his brains as he lay senseless upon the floor.

The people swept by with clamorous shouts. The spy was dead. Strasburg had settled with him. For an instant Beatrix reeled back against the window of the café. Everything in the cathedral square went round and round before her eyes. She thought that she would fall, but a strong arm was placed suddenly about her waist, and a voice she knew whispered a word in her ear.

"Say nothing," the voice said. "I have brought the news I promised you."

She looked up at the man's face and read it through his disguise. Brandon North was at her side.

#### XIX.

HE was dressed as a Frenchman, with a polished silk hat and a big bow carelessly tied. For the rest, his disguise was of the slightest, yet so skilfully done that a friend would have passed him in the street. Nor did he give her an opportunity to express surprise at his presence there or at his new appearance.

"Let us go where there are not so many interesting people," he said. "I have much to say to you."

She was dizzy still, and pale and trembling. He called a waiter from a café and ordered a little glass of brandy. When she had drunk it, he began to lead her away from the cathedral towards the Rue de Kehl. Her curiosity amused him.

"You see, I have no business in Strasburg," he said lightly. "People might misunderstand me as they misunderstood that poor fellow yonder. It would be quite wrong of them—but then, I have a regard for my bones."

She shuddered.

"They would kill you, Brandon," she exclaimed.

"Exactly; they would kill me. It is one of the follies of war. You beat out a man's brains because he might be a spy. Afterwards you are sorry, but you cannot put his brains back again. Forgive me, I am only talking in general terms. We had better not particularize until we are in safer quarters."

She stopped suddenly. The peril in which he stood, and which she must in some measure share, was not to be overlooked. Many, both civilians and soldiers, were passing on their way to the Minster square. A regiment of Gardes Mobiles went by with swinging step and merry music. She knew that a word whispered to them, a word that a Prussian dragoon had entered Strasburg, would bring instant death to the man who had come into the city because of his promise to her.

"You were wrong to come; I was wrong to ask you," she said quickly. "They would never understand—never."

He laughed lightly and lit a cigarette.

"We will not consult them, Beatrix," he said. "I came here because I knew you would be anxious. You must give me your word that you will not tell one man, woman, or child in all Strasburg. It's my only chance. Even old Hélène must not know. What isn't known cannot be misunderstood. Don't think I have come on my own business at all. If I was that sort of person, I would not be at your side now. All that we wanted to learn about this place we learned a year ago, and—you have been to church, Mme. Lefort?"

His voice and manner changed quickly as an officer of the guard elbowed him from the pavement. When the man was out of hearing he began again:

"That is old Gatelet—he has dined with me at the Maison Rouge many a day. I wonder what he would say if he knew where I had been since we saw each other! It is astonishing how you forget your liking for a man when he's on the other side—especially when the other side is winning."

Again she checked her pace to question him.

"Brandon," she said, "where are you going to talk to me?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Anywhere, when there are no listeners. I am lodging for today with Mme. Venier, over at the little white house there. She has one of the ministers from St. Thomas' with her, and enough daughters to chaperon a regiment. If you would walk into her parlor—"

She stamped her foot angrily. "You know that I cannot go."

"Very well, then; I'll forget that I suggested it. But you can't write to Edmond here at the gate."

"You think that I could write to him?"

"I know that you could, for I'll send the letter myself?"

She breathed quickly, debating it. Some of the men she had seen in the café when the spy was struck down were coming up the street. She entered the house when she saw them, and he followed her quickly.

"I have no right to come," she protested. "Edmond would never forgive

"Oh, now—that's nonsense. Why should he not forgive you? I will tell him all about it myself—when the proper time comes. Meanwhile, he is at Ulm, and will not give his parole. Persuade him to, and you may have him back in Strasburg in a week's time. But I wouldn't if I were you. It's dangerous, and might lead to the unexpected. He's living like a prince where he is, and there aren't any bullets. There will be plenty if he comes back to Strasburg."

"I do not understand," she said helplessly. "What is the parole he must

give, and why?"

He pointed to an armchair and drew

it up to the table for her.

"It's just this way," he said—" but will you let me smoke? I have been about the streets all day in this Sunday best, and it's a little heavy for the nerves."

She nodded her head quickly, while he filled the pipe and lighted it deliberately. The sense of their danger was more sure every moment that she lingered there. The horrid scene at the doors of the Minster still haunted her eyes. This man at her side might make another scene such as that—and for her sake.

"I am waiting to hear about the

parole," she said.

"Well," he answered bluntly, "it's this way. If he will promise not to bear arms against Germany for the rest of the war, they'll send him back to you. Edmond won't give that promise unless you ask it. And if he gives it, and comes back to Strasburg, a week will find him on the fortifications."

"In which case?"

"In which case they will shoot him

when we take the city."

He did not speak boastfully, but there was behind his words a soupçon of that arrogance which victory may give even to a man incapable of common emotions. She heard him as one who neither counseled nor dissuaded her, but left everything to her own judgment. Never had she been asked to decide a question so momentous.

"You know that I cannot write it," she exclaimed hotly. "He would think I did not wish him to return."

"Very well—but you know what you are risking. He will certainly be shot when we come in."

"Oh, my God," she said, "what a

cruel thing war is!"

"To the vanquished, of course. The mischief is that our French friends never know when they are vanquished. Edmond will be like the others. He will give his word and break it."

"I don't believe it," she exclaimed emphatically. "When he comes to the Place Kleber he will listen to me. I shall make it a point of honor between us. He may break his word to you,

but he never will to me."

"Then, write the letter now. It shall go to Ulm tomorrow. I don't hunger for the sights of Strasburg, you may be sure. Tonight will see me the other side of the river, and thankful to be there."

"Brandon," she exclaimed, "how much I owe to you!"

He laughed.

"I should be a poor man if all my ledger accounts were like yours, Beatrix."

He began to pace the room that she might write uninterruptedly. For a long while she sat contemplating the white paper before her. Though she had combated his assertions, she knew in her heart that he spoke the truth, and that the letter which brought her husband back to Strasburg might also be his death warrant. Edmond would never resist the spirit then prevailing in Strasburg. He would go to the fortifications, and the Prussians would take him there. They would shoot him as one who had broken his parole, and hers would be the word which called him back to his doom. She could not write that word; she must leave it to his judgment, she thought. Nor could she tell him why she hesitated. Impossible to say, "I fear that you will break your oath." Rather, she wrote words of love and sympathy, narrating all that had happened at Strasburg, her meeting with her old friend, Brandon North, on the evening of the battle, the strange companion she had found upon the road, the anticipations of a siege, the news that the Prussians were at Schiltigheim. But she did not say, "Come back to me," and there were tears in her eves when she sealed the letter.

"Well," said Brandon, who had watched her closely, "you have finished it?"

She turned away sadly.

"I have flattered you by taking your opinion."

"Oh, I don't count in the matter. But I am sure you are wise, Beatrix. Another month will finish this business. Better for him to come home then, with whole bones, than now—to God knows what. And you—of course, you are leaving Strasburg?"

"Leaving Strasburg-why?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Because the Prussians are at Schiltigheim."

" Is that all?"

He laughed—almost brutally, she

thought.

"Not at all—it is only the beginning. In a month there will be no Strasburg to remain in. Forgive me if I am too frank. One seems able to talk to you as one talks to no one else. I suppose it's because we're both English, Beatrix."

She thought that the confession was an indirect sneer at her hisband; her cheeks crimsoned in resentment.

"There is no other country but England!" she exclaimed ironically.

"I think so," he said simply.

The great pride of his belief appealed to her. She held out her hands to him.

"Edmond is your friend," she exclaimed. "You will except him always. And I am very grateful to you, Brandon—more grateful than I can say."

He poohpoohed her expression of thanks, and was about to take leave of her when a face thrust close to the window made them both draw back. It was the face of Gatelet, the officer of the national guard, whom they had passed in the street an hour ago. Visible for an instant, it disappeared at once as the man turned with a startled exclamation and took a step to the window.

"Gatelet—by all that's unlucky!" he said, standing irresolute and concealing from her all that moment meant to him. She, in turn, was conscious of a tremor of excitement and of dread unlike to anything she had ever known.

"Oh, my God, Brandon—if he should have recognized you!"

He forced a laugh, but took up his hat as he spoke.

"Well," he said, feigning merriment, it would certainly be unpleasant."

"But you will leave Strasburg—now, this moment?"

"Not at all. I am going for a walk to the café of the Contades."

"To tell the city that you are here." He began to put on his gloves.

"Gatelet certainly recognized me or he would not have come back. As he does not know my business, and will not trouble himself to guess it, the odds are that he takes me for a spy. In that case I am going to give them a run for their money, Beatrix. Once the sun does me the favor to set, I shall get to Schiltigheim without trouble. Mean-

while I prefer the open—you understand."

They left the house together. There was no one before its doors. She watched him striding along the road to the gardens. She knew that he had come to the city for her sake, and she trembled when she contemplated the position in which his friendship for her had placed him.

Nor could she hide it from herself that she was helping one who yesterday was, and tomorrow would be, the enemy of that country which had given her a lover and a home.

(To be continued.)

# THE REAL TOMB OF COLUMBUS.

BY FÉLIX AUCAIGNE.

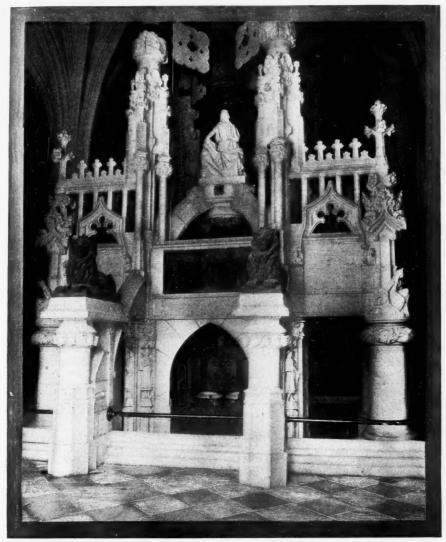
THE CURIOUS CONTROVERSY BETWEEN SPAIN AND SANTO DOMINGO OVER THE REMAINS OF COLUMBUS—EVIDENCE THAT THE BODY OF AMERICA'S DISCOVERER STILL LIES IN AMERICAN SOIL, AND THE FINE MEMORIAL RECENTLY BUILT TO MARK HIS GRAVE.

A MONG the amusing incidents of recent history was the double funeral solemnly performed, in two widely distant places, over the supposed remains of Christopher Columbus. December the Spanish authorities removed with great pomp, from the cathedral of Havana to the cruiser Conde de Venadito, what they paraded as the bones of the immortal Italian who discovered America. At that very time the patriotic citizens of Santo Domingo were rejoicing in their possession of the real, genuine, and officially authenticated ashes of Christopher Columbus, and in the success of their plan for marking his grave with a monument of befitting magnificence. Each people, confident in their records, pursued their celebrations, the Spaniards burying their casket at Seville, while the Dominicans assert that Spain will harbor only the body of the great navigator's son, Diego.

Seven years after Columbus died in poverty and neglect at Valladolid, in

1506, his remains were removed to the monastery of Las Cuevas, in Seville. In 1537 his body, with that of his son, Diego Columbus, was carried across the Atlantic to the city of Santo Domingo, which was then the most important European settlement in the new world. Both were laid to rest in the Santo Domingo cathedral, and a few years later a grave was made by their side for Columbus' grandson, Luis, Duke of Veragua. The great admiral himself had asked that he should be buried in the West Indian island, whose charms he extolled in a letter to his roval patrons. Ferdinand and Isabella. "There is not in the world," he wrote, "a better people or a better land. They love their neighbors as themselves, and their discourse is ever sweet and gentle and accompanied by a smile."

Up to this point the facts of the case are undisputed, but here doubt and controversy begin. In 1655, Santo Domingo being menaced by a British fleet, the



THE MAUSOLEUM RECENTLY ERECTED IN THE CRYPT OF THE CATHEDRAL OF SANTO DOMINGO, TO MARK THE SPOT WHERE IT IS BELIEVED THAT THE BODY OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS ACTUALLY LIES.

archbishop, Francisco Pio, commanded that the vaults in which lay the three national heroes should be covered deep with earth, to hide their whereabouts from the dreaded enemies. The Dominicans doubtless believed—and, indeed, they were not wholly without reason for believing—that English sailors in those days enjoyed nothing better than profaning the sanctuaries of a hostile faith.

Thus it came about that a synod which assembled in 1683 declared that "the exact place where rest the remains of Columbus has been confided to tradition."

The next chapter in the history of these famous ashes is dated 1783. Then, according to the statement of the captain general of the island, Don Ysidoro Peralta, "while repairing the chancel of



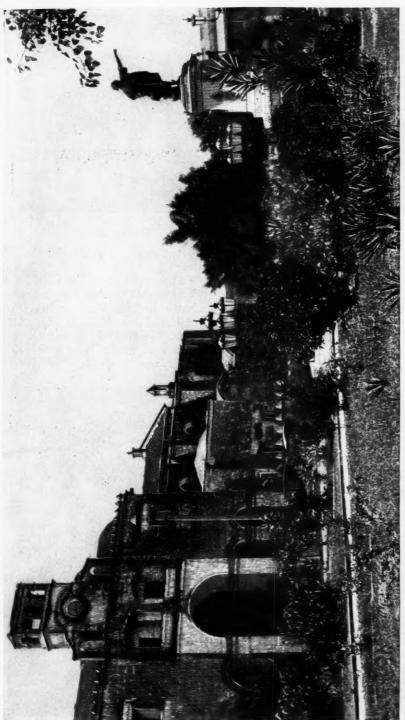
"COLUMBUS RECEIVED BY FERDINAND AND ISABELLA AT GRANADA, AFTER HIS THIRD VOYAGE"RELIEF ON THE COLUMBUS MAUSOLEUM AT SANTO DOMINGO.

the cathedral, a leaden box without any inscription on it was encountered, which was known to contain the remains of Columbus according to a constant and invariable tradition, which said that the remains of Columbus were at the right of the chancel." The correctness of this tradition was demonstrated later by inscriptions found on the coffin of the great admiral.

In 1795, by the treaty of Basel, Spain ceded to France her claim—which had long been nothing more than a nominal one—to sovereignty over the island of Haiti; but she expressly reserved the right to take the bones of Columbus to Havana, and the transfer was made at the end of that year. But in disinterring the admiral's body, the Spanish commissioners found no external mark



"COLUMBUS, ON HIS WAY TO THE SPANISH COURT, INTRUSTING HIS SON DIEGO TO THE PRIESTS OF LA RABIDA"—RELIEF ON THE COLUMBUS MAUSOLEUM AT SANTO DOMINGO.



THE CATHEDRAL AND COLUMBUS PARK, SANTO DOMINGO CITY, WITH THE STATUE OF COLUMBUS. THE CATHEDRAL, THE OLDEST CHURCH IN THE NEW WORLD. WAS BEGUN IN 1512 AND FINISHED IN 1540. THE BODIFS OF CHRISTOPHER AND DIEGO COLUMBUS WERE INTERRED THERE IN 1537.



"COLUMBUS EXPLAINING HIS PROJECT TO THE COUNCIL OF SALAMANCA"—RELIEF ON THE COLUMBUS MAUSOLEUM AT SANTO DOMINGO.

to show the exact spot where it lay, nor had they any documentary evidence to guide them. Apparently they accepted the statement made by the cathedral authorities, and did little or nothing to ascertain its correctness. They opened a vault at the place pointed out, took from it a leaden box containing human remains, and carried these off to Hava-

na, where they were duly laid in the old cathedral.

The people of Santo Domingo have always asserted that the body taken to Cuba was not that of the discoverer of America but that of his son, Diego Columbus. Their tradition is that the Dominican ecclesiastics, who were naturally very unwilling to lose their vener-



"LAS CASAS PROTECTING THE FREEDOM OF THE INDIANS"—RELIEF ON THE COLUMBUS MAUSOLEUM AT SANTO DOMINGO.

ated relic, purposely misled the Spaniards. Independent investigators who have studied the scanty evidence procontention. It is said that the official

the Santo Domingo cathedral, the leaden case containing the bones of Luis Columbus was found and identified. curable, agree that it supports their Next to it was found the empty grave from which the Spaniards took the



"QUISQUEYA GUARDING THE ASHES OF COLUMBUS"-THE CENTRAL FIGURE OF THE COLUMBUS MAUSOLEUM AT SANTO DOMINGO. QUISQUEYA IS THE INDIAN NAME OF SANTO DOMINGO.

report of Señor Hidalgo, the secretary of the Spanish commission, contains statements which go far toward proving that the coffin exhumed in 1795 was the same as that in which Diego Columbus was buried.

In 1877 new and striking testimony came to light. During some repairs to

body they carried to Havana. tinuing their search, the cathedral authorities found a third vault, larger and more prominently placed than the others; and from it they lifted a casket bearing inscriptions which, as deciphered by the Dominicans, proclaimed it the coffin of Christopher Columbus.



COLUMBUS LANDING IN AMERICA, OCTOBER 12, 1492"-RELIEF FROM THE COLUMBUS MAUSOLEUM AT SANTO DOMINGO.

presence of all the foreign consuls, in- identified. cluding the representative of Spain, The movement for the building of a that the real resting place of the great worthy mausoleum for the discoverer

A public declaration was made, in the admiral's body had been positively

of America was undertaken by the Junta Nacional Columbiana, a committee of leading citizens of the Dominican republic, with the assistance of the government of General Heureaux. Curiously enough, both the architect and the sculptor to whom the execution of the work was intrusted were Spaniards-the former being Fernando Romeu, the latter Pedro Carbonell. It took eighteen months to complete the tomb, of which several illustrations are given herewith. It stands forty five feet high, and is richly decorated with bas reliefs and statues, historical groups and allegorical figures in bronze and marble. The whole structure is placed in an ingeniously and artistically constructed crypt under the old cathedral, and was dedicated, with an impressive ceremony, on the 5th of last December.



THE SARCOPHAGUS IN THE CENTRAL SPACE OF THE MAUSO-LEUM, CONTAINING WHAT IS BELIEVED TO BE THE BODY OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

# OUR WAR WITH SPAIN.

## BY RICHARD H. TITHERINGTON.

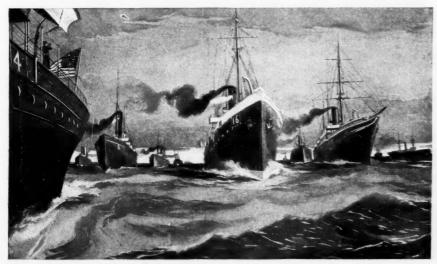
THE STORY OF THE STRUGGLE IN WHICH THE UNITED STATES WON SO REMARKABLE
A TRIUMPH, OPENING A NEW ERA OF OUR NATIONAL EXPANSION—THE
SIXTH INSTALMENT TELLS THE STORY OF THOSE EVENTFUL
DAYS OF LAST SUMMER WHEN SHAFTER AND SAMPSON
WERE BELEAGUERING THE SPANISH

A\* is almost public appear settled in 1514 by and of the

SANTIAGO DE CUBA\* is almost the most ancient European settlement in America. Founded in 1514 by Spanish colonists sent from Santo Domingo by Diego Columbus, it was for a time the capital of Cuba. In 1873 it was the scene of the shooting of the Virginius prisoners. Other notable names in its annals are those of Antonmarchi, Napoleon's physician and biographer at St. Helena, who settled here after the emperor's death; of Adelina Patti, who is said to have made her first

public appearance in Santiago, shortly before her recorded début in New York; and of the notorious "Boss" Tweed, who made it his first hiding place after his flight from the United States. But the old city was destined to have more history between May and August of 1898 than it had had in its four centuries of previous existence.

No American war ships appeared off Santiago until May 18, when the St. Louis and the Wompatuck cut the cable to Jamaica. Cervera's squadron ar-



THE FLEET OF TRANSPORTS THAT CARRIED SHAFTER'S ARMY FROM TAMPA TO SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

\*Santiago de Cuba—commonly abbreviated to "Santiago" by Americaus, to "Cuba" by its own citizens—is named after the patron saint of old Spain, St. James the elder, whose body is supposed to lie at Santiago de Compostella, near Corunna.



MAJOR GENERAL WILLIAM R. SHAFTER, COMMANDING THE FIFTH CORPS, THE ARMY THAT CAPTURED SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

From a photograph by Taber, San Francisco.

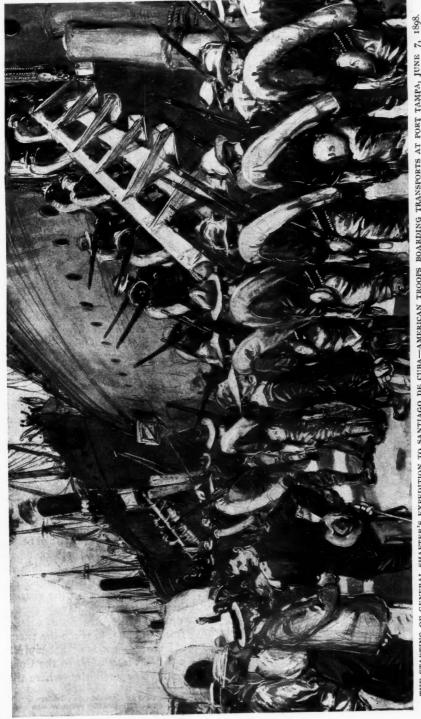
rived on the 19th. During the following week the St. Paul watched the harbor entrance, and her commander, Captain Sigsbee, formerly of the Maine, made sketches of it. On the 26th Schley came up, withdrew at once, and returned on the 28th; but even yet there was no close blockade of the port. The Spaniards had plenty of time to continue their voyage unmolested, had

they been able to fill their empty bunkers.\*

SLOW COALING AT SANTIAGO.

There was coal at Santiago. The

<sup>\*</sup>For some days after Sampson's arrival, with good luck, they might have escaped with little loss. As late as June 15 the admiral warned his captains that through carelessness in maintaining positions there were times when "the fleet is so scattered that it would be perfectly possible for the enemy to come out of the harbor and meet with very little opposition." Gradually, however, the blockade became more and more perfect, especially at night.



THE STARTING OF GENERAL SHAFTER'S EXPEDITION TO SANTIAGO DE CUBA—AMERICAN TROOPS BOARDING TRANSPORTS AT PORT TAMPA, JUNE 7, 1898. Drawn by William J. Glackens.

navy depot had 2,300 tons of Welsh steam coal, and fuel was requisitioned from the Juragua mines (owned by an American company), and from the little local railway; but there were no proper appliances for getting it aboard. The cruisers could not come up to the coaling piers, which were in such shallow water that only lighters could lie at them, and not more than two boats could be loaded at once. When baskets were ordered for carrying the coal, very few could be found in the city. It was

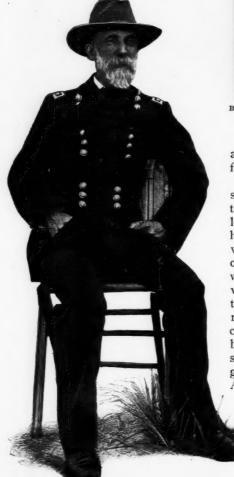


BRIGADIER GENERAL H. W. LAWTON, COMMANDING

almost equally difficult to supply the fleet with the fresh water it needed.

Work went on day and night, and some of the ships were able to move on the morning of May 25, when the Colon went down to a position inside the harbor mouth. She was just in time to witness the St. Paul's capture of the collier Restormel-a disaster which it would seem that she might have prevented. Lieutenant Müller\* explains that she could not, in his opinion, have reached the scene in time; that she could not spare the fuel that would have been burned in a chase; and that the sea was so rough that she might have grounded in going down the channel. All this would scarcely have prevented most of the American captains from an effort to reach the enemy.

In the afternoon of that day (May 25) the Vizcava joined the Colon, both ships anchoring where their



MAJOR GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER, COMMANDING THE CAVALRY DIVISION OF SHAFTER'S CORPS.

From his latest photograph by W. F. Turner, Boston.

<sup>\*&</sup>quot;Combates y Capitulacion de Santiago de Cuba," by Lieutenant Jose Müller y Tejeiro, who was sec-ond in command of the local naval office during the The United States Navy Department has published a translation of most of this interesting record.

broadsides commanded the channel, but neither vessel, it appears, being sighted by the St. Paul. Coal was still coming out to them in lighters. The Pluton had

reconnoitered outside on the 24th; on the 29th both of the destroyers went out, but attempted no attack, though Schley's squadron was in sight. The first exchange of shots was on the afternoon of May 31, at too long range for damage on either side, though the Spaniards-too easily elated, as usual-believed that they had hit two of the American ships, and the officer who wrote the Colon's log cheerfully recorded that the assailants " retired disorder." in Schley reported to Washington that his reconnaissance "was intended principally to injure or destroy the Colon," which for three days had been lying in plain sight in the harbor entrance. This makes it difficult to understand

why the commodore's order was to engage at a distance of seven thousand yards, and why the firing, which lasted only about ten minutes, was actually done at a still greater range—from eight thousand to eleven yards.\* Next morning thousand Sampson arrived, and, probably in expectation that the enemy, thus reinforced, would make a more persistent attack, the two cruisers withdrew further into the harbor out of sight from the sea.

### THE BLOCKADE OF SANTIAGO.

Sampson's first order of blockade, issued June 2, arranged his fleet in two squadrons, the first consisting of the

New York, the Iowa, the Oregon, the New Orleans, the Mayflower, and the Porter, under the admiral's direct command; the second, under Commodore



BRIGADIER GENERAL JACOB FORD KENT, COMMANDING THE FIRST DIVISION OF SHAFTER'S CORPS.

Schley, including the Brooklyn, the Massachusetts, the Texas, the Marblehead, and the Vixen. Both squadrons formed a single line, drawn in a semicircle off the harbor mouth, Sampson's ships on the east and Schley's on the west, the battleships in the center of the line, and the swifter cruisers on the flanks. In the daytime the distance from the Morro was to be six miles; at night the blockaders were to draw in closer.

This simple plan was soon modified, Sampson devoting much care and thought to its elaboration, and finally evolving a remarkably effective formation. In this perfected arrangement the night watch was drawn up in three lines. The first, a mile from the Morro, consisted of three picket boats—steam launches from the men of war; the sec-

<sup>\*</sup> So stated in the detailed reports of Captain Evans of the Iowa and Captain Higginson of the Massachusetts, who add that with their gun sights set at these ranges most of their shots fell short. "Do not go in any closer" was signaled to the squadron.

ond, two miles out, of three videttes, chosen from the smaller vessels of the fleet; the third, from three to four miles from shore, of the battleships and cruiscaused no little wonderment at the time—for, as was said by Captain Chadwick of the New York, "we, had the case been reversed, would not have been so

forbearing "-was due in part, perhaps, to that disinclination for the offensive which seems to be a traditional and characteristic trait of the Spanish military genius; but it can be explained more directly by their lack of good guns and shortage of ammunition and pro-The Morro jectiles. battery, just east of the Morro Castle-which latter was armed with ancient bronze cannon -had only four guns as large as sixteen centimeter (six inch) caliber, and these were muzzle loaders. The Socapa battery, on the other side of the entrance, had two good sixteen centimeter Hontoria guns, taken from the cruiser Reina Mercedes. Two similar weapons

mounted at Punta Gorda, nearly a mile up the harbor. There were other small batteries along the channel, at Estrella Point and along the hillside under the Socapa, but these had no heavy guns.

After his brief and cautious bombardment of May 31, Schley had reported that the Spanish fortifications were "well provided with long range guns of large caliber." Sampson estimated their strength more accurately when he said, in the instructions he issued on the day after his arrival (June 2): "It is not considered that the shore batteries are of sufficient power to do any material injury to battleships." But for the certainty that the channel was mined, it may be taken for granted that



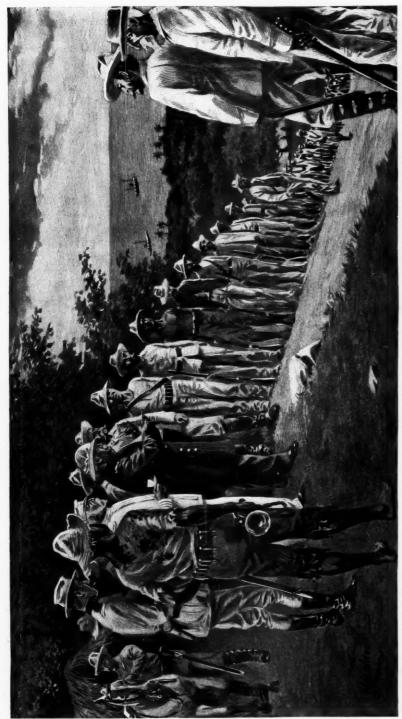
LIEUTENANT VICTOR BLUE, OF THE SUWANEE, AFTERWARDS COM-MANDER OF THE CAPTURED GUNBOAT ALVARADO.

From a photograph by Buffham, Annapolis.

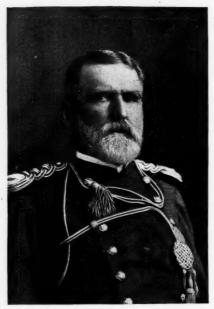
ers. The novel and ingenious feature of the blockade was the advancing of one battleship to the line of videttes, where it held a searchlight steadily upon the entrance of the harbor, making it impossible for even a small boat to slip out unseen; while one of her sister ships lay close at hand, ready to use her guns in case of fire from the enemy.

THE WEAKNESS OF THE SPANISH DE-FENSES.

Throughout the blockade, with the exception of an occasional rifle shot at the picket boats, the Spaniards never fired upon the American ships at night, though the latter constantly lay within a moderate range. This fact, which



THE MEETING OF SHAFTER, SAMPSON, AND GARCIA AT ASERRADEROS, JUNE 20, 1898—SHAFTER REVIEWING THE RAGGED FOLLOWERS OF THE Drawn by W. O. Wilson. CUBAN CHIEFTAIN.



BRIGADIER GENERAL JOHN C. BATES, COMMAND-ING AN INDEPENDENT BRIGADE OF SHAFTER'S CORPS.

From a photograph by Strauss, St. Louis.

the admiral would speedily have forced an entrance into the bay, and would have destroyed or captured Cervera's fleet without waiting for the army. No doubt he remembered Farragut's "Dann the torpedoes!" but he also remembered the fate of the Maine—a fate that probably awaited the first ship to enter.

#### SOME FALSE ALARMS.

It is noteworthy, too, that the Spaniards never made an attempt at attacking with their torpedo cruisers. bolder hands these might have proved dangerous weapons, and in the early days of the blockade they caused much anxiety. "The end to be attained justifies the risk of torpedo attack, and that risk must be taken," Sampson said in an order dated June 7. There were several false alarms. The first was on the night of May 20, when the Vixen signaled, "Enemy's torpedo boat sighted," and after some random firing it was discovered that the supposed torpedo boat was a train on the narrow gauge railway that runs along the beach near Fort Aguadores.\* A few nights later the New Orleans gave the alarm, and a stream of shot was hurled at a mysterious dark object, which proved, when the valorous Yankee dashed in to cut off its retreat, to be a floating mass of seaweed. After this, Sampson's perfecting of the blockade, and especially his effective use of searchlights, lessened the danger, and greatly relieved the strain upon his crews.

On the morning of the Merrimac's dramatic suicide (June 3) Cadet Powell's steam launch, though it was observed and fired at, waited off the Morro until hope for the escape of Hobson and his men was abandoned. Their fate was not known to the fleet till the afternoon, when a Spanish tug came out flying a flag of truce, and the Vixen, whom Sampson sent to meet her, found that she carried Cervera's chief of staff, Captain Bustamente, with a message



BRIGADIER GENERAL ADNA R. CHAFFEE, COM-MANDING A BRIGADE OF LAWTON'S DIVISION.

From a photograph by Schumacher, Los Angeles.

\*Reported by Captain Higginson of the Massachusel

\*Reported by Captain Higginson of the Massachusetts, August 5.

announcing that the collier's crew were prisoners. The message, sent in recognition of the dramatic bravery of their exploit, was a fine piece of courtesy on the part of the Spanish admiral.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF JUNE 6.

With the powerful fleet now under his command, Sampson was not content with merely lying off Santiago and waiting for the Spanish ships to come out. His next moves against the enemy were his bombardment of the harbor defenses on June 6, and the attack on Guantanamo Bay on the 7th.

The former was intended to destroy the Spanish batteries, or at least to injure and weaken them enough to make



COLONEL E. P. PEARSON, COMMANDING A BRIGADE OF KENT'S DIVISION.

it safe for the blockading squadron to close in around the entrance of the harbor. The admiral issued an order of

battle on the 5th, and after sunrise the next morning his two divisions formed in a double column, heading inshore. At twenty minutes to eight a tremendous fire was opened with every gun that could be brought to bear, Sampson's ships, on the east, bombarding the Morro Fort Aguadores, about three miles further east: Schlev's, on the west, devoting their attention to the Socapa.

The hail of projectiles hurled upon the Spanish



COLONEL EVAN MILES, COM-MANDING A BRIGADE OF LAWTON'S DIVISION.



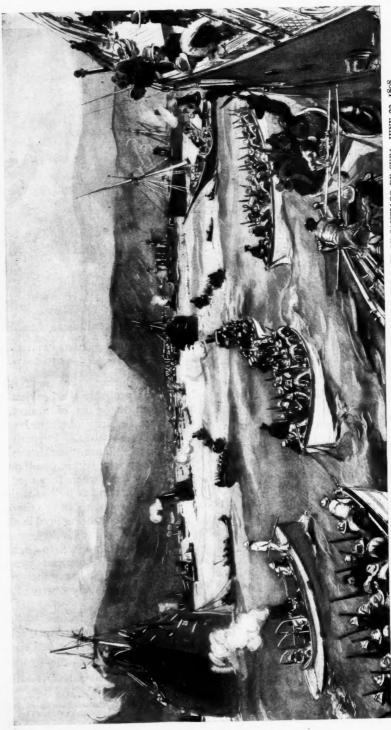
BRIGADIER GENERAL S. B. M. YOUNG, COMMAND-ING A BRIGADE OF WHEELER'S DIVISION. From a photograph by Gilbert, Washington.

batteries during the next three hours was probably the heaviest ever fired from the guns of a fleet, not excepting the British bombardment of Alexandria in 1882. Beginning at three miles' distance, the ships worked in until they were within two thousand yards of the forts, where they used their rapid fire weapons as well as their big

rifles, about two thousand shots being fired in all. It was a still, misty morning, with no swell to disconcert the American gunners, though heavy showers occasionally obscured their aim.

In the afternoon Sampson reported to Washington\* that he had silenced the works quickly without

<sup>\*</sup> Until he had a cable station at Playa del Este, on Guantanamo Bay, Sampson's usual method of communicating with Washington, while off Santiago, was by sending a despatch boat—which sometimes, as in the present case, was a newspaper tug—to the Mole St. Nicholas, Haiti. The station at Playa del Este was opened on June 21.

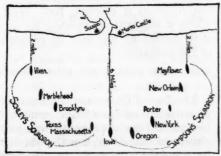


THE LANDING OF SHAFTER'S ARMY IN THE HARBOR OF DAIGUIRI, FIFTEEN MILES EAST OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA, JUNE 22, 1898. Drawn by William J. Glackens.

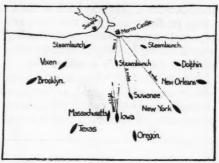
injury of any kind." "Silenced," in the report of a bombardment, is, of course, a very indefinite word. It may merely mean that the gunners have been driven to shelter, to return when the enemy's fire ceases; and such seems to have been the case in this instance. The batteries were frequently hit-they had three men killed and forty wounded, principally in the Morro; but little or no injury was done to the guns. It was a signal proof of the difficulty of firing effectively from shipboard upon fortifications that stand high above the water. Most of the American shells shattered themselves against the rocks of the Morro and the Socapa. Many passed over the heights, and fell inland, or in the waters of the inner bay. Here, indeed, the principal damage was done. Most of the village on Smith Key was destroyed, some of its inhabitants only escaping by standing waist deep in the water. The Reina Mercedes, moored near the key, was struck by thirty five shells, and was twice set on fire; her second officer, Commander Acosta, and five seamen were killed, and twelve wounded.

The reply of the batteries was feeble and ineffective. The six inch guns in the Socapa fired forty seven shots, those at Punta Gorda, which seldom had a ship in line, only seven. None of the vessels was injured, though the Massachusetts was hit once, and another shot went through her flag.

During the bombardment the Suwa-



SAMPSON'S FIRST ORDER OF BLOCKADE OFF SANTIAGO DE CUBA.



SAMPSON'S FINAL ARRANGEMENT OF THE NIGHT BLOCKADE OFF SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

nee entered the mouth of the small harbor of Cabanas, about a mile and a half west of the Socapa, and silenced a battery there. In the afternoon she made a landing further west, at Aserraderos, where for three days she lay landing arms and ammunition for a Cuban force under Colonel Cebreco, a part of General Jesus Rabi's brigade.

#### THE EXPLOIT OF LIEUTENANT BLUE.

This communication with the insurgents led to one of the notable individual exploits of the war. Commander Delehanty of the Suwanee, being ordered by Sampson to get positive assurance of the presence of Cervera's ships in the blockaded harbor,\* and believing, as he afterwards reported, that "reliable information could not be secured through the insurgent forces," assigned the task to his second officer, Lieutenant Victor Blue, who had been ashore, only a few days before, on a mission to the Cubans in Matanzas province. Wearing his uniform and side arms, Lieutenant Blue landed at Aserraderos on the 11th and went inland to the camp of General Rabi, who furnished him with a guide and a mule, and sent him on to an insurgent post nearer Santiago. Here he found three other guides, with whom he made his way through the Spanish lines to a hilltop overlooking the bay, where he could see vessels that were unmistak-

<sup>\*</sup>The information was urgently needed to disprove the report that some of the Spanish ships had escaped, and had been sighted off the north coast of Cuba. See page qui.

ably Cervera's. He was back at Rabi's camp on the evening of the 12th, and reported on the Suwanee next morning, after a daring journey of seventy miles through the enemy's country.

A fortnight later (June 25) the same officer went ashore again, as Sampson desired once more to verify the position of the enemy's squadron. Again he ac-



PLAN OF THE HARBOR OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

complished his mission successfully, though his journey was more dangerous than before, the Spaniards having occupied the hills west of Santiago in force, with intrenched lines at several points, in expectation of an attack from that direction by American troops.

#### AN AMERICAN BASE IN CUBA.

The operations in Guantanamo Bay, which began on June 7, marked a step of cardinal importance in the naval campaign—the securing of the first American foothold on the Cuban coast. As a station for coaling, cable communication, and refitting, it proved to be of the greatest value to Sampson's ships. The admiral might indeed have found it difficult, or even impossible, to

maintain an effective blockade of Santiago had Key West, nearly a thousand miles away, remained his only available base. Especially would it have been so in case of stormy weather. It was only by the good fortune which seemed to follow our forces throughout the war that our fleet, in waters notorious for their hurricanes, encountered few rough seas and no serious gale.

The seizure of the bay had figured, no doubt, in the war plans discussed at Washington before hostilities began; and when Cervera was shut in at Santiago the American strategists naturally turned their attention to the convenient harbor that lies some thirty five miles further east. On May 28 Secretary Long suggested its capture, both to Sampson-then at Key West-and to Schley; and on the 29th he telegraphed the former that Captain Goodrich, who had reconnoitered the place on his cable cutting expedition (May 19), reported the Spanish position there to be very weak. "The seizure of, immediately, is recommended," the secretary added.

Nor was it necessary to call upon the army to supply a garrison; the navy had at hand a sufficient force of its own. As long ago as April 16—five days before war began-an order was sent to New York to organize a marine battalion immediately. Just six days later the battalion started southward on the transport Panther-647 officers and men, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel R. W. Huntington, and divided into five companies of infantry and one of artillery, with four small rapid fire guns. On April 29 it reached Key West, where it was held in readiness for just such service as was now in prospect at Guantanamo.

THE FIRST ATTACK ON GUANTANAMO BAY.

The bay of Guantanamo consists of an outer and an inner basin, connected by a narrow channel running through a cluster of islands. When the Marblehead and the Yankee entered the outer basin, on the morning of June 7, they

found that the Spanish defenses consisted of the gunboat Sandoval, which, after firing a few shots, retreated into the upper harbor; an old fort on Toro Key, near the town of Caimanera, which was speedily silenced; and a blockhouse, near the cable station at Playa del Este ("Eastern Shore"), which was shelled and demolished. The American ships did not follow the Sandoval, as the entrance of the inner bay was known to be laid with mines, and the outer basin afforded the sheltered anchorage that Sampson needed. Their task done, the Yankee returned to Santiago, while the Marblehead remained to secure possession, which was clinched on the 10th, when the Panther arrived from Key West, by landing the marine battalion.

The marines pitched their camp—which they named Camp McCalla, after the commander of the Marblehead—on the ridge above the cable station, where the demolished blockhouse had stood. The site chosen was not an easy one to defend, being conspicuously set in a clearing on the brow of the ridge, which was commanded by a higher hill a little further inland, while a dense growth of manigua scrub, affording perfect cover, came up within fifty yards of the tents. Apparently no attack was expected; no trenches were dug, and the artillery was not sent ashore.

## THE MARINES' HARD FIGHT.

Under the fire of the ships the Spaniards had withdrawn from the neighborhood, but in the evening of the 12th they returned, and from the safe cover of the bushes opened a galling fire that never ceased for three days and nights. The marines' position was a trying one; they had no shelter and could get no rest; and had the enemy's marksmanship been better they must have suffered severely. Their rapid fire guns were landed on the 12th, but it was difficult to reply effectively to the fire of the Spanish sharpshooters, whose smokeless powder gave little sign of



PLAN OF PART OF GUANTANAMO BAY.

their whereabouts. That night the enemy came in some force up to the edge of the clearing, but did not attempt to rush the camp—perhaps owing to the furious firing of the marines, who, almost exhausted by the strain, observed no fire discipline, and poured away their ammunition in a wild fusillade.

On the next day (June 13) shelter trenches were dug, and some Cubans came into camp with useful reports of the enemy's movements. Acting on their information, Captain George F. Elliott was sent out, on the 14th, with two companies of marines and fifty Cubans, to destroy a well from which the Spaniards had been drawing their water supply. Captain Elliott marched six miles through the scrub, in a heat so intense that twenty three of his men were prostrated, though all of them recovered; and not only did he succeed in choking the well, but he attacked and routed a Spanish force whose numbers were variously reported at from two hundred to five hundred, killing forty or more of them, taking eighteen prisoners, and capturing a heliograph signal apparatus. The prisoners, who belonged to the Sixty Fourth regiment of the line, told their captors that the soldiers at Guantanamo had only rice for rations, and had six months' pay due them.

#### A NARROW ESCAPE FOR TWO SHIPS.

As the Spaniards were bringing reinforcements over the bay from Caimanera, Sampson next day (June 15) detached the Texas and the Suwanee to join the Marblehead in an attack upon the defenses of the inner bay, and -if it could be reached-upon the Sandoval, which had been carrying the troops across. The ships bombarded the fort on Toro Key till there was nothing left to fire at, but did not venture to run over the mines into the inner bay, and the gunboat again escaped. In passing through the channel west of Hospital Key, both the Texas and the Marblehead had already risked serious injury or even destruction. Each struck her propeller against a contact mine, which failed to explode only because it was incrusted with a thick growth of barnacles. Gratitude for the vessels' escape may fairly be divided between "divine care," to which the gallant and devout Captain Philip attributed it in his report, and the Spaniards' neglect to maintain a proper inspection of their defenses. A number of these torpedoes, which were of French manufacture, and contained 461 kilograms (102 lbs.) of guncotton, were afterwards dragged up in the channel.

Besides destroying the Toro Key fort, the men of war shelled Point Hicacal, from which some infantry had fired on them. The operation was repeated on the 17th, and the point was swept so clear of cover that the Spaniards made no further attempt to hold it.

### THE LOSS OF THE MARINES.

The whole loss of the marines, during ten days of more or less constant fighting, was six men killed and sixteen wounded, among the former being Surgeon John Blair Gibbs, a New York physician of high professional standing, who had sought service from patriotic

motives. The first three to lose their lives were a sergeant and two privates who went into the bush as a scouting party; and when their bodies were found, it was thought that they had been mutilated by the enemy. It was unfortunate that this shocking allegation-too shocking to be credible in a war with a civilized foe-found its way into the official reports, being forwarded by Commander McCalla to Admiral Sampson, and by him to Washington, where of course it aroused widespread horror and indignation. The charge was afterwards retracted, the apparent mutilation being attributed to the effect of Mauser bullets at short range. The fact, so well established later, that the small caliber projectile fired by the Spanish rifle inflicts a remarkably clean wound, makes it seem more probable that the ghastly work was done by some of those gruesome scavengers of Cuba—the buzzards or the land crabs.

### GENERAL PAREJA'S SITUATION.

The Spanish forces at Guantanamo and Caimanera, numbering some five thousand men under General Felix Pareja, were known to be in great straits for food. The stories told by the marines' prisoners were confirmed by a letter sent by General Pareja to Santiago, and intercepted by the Cubans, who hanged the messenger. It told how on the 7th seven ships-the general's enemies multiplied like Falstaff's men in buckram-had attacked Playa del Este; that his guns were not powerful enough to make any effective defense; and that "the American squadron in possession of the outer bay has taken it as if for a harbor of rest, they having anchored as if in one of their own ports." As to his own situation the general said:

The forces of the brigade here are in good spirits. I continue serving out half rations of everything, and in that way I expect to reach only the end of the month, above all in bread, as I have no flour of any kind, and no way of getting any, on account of there having been no corn for some time. Quinine

for the hospitals the same. Town in need-ful circumstances.

ORGANIZING AN ARMY OF INVASION.

Up to this point the navy, on the American side, had been practically the sole actor on the stage of war. The army missed its chance of an early blow at the enemy, as has already been told,\* by its unreadiness for immediate action: but when the plans for an attack upon Havana were perforce postponed, the organization of an invading force was still pushed as energetically as possible. Besides this immediate task, the powers of the War Department were tremendously taxed by the rapid increase of the volunteer forces, and the necessity for furnishing the recruits with equipments. The full nominal strength of the army mounted within five weeks from less than 30,000 to a little more than 280,000. The first call for 125,000 volunteers was followed by another (May 25) for 75,000 more, and Congress authorized the enlistment of four special forces-ten regiments of volunteer infantry composed of "immunes," or men not liable to yellow fever infection; three regiments of cavalry, one of which was to become famous as the "Rough Riders"; a volunteer signal corps, and an engineer brigade of 3,500 men.

The actual enlisted strength rose very close to the same figure, reaching, in August, a maximum of 58,688 regulars and 216,029 volunteers, or 274,717 in all. Less than one fifth of this great army saw service in the field-a fact which certainly justifies the opinion of the commanding general, whose plans, submitted shortly before the war began, suggested the immediate calling out of 50,000 volunteers, with 40,000 more to be held in reserve and to garrison coast defenses. General Miles, to use his own words, "deemed it of the first importance to well equip such a force, rather than to partly equip a much larger number;" but his views were overruled, not for the only time in the campaign.

THE ARMY BASE AT TAMPA.

At the end of May the War Department began to collect its fleet of transports at Tampa, where about 16,000 troops (the Fifth Corps, commanded by Major General Shafter) were encamped, with as many more within easy reach at Fernandina and Mobile, besides some 40,000 at Chickamauga. On May 24 Sampson was instructedsomewhat prematurely-to be prepared to convoy forty troopships, carrying 30,000 men, to Cuba. Three days later the estimate of the force prepared to move suddenly dropped to 10,000, and Secretary Long cabled to Schley, who was supposed to be blockading Santiago, that if Cervera's squadron was in the harbor

immediate movement against it and the town will be made by the navy and division of about 10,000 men of the American troops, which are ready to embark.

A similar despatch was sent to Sampson, then at Key West:

If the Spanish division is proved to be in Santiago de Cuba it is the intention of the department to make descent immediately upon that port with 10,000 men, United States troops. You will be expected to convoy transports, probably 15 or 20, going in person and taking with you the New York and Indiana and the Oregon, and as many smaller vessels with good batteries as can possibly be gathered, to guard against possible attack by Spanish torpedo boat destroyers, etc.

But Sampson could not wait for the unready expedition, and sailed for Santiago on the 29th,\* leaving the Indiana for convoy duty. Two days later a despatch was sent after him, from Washington, telling him that 25,000 men were "now embarking at Tampa." On June 3, however, he was informed that "General Shafter expects to start from Tampa on June 4 with 18,000 or 20,000 men."

<sup>\*</sup>Page 753 of Munsey's Magazine for February.

<sup>\*</sup> Page 771 of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE for February.

To these puzzling messages Sampson replied, on the 4th, with a telegram giving information of the Spanish forces at Santiago,\* and continuing:

With superior force and insurgent forces, which are ready, though mostly needing arms, Santiago de Cuba must fall, together with ships in port, which cannot be entered against obstructions and mines.

To his report of the bombardment of June 6, the admiral added (June 7):

If 10,000 men were here, city and fleet would be ours within forty eight hours. Every consideration demands immediate army movement. If delayed, city will be defended more strongly by guns taken from fleet.

Sampson had been criticised for this misleading estimate, as it has been termed, of the task Shafter had to undertake. It may be answered that "10,000 men" was not his own suggestion for the strength of the expedition; it was the figure given him from Washington as far back as May 27. Moreover, the delay that followed strengthened the enemy's position, as he had foretold.

The delay was a disconcerting one to the navy, as vessels for the convoy had been withdrawn from the blockade, and were lying idle at Key West. On the 5th Sampson telegraphed to Washington that it was "very important we should know immediately whether the army expedition has sailed." The Navy Department forwarded the message to the War Department, and suggested "that urgent measures be taken to terminate the present delay."

A REIGN OF CONFUSION AT TAMPA.

Affairs at Tampa were in a state of almost inextricable confusion. "The capacity of the place had been greatly exceeded," as General Shafter very conservatively phrased it. The port was approached by a single track railroad, which proved unequal to the demands upon it. For miles the line was choked with freight cars, which could not be unloaded with any promptitude. Few had labels showing their contents, and consignments could not be found when wanted. There were instances of provisions spoiling on the railway while soldiers suffered from insufficient rations, and some of the volunteers were actually seen begging for food in the streets. No storage facilities had been provided. The little local post office was overwhelmed with the sudden increase of business, and could not distribute the freight bills.

It was useless to send urgent messages from Washington; the officers in charge of loading the transports toiled day and night, but their best exertions were sorely handicapped by the adverse conditions under which they had to work—conditions due, primarily, to a lack of systematic and intelligent prevision on the part of those responsible for the equipment of the troops. One of the heads of the army staff subsequently testified before the commission that investigated the conduct of the campaign, that when, war being imminent, he suggested the purchase of supplies for his branch of the service, he

In the Bureau of Navigation's report on "Operations in Conjunction with the Army," the figures appear thus: "7,000 men intrenched in Juraguacito and Daiquiri, 5,000 men at Morro de Cuba, 400 men at other points in the bay, 500 men with small Hotchkiss 37 mm. rapid fire guns, and submarine mines at various points."

In the Secretary of War's report they are given as "7,000

men intrenched in juraquacito and Daiquiri; 5,000 at Morron de Cuba; 4,000 at other points; in bay 500, with small Hotchkiss gun."

It would appear that the wording of an official cipher despatch is not so fixed and unalterable a thing as might be supposed. Perhaps none of these variant versions gives the admiral's estimate exactly as he intended it. It seems improbable that 7,000 men would be located in Juraguacito and Daiquiri, when the Spanish commander was of course unaware that Shafter would land in that quarter, and was preparing, as Lieutenant Blue found, to resist an attack on the other side of Santiago. It may perhaps be conjectured that Sampson meant 7,000 to be his figure for the whole force of the Spaniards. Other reasons for this supposition are, first, that 7,000 was very near their actual strength; second, that it agrees well enough with the admiral's estimate (reported June 11) of about 12,000 regulars and 3,000 millitial between Santiago and Guantanamo; and third, that in speaking of the American expedition he uses the terms "superior force" in one despatch, and "10,000 men" in another, as if synonymous—the inference being that he believed the

Spaniards to have less than 10,000.

<sup>\*</sup> This telegram appears in three different forms in the printed reports of the War and Navy Departments. In Sampson's report the estimate of the Spanish force is given thus: "Have received reliable information from Cuban officers the Spanish force in this vicinity of Santiago consists of 7,000 men, intrenched in Juraguacito and Daiquiri; 5,000 men in Santiago de Cuba; in Morro de Cuba, 400 men; at other points in the bay, roo men, with small rapid fire gun and submarine mines at various points."

was informed that "the policy was to wait"—a policy curiously suggestive of the Spanish motto of "mañana." At the same time, much of the blame may fairly be traced to Congress, with its eagerness for hostilities, and its persistent refusal to provide a military organization adequate to the needs of war.

On May 30 General Miles left Washington to give his personal assistance to the task of embarking the expedition. From Tampa he telegraphed to the War Department (June 5):

This expedition has been delayed through no fault of any one connected with it. It contains the principal part of the army,\* which for intelligence and efficiency is not exceeded by any body of troops on earth. It contains fourteen of the best conditioned regiments of volunteers, the last of which arrived this morning. Yet these have never been under fire. Between 30 and 40 per cent are undrilled, and in one regiment over 300 men had never fired a gun. . . This enterprise is so important that I desire to go with this army corps or to immediately organize another and go with it to join this and capture position number 2.†

The answer to General Miles' request for service was an inquiry how soon he could have an expeditionary force ready for Porto Rico. It is scarcely strange that there should have been some impatience at Washington, as appears in the peremptory order transmitted to Shafter by Secretary Alger on June 7:

The President directs you to sail at once with what force you have ready.

Shafter's reply was: "I will sail tomorrow morning. Steam cannot be gotten up earlier;" and Miles added:

From the commanding general down to the drummer boys, every one is impatient to go, and annoyed at the delay.

#### A PHANTOM SPANISH FLEET.

On the 8th nearly 16,000 men were on board the transports, and the fleet was actually under way for Key West, when there came an unexpected and unfortunate interruption.

The converted yacht Eagle, after her

brief service with the Flying Squadron,\* had rejoined the north coast blockade. On the night of June 7 she was cruising in the Nicholas Channel, when she sighted a strange ship, which did not answer her signals. She ran nearer, and made out four vessels, two large and two small, heading eastward in column, with no lights showing except one at the stern of each ship. For more than half an hour she watched them, steaming parallel with their course, and within a mile of them; and as the private night signal had been made twice without bringing a reply-"an omission," says her commander, Lieutenant Southerland. "which would have been almost criminal in a United States man of war"it was concluded that the four vessels were enemies. The Eagle was headed for Key West, and Commodore Remey, in command there, at once informed Washington of the news she brought:

Spanish armored cruiser, Spanish cruiser second class, and Spanish torpedo boat destroyers seen by Eagle near Nicholas Channel, Cuba. Delay convoy.

It scarcely seemed possible that four of Cervera's ships had slipped out and escaped Sampson's vigilant watch, or that another squadron, of whose movements our strategists had no information, had arrived from Spain; and the Eagle's disturbing statement might have been dismissed at once, had it not been confirmed by the Resolute, which came into Key West a few hours later and reported that she had been chased by four strange vessels, near the scene of Lieutenant Southerland's nocturna' adventure. It was manifestly unsafe to send out a fleet of unprotected transports loaded with troops, when hostile war ships were directly in their path, and on receipt of the news from Remey Secretary Alger at once telegraphed to Shafter (June 8):

Wait until you get further orders before you sail. Answer quick,

<sup>\*</sup> That is, the regular army. †Porto Rico.

<sup>\*</sup>Page 769 of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE for February.

Shafter's answer, sent the same afternoon, was:

Message received. Vessels are in the stream, but will be able to stop them before reaching the Gulf.

The transports were recalled, and the vessels waiting at Key West to convoy them were ordered out to cruise in search of the mysterious Spanish squadron. No trace of it could be found. Sampson, when he heard of it, promptly declared it a myth, and cabled his opinion to Secretary Long. cited another case of false alarm-a double one-that had just come under his notice. The Yankee, returning to Santiago from the Mole St. Nicholas, had reported that on the night of the 9th she passed "a squadron of eight vessels, one of which was a battleship." The "eight vessels" proved to be the Resolute (an Old Dominion liner) and five smaller auxiliaries, one of whichthe Scorpion-had sighted the Yankee and fired upon her, mistaking her for a Spanish torpedo boat destroyer. "This," said Sampson, "shows how easily the most experienced may be deceived at night at sea;" and he telegraphed to Washington (June 10):

Have no confidence in the report of Eagle as to nationality or character of the vessels, and consider very unwise to suspend operations on this account. Armored vessel was probably Talbot [a British cruiser] . . . . Delay seems to me most unfortunate.

And again the following day:

The vessels seen by the Eagle were the Armeria, Scorpion, and Supply. They were in just that position at time named.

On the 13th Lieutenant Blue's daring expedition enabled the admiral to report positively that Cervera's six ships were still in Santiago harbor. By this time the transports were once more under orders to sail, and some of them started that afternoon, the rest getting under way on the 14th.

Campaigns are not won by commanders who never make a mistake and by armies whose organization is faultless, for such commanders and such armies do not exist. Warfare—even victorious warfare—with all its outward show of pomp and glory, generally proves on closer acquaintance to be more full of blunders and errors than of brilliant achievements. Shafter's expedition against Santiago was successful—sweepingly successful—not because its management was without blot or blemish, but because it fought with unsurpassed valor against an enemy inferior in numbers and weaker in resources.

THE EQUIPMENT OF SHAFTER'S CORPS.

Its embarkation was of a piece with the state of confusion characteristic of the camp at Tampa. The transports, which had been fitted out for the much shorter voyage to Havana, proved unable to accommodate anything like the number of men for which they had been rated.\* The degree of system in the assignment of troops to the different ships may be judged from the statement of Lieutenant Colonel Roosevelt that when the depot quartermaster allotted a transport to the Rough Riders, he found that the same vessel had already been allotted to two other regiments; and when she came up to the wharf there was an exciting race to seize her.

The commissary supplies taken with the expedition were ample in quantity, though the quality of some of them has been a subject of controversy. There was plenty of ammunition for the small artillery force. The medical stores were found inadequate. Only three ambulances were embarked; the surgeon general's orders prescribed two for each regiment, but Colonel Jacobs, chief quartermaster of the corps, testified that the commanding general ordered them left behind. Before blaming Shafter for what proved to be a serious omission, it must be remem-

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;The quartermaster general was not told in advance of the proposed size of Shafter's expedition, or its destination. Had it been done, there would have been a vast difference in the war transportation work."—Statement of Colonel Bell, of the transportation division of the quartermaster general's office, before the War Investigation Commission, December 2, 1898.

bered that his orders to hurry were imperative, and that space on the transports was at a premium. Practically nothing had been done to fit the clothing of the troops for service in the tropics, and the regulars went to Cuba in the uniforms they had perhaps been wearing, two months before, in Dakota or Montana. Some of the regiments carried overcoats as well as blankets.

There are discrepancies in different accounts of the expedition's equipment, due, apparently, to the difficulty of exact knowledge as to what was taken and what left behind, and what, after being carried to Santiago, was sent north again without being unloaded. Even the number of men who sailed is variously stated. General Shafter's official report puts it at 815 officers and 16,072 men. General Miles, who was at Tampa, reported 803 officers and 14,935 men; the figure given by Secretary Alger to the War Investigation Commission was 16,988. The corps consisted of the following commands:

FIRST DIVISION (BRIGADIER GENERAL KENT).

First Brigade (Brigadier General Hawkins)—Sixth and Sixteenth Infantry, and Seventy First New York Volunteers.

Second Brigade (Colonel Pearson)— Second, Tenth, and Twenty First Infantry.

Third Brigade (Colonel Wikoff)— Ninth, Thirteenth, and Twenty Fourth Infantry.

SECOND DIVISION (BRIGADIER GENERAL LAWTON).

First Brigade (Colonel Van Horn)— Eighth and Twenty Second Infantry, and Second Massachusetts Volunteers.

Second Brigade (Colonel Miles)— Fourth and Twenty Fifth Infantry.

Third Brigade (Brigadier General Chaffee)—Seventh, Twelfth, and Seventeenth Infantry.

CAVALRY DIVISION (MAJOR GENERAL WHEELER).

First Brigade (Brigadier General Sumner)—Third, Sixth, and Ninth Cavalry.

Second Brigade (Brigadier General Young)—First and Tenth Cavalry, and First Volunteer Cavalry (Rough Riders).

The cavalry division sailed without horses, because there was no room for them on the transports, and because it was reported, quite correctly, that mounted troops would be of little use in the rough country around Santiago. The animals were left at Tampa, and only two squadrons (about 500 men) of each regiment went to Cuba. Armed with their cavalry carbines, the 3,000 men of the division fought as infantry throughout the campaign.

There were also four batteries of light artillery, commanded by Major Dillenback; two of heavy artillery, whose guns were not landed in time to be of service; a signal corps detachment, and a battalion of engineers. There was also a Gatling gun detachment of four guns, commanded by Lieutenant Parker, of the Thirteenth Infantry; and the Rough Riders had two rapid fire Colts, presented by members of the regiment, and a dynamite gun.

An entire division of infantry, commanded by Brigadier General Snyder, and consisting of volunteer regiments, was left at Tampa for lack of ships to carry it and time to embark it. To make up for this, a detachment was shipped from Mobile, which included the Third and the Twentieth Infantry, and a squadron of the Second Cavalry, mounted—the only mounted cavalry in the expedition. It formed an independent brigade, under the command of Brigadier General Bates.

Two other general officers accompanied the expedition—Major General Breckinridge, inspector general of the army, and Brigadier General Ludlow, of the engineer department. In the

field, the latter took command of the first brigade of Lawton's division, replacing Colonel Van Horn, who was seriously injured on the day before the landing at Daiquiri.

THE VOYAGE OF THE TRANSPORTS.

On June 14 the transports rendezvoused at Egmont Key, outside of Tampa harbor, where five of the smaller men of war were waiting to escort them southward. Off the Tortugas, on the evening of the 15th, they met the Indiana, whose chief officer, Captain Taylor, took over the command of the convoy from Commander Hunker of the Annapolis. From this point the course was to the southeast, toward Santiago. The transports moved slowly; they had two scows and a water boat to tow. and there was a good deal of straggling. One or two of them had to put in at Great Inagua, in the Bahamas, for Two-the Yucatan, carrying water. the Rough Riders, and the City of Washington—fell so far behind that the Bancroft and the Wasp were sent back to protect them, and they reached Santiago several hours later than the rest of the fleet. Captain Taylor had been instructed, if possible, to form a fast division and hurry some of the vessels forward, in order to reinforce the marines at Playa del Este, who were reported as being hard pressed; but Shafter did not wish to divide his army, and Taylor found his hands full without reorganizing his unwieldy flotilla.

The transports had all been freight vessels, and their lack of proper ventilation and accommodations caused discomfort among the troops; but the voyage was uneventful, no enemy appearing, and the most serious mishap being the loss of one of the two scows, which was much needed for landing Shafter's artillery.

While waiting for the army, Sampson had been reconnoitering possible landing places near Santiago, and testing the Spanish defenses. To prevent any strengthening of the harbor works

he bombarded them heavily on the 16th. Once more the batteries were " quickly silenced," but the actual damage inflicted again proved slight. The Morro and the Socapa reported three men killed and eighteen wounded, but no guns dismounted, though one of the six inch weapons in the Socapa was temporarily disabled by being buried in On the following day two débris. steam cutters from the New York and the Massachusetts attempted to enter Cabanas Bay, the nearest harbor to the west, but were driven off by a heavy fire from shore.

The Vesuvius, which joined the blockading fleet on the 13th, was having her first test in warfare at this time. Every night she ran in close to the harbor mouth and fired three of her dynamite shells. Their tremendous explosions undoubtedly had a moral effect upon the Spaniards, although—largely owing to the difficulty of aiming them accurately—they did very little actual damage.\*

GARCIA PROMISES HIS AID.

On June 19 General Calixto Garcia, commander of the insurgent forces in eastern Cuba, reached Rabi's camp near Aserraderos, and came out to the New York to see Sampson. The Cuban leader, though the conference was interrupted by his seasickness, made a favorable impression upon the American admiral, who describes him as a man "of most frank and engaging manners and most soldierly appearance." His arrival was a sequel to the negotiations begun by Lieutenant Rowan in the first days of the war. One of his officers, Colonel Hernandez, who

Of this last shot, fired on the night of June 15, an officer of the Pluton told Mr. Ramsden, the British consul at Santiago, that its explosion lifted the small vessel out of the water,

throwing every one on board off his feet.

<sup>\*</sup> Lieutenant Müller speaks of "the Vesuvius that gave us so much trouble." He says that "one of her projectiles, which fell on the northern slope of the Socapa, tore up trees right and left for a distance of twenty meters. Another made an excavation not very deep, but very wide; I was told that it would hold twenty horses. Still another dropped in the water, but close to one of the destroyers, which was violently shaken, as also the Mercedes, anchored at a short distance."

had accompanied Rowan to Washington, went back to Cuba with a letter from General Miles (dated June 2) informing Garcia of the proposed movement against Santiago, and suggesting that he could render valuable assistance. Garcia replied-through Sampson, who cabled his message to Washington-that "the roads were bad and Cubans scattered;" but he ordered his lieutenants to concentrate their forces about the three chief Spanish military posts in the province-Holguin (where 10,000 troops were quartered), Manzanillo, and Guantanamo, in order to prevent reinforcements from going He himself mustered to Santiago. some 4,000 men near Aserraderos, and readily promised their aid in return for the arms, clothing, and rations given him from the fleet's stores. He had recently received a cargo of rifles and ammunition from the United States, landed at Banes by the Florida.

On the morning of the 20th the Wompatuck, which Captain Taylor had sent ahead to herald the approach of the army, reached Sampson's fleet, and about noon the transports came in sight. The admiral sent Captain Chadwick, on the Gloucester, to invite Shafter up to the blockading line; and on his arrival Sampson went on board of the general's headquarters ship, the Segurança. In the afternoon the Segurança took both commanders to Aserraderos, where they landed-Garcia not caring for another experience afloat-and conferred with the Cuban leader and Generals Rabi and Castillo. It is scarcely probable, if the campaign were to be fought over again, that the American admiral and major general would begin it by a visit to an insurgent camp, while an American army corps waited off shore.

It was arranged, at Aserraderos, that at sunrise on the 22d a feint of landing should be made at Cabanas, while the real debarkation should be begun at Daiquiri; that a Cuban force under General Castillo should engage the Spanish detachment in the rear, while Rabi supported the attack at Cabanas.

On the 21st Shafter summoned his division and brigade commanders to receive their landing orders, and the Bancroft brought them to the Segurança-a task which, as Commander Clover reported, meant more than twenty miles steaming among the scattered transports. The sea was rough, and the transfer of the officers from vessel to vessel was difficult and even dangerous. It was in boarding the Bancroft that Colonel Van Horn, who was to have led the first brigade ashore in the morning, received the injury which disabled him, and from which he died a few months later.

## THE LANDING AT DAIQUIRI.

Next day (June 22) the plan already outlined was successfully carried out. The fleet bombarded all the Spanish defenses for nearly twenty miles along the coast, from Daiquiri to Cabanas. Off this latter point the Texas was struck by a shell from the Socapa, which killed one man and wounded The landing at Daiguiri was carried out with a good deal of confusion, yet with creditable rapidity. Captain Goodrich, of the St. Louis, who was in command on behalf of the navy, had much to contend with. Half a dozen men of war had shelled the country about the bay, with a fire heavy enough, as the captain said, "to drive out the whole Spanish army in Cuba, had it been there," but the transports could not be induced to go anywhere near the shore. The navy had no control over these marine hirelings, and their captains-moved, perhaps, by a conscientious regard for their owners' interest, or possibly by a tender care for their own personal safety-declined to face any avoidable risk in the service of their country. As a result, the boats-more than fifty of which were furnished by the men of war, to supply the army's deficiency in this respect had to make a voyage of several miles . to carry the troops ashore. One ship, carrying six hundred men who were to have landed in advance of the army, did not put in an appearance till the afternoon, after four steam launches had

spent hours in searching for her.

There were two piers in the little bay of Daiquiri. One, a large iron structure owned by an American mining company, and used for loading ships with iron ore, was too high above the water to serve as a landing stage. The troops used the other, a small wooden pier which the Spaniards had unsuccessfully tried to burn. The pack mules and officers' horses were thrown overboard and left to swim ashore-which about fifty of them failed to do. The first soldier landed a few minutes before ten o'clock; at sunset about 6,000 men -Lawton's division and part of Wheeler's-were on Cuban soil. The only loss of human life was that of two infantrymen, drowned from a capsized boat. There was no molestation from the enemy. General Rubin, who had been stationed at Daiquiri with 600 men and two guns, withdrew to Sioney as soon as the bombardment began, losing one killed and seven wounded; and from Siboney he continued his retreat to a position in front of Sevilla, where he received considerable reinforcements. Here the first fighting of the land campaign was to take place.

A NEW BASE AT SIBONEY.

On the following day (June 23), while the debarkation at Daiguiri continued, Lawton's and Wheeler's troops pushed westward toward Siboney, which they reached in the afternoon. As there was no opposition from the enemy, Shafter decided to put the rest of his men and material ashore in the bay of Siboney or the Ensenada de los Altares (" bay of the altars"), as the Spaniards called it -thus bringing his base several miles nearer Santiago.\* At the same time he placed the transports under the personal authority of Captain Goodrichan order which enabled that energetic officer to board each vessel as it came up to land its men, and take it close inshore. There was no pier at Siboney, and the soldiers had to go ashore through the surf, but 6,000 more were landed during the day.

(To be continued.)

#### THE SWORD OF NINETY EIGHT.

Beside the blade that long has hung
Upon the parlor wall,
Since last from out its sheath it sprung
To answer freedom's call,
Place that with which essayed a son
His sire to emulate;
And to the sword of Sixty One
Add that of Ninety Eight.

One speaks of many a bloody field
Of fratricidal strife;
And of a father forced to yield
For liberty his life.
But while the other not so oft
Has flashed in battle hate,
A son no more shall swing aloft
This sword of Ninety Eight.

The brand of Bunker Hill we hold
In verse and story shrined;
In deeds performed by brave and bold
Manassas' steel we find.
And now, in scales the self same weighed,
But with a later date,
From Santiago comes a blade—
The sword of Ninety Eight.

<sup>\*</sup> In General Shafter's report the distance from Daiquiri to Siboney is stated at eight miles, in General Wheeler's at eleven, in Captain Goodrich's at four—which shows how estimates of distance vary, even when made by minds trained to accuracy. On the map it measures six miles.

# POETIC JUSTICE.

## BY ALICE DUER.

MARY MELROSE'S UNSTABLE VIEWS UPON THE RELATION OF POVERTY AND WEALTH TO MATRIMONIAL EXPEDIENCY, AND THE RETRIBUTION THAT HER INSTABILITY BROUGHT UPON HER.

EVERY one knows how distressing it is to be possessed of a dress, a body, or even a mind too great for one's surroundings; but when it becomes a question of a soul, the situation is almost tragic.

In this position an unkind fate had placed Miss Melrose. Circumstances and her family had arranged a niche for her, as one arranges a basin for a fountain, but this uncontrollable fountain was continually spouting up and overflowing its basin, destroying the flower beds and doing no good. That is the worst feature of these misfit souls, they rarely do good.

Early in life Mary Melrose's good sense and the instinct of self preservation set her to curtailing this disproportionate possession, as *Cinderella's* proud sisters, in the fairy tale, cut off their toes and heels to fit the glass slipper; only Miss Melrose's efforts were crowned with greater success.

At seventeen she had had no fear of the mere physical discomfort of poverty (by poverty is meant, of course, the condition of being poorer than one's playmates); at twenty five she admitted that it was-"hampering." At seventeen she had cared very little for the luxuries of life; at twenty five she appreciated that her own strong and beautiful person was well worth her attention. At seventeen she thought it impossible that any good woman should marry a man she did not love; at twenty five she had so far modified this doctrine as to confess that there were some women who would never care much for any one, and that these,

therefore, might as well marry a rich man as a poor one.

She had reached this not illogical position when she met Louis Grey. Grey had two attributes which were so dazzlingly conspicuous that no one observed any others: he was very rich and very young—young, not with the mere fleeting youth of years, but a very incarnation of youth. Take that away, and you wiped him out of existence. It was impossible to imagine him growing old.

Of course there were other things to be said about Louis Grey, and people said them. They said he was spoiled, that he did the things he ought not to have done, and not infrequently left undone the things that he ought to have done; they said that he cared for nothing but his own amusement, that he was hard; and some people said he was impertinent; but, after all, they had summed up everything in saying that he was marvelously rich and fabulously young.

It did not occur to Miss Melrose that a boy of this kind could influence her. She had known Grey for some time, but she always regarded him as belonging to a younger generation, for he was exactly her own age. One summer evening, at Newport, he took her in to dinner, and, without any apparent cause, they both found themselves attacked by that pleasant form of irrationality called in nursery parlance a "gale"—one of those bursts of light headedness which leave people better comrades than do years of propinquity.

Their conversation, which was fool-

ish enough to make one shudder, was fortunately quite impossible to record, for neither ever finished a sentence without being interrupted by the other. On the way home, Mary Melrose thought with horror how silly she had been, and doubtless Grey would have done the same if his mind had not been completely occupied with a golf match, a subject far too important to permit any rival in his attention.

He did not forget, however, that he had asked Miss Melrose to drive with him the next afternoon. On her return from her dinner Mary mentioned her plans to her mother, and saw with pain that, before she had got to the end of her sentence, Mrs. Melrose's mind was already at the altar. The humiliating part of it was that Mary knew that her own mind had reached there first. The training of years must tell. From this time Mary's soul and her training entered into a conflict, and it must be admitted that for some time her training had a good deal the best of it.

Grey was continually at the house, at all hours, and at most meals. Melrose was by nature a rather formal person, and she was in the habit of insisting that all her friends, even her possible sons in law, should give her warning of their coming. In limited households, the more favored the guest, the more desirable it is that his coming should be heralded. But Grey swept aside all such rules; not even breakfast was secure from him. He could not, indeed, have said when he was coming, for he never knew himself; and to do him justice, it probably never crossed his mind that any one's domestic arrangements could be so easily deranged.

It was a tradition in the Melrose family that Mr. Melrose could not be spoken to at breakfast, but Grey, totally unconscious, discussed intrepidly and successfully the most dangerous subjects. He had a rather surprising way, too, of appealing to Mrs. Melrose

against Mary.

"Don't you think it is ridiculous, Mrs. Melrose?" he said one day, having just entered through the French window at lunch time. "Your daughter would not let me drive her home from that stupid party last night. She wanted dreadfully to get away, and I had a dog cart and a groom."

Mrs. Melrose could not help smiling as she confessed that she was obliged to uphold her daughter's decision.

"What, no? Not really! Well, that is the most absurd thing I ever heard. Don't wait for me, but please can't I have some more of that cold beef? People are so much more sensible out West. I don't believe I am adapted to higher civilization. I think I'd better go back there."

"Might one inquire what is detaining you against your inclination?"

asked Mary.

Grey laughed and looked straight into her eyes.

"Nothing of any importance," he said, and Mary was angry at herself for smiling back. She was not accustomed to being called of no importance.

It may be asked what had all this to do with Miss Melrose's soul. Mary asked the question herself, and unfortunately arrived at an entirely wrong answer. She said to herself, "If he likes the froth so much, how much more he will care for the wine itself! If he takes such pleasure in the garden, how much more the palace in the midst will appeal to him." She made use, in short, of various metaphors to the effect that this was all only a prelude, and that the time would come when he would begin to be discontented with such superficial intercourse, when he would demand her thoughts and feelings and struggle to break down the wall with which she had surrounded her deeper nature. "Perhaps then I shall not be so indifferent to him," she thought hopefully.

She made no effort to conceal the fact that he only amused her. She was very honest, and made it perfectly clear that as yet he had not attained even to

her friendship. The strange part of it all was, however, that no one could appear more contented with the present arrangement than Grey. Far from wishing to break down the wall, he did not seem to be conscious that it existed, and as for serious discussions of his own or anybody else's thoughts and feelings, he always slid away from them like an eel.

Things went on like this for about a month. Then a day came when Grey was to have taken Miss Melrose to drive in the afternoon, and they had expected to meet again at a ball in the evening. On neither of these occasions did he appear. Just as Mary was going home from the dance, she learned the The financial clouds explanation. which had been darkening other people's skies for some time, had suddenly gathered themselves together, and swept away one of Grey's two attributes. He and his sister, Mrs. Sterling, had gone to New York.

A week went by. It began to appear that the wreck was more complete than had been supposed at first.

Why is it that the people who most need the disciplining and taming of misfortune are the very ones whom no one, not even the most hard hearted, can see suffer without a protest? Miss Melrose was not hard hearted, and she now protested so bitterly, her whole soul rebelled so mightily from the idea of Grey's not having everything he wanted, that she at last guessed what she might have suspected before.

"What poetic justice is meted out to us!" she said to herself. "I wanted to marry a rich man for his money, and now I am most humbly anxious to settle down with a poor one."

Thus her soul had it all its own way, and Mary was very glad. She would have been even gladder if in all this time she had ever had a single line from Grey. She felt sure he must need her. She was accustomed to having her friends turn to her in any trouble. She wondered whether false pride were

holding him back. It never crossed her mind that in the very disagreeable present she had slipped into the back of Grey's mind with the other recollections of an agreeable past.

At the end of the week Mary felt that she could not stand it any longer. If she had been careful to let him see how little of her regard he possessed, she felt that she had no right to cheat him out of what was now his own. If love could do him any good, he must have it, whether he was too proud to ask for it or not.

So one afternoon she went to New York. The journey was a short one. She arrived about four o'clock, and drove straight to his sister's house. Mrs. Sterling was out, the man said. Miss Melrose hesitated, and then asked boldly if she could speak to Mr. Grey for a minute. The man, who was doubtless a particular person, allowed a look of faint surprise to cross his face, but said that he would inquire. Scarcely had he disappeared up stairs to do so, when Grey himself appeared in the back of the hall.

One of the turning points of age is when illness or anxiety or sorrow makes a person look older, instead of younger. This point had not been reached by Grey. Thin and somewhat haggard he did look, but younger than ever.

The tears came into Mary's eyes when she saw him.

"I am so sorry!" she said.

"It's pretty tough luck, isn't it?" said Grey pleasantly. "I'm awfully glad to see you. What good fortune brings you to town? Shopping?"

Shopping! Miss Melrose blinked her eyes hastily.

"Oh, no!" she said; "I came because I felt so badly—"

"How awfully nice of you! Nellie will be so sorry not to have seen you. There isn't any use in waiting, because she won't be back until dinner time. Why don't you come back and dine with us? I think it would cheer her up."

"I can't do that. I must go home,"

answered Mary, rather huskily.

"I'm sorry. It is all very hard on Nellie. Of course it does not make much difference to me. I shall always have enough to get on with, and I don't much mind the idea of working for my living. It is a satisfaction to think what an awful lot of fun I got out of my money while I had it, anyhow."

"What are you going to do?"

"I don't know yet. I have to go to Chicago tomorrow, and I hope to get something to do there. I shan't stay here anyhow. The East is a poor place

for paupers."

If the dictates of one's soul have led one into a painful position, one should be grateful for the training which pulls one out. Miss Melrose deceived herself no more. She saw that it was not pride that had kept him from writing to her. She saw that she was a possible luxury which he had given up, probably with less regret than his racing stable.

As he opened the door for her, she asked the question that she had been struggling not to ask.

"Shall I see you again before you go?"
"Oh, I hope so," said Grey. "I'll try to run up and say good by to you and Mrs. Melrose some time tomorrow, if I possibly can. If I don't come, you will know it is because I am so dreadfully busy, not because I don't want to."

Needless to say, he did not come. He did not forget his promise, but he forgot to look at his watch until too little time remained to pay his visit and

catch his Chicago train.

As it was, the East—the poor place for paupers—saw him no more. That his business efforts were crowned with some measure of success was shown from the fact that within two years the Chicago newspapers announced his marriage.

From all of which it appears that a more thorough poetic justice was meted out to Miss Melrose than she had at first supposed.

## THE MAIDEN'S TEST.

(An Eastern Legend.)

A YOUTH who saw a maid surpassing fair, His love at once was eager to declare; Her eyes were black, her hair fell down in curls; "Oh," said he, "queen of all the world of girls, May I not win some favor in your sight? Your love would turn to day the darkest night!"

"But," said she, "if you'll look a little space— There stands my sister of superior grace; If you should make your warm appeal to her, No longer would you be my worshiper."

Then went the youth to see the marvelous maid,. But when he saw her felt himself betrayed—An uglier face had never met his view; So in an instant he from her withdrew.

Returning to the one he found so fair, His love again he hastened to declare; But she—an adept in sweet sorceries— Replied with beaming smile and sparkling eyes: "If you had loved me, as you fondly said, Why did you look for some one else instead?"

## HISTORIC WASHINGTON HOMES.

## BY CATHERINE FRANCES CAVANAGH.

THE OLD HOUSES THAT HAVE SEEN GENERATIONS OF FAMOUS MEN COME AND GO, AND THE ASSOCIATIONS THAT MAKE THEM AN EPITOME OF A HUNDRED YEARS OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

THE century of life which the national capital has just completed is filled with incidents that have helped to make not its annals alone but those of the Union. More famous men and women have dwelt there than in any other American community; and though we have older and larger cities, we have none that can show so many houses possessed of interesting historic associations.

The original proprietors of the tract that Washington now covers were Daniel Carroll of Duddington Manor, Notley Young, Samuel Davidson, and David Burns. All excepting Burns were open to negotiations. When the commissioners could not bring him to terms, Washington made frequent visits from Mount Vernon and argued with "that obstinate Davy Burns," as he called him. At length Burns yielded.



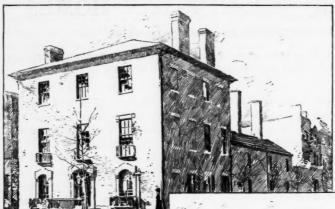
THE OCTAGON HOUSE, NEW YORK AVENUE AND EIGHTEENTH STREET, WHICH WAS THE HOME OF PRESIDENT MADISON AFTER THE BURNING OF THE WHITE HOUSE IN 1814.

The deed conveying his land was the first recorded in the new city.

The contract provided for the preservation of the Burns cottage, and it re-

and the entertainments held there were indeed royal. Congress was entertained there annually as long as Mr. Van Ness lived. His only child married

Arthur Middleton of South Carolina. She died two years after her marriage, and, there being no direct heirs, the estate passed into strange hands. Today the house is in a sorry state of dilapidation, and the fine old

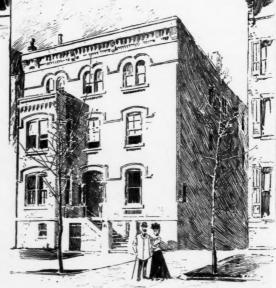


THE DECATUR HOUSE, JACKSON PLACE AND H STREET, WHENCE COMMODORE DECATUR WENT TO HIS DEATH ON THE BLADENSBURG DUELING GROUND.

mained standing until a few years ago. In it were entertained Washington, Jefferson, Aaron Burr, Alexander Hamilton, and rollicking Tom Moore, who penned those satirical lines on the young capital which, it seems, cost him the honor of a tablet in the beautiful library that was to rise upon the hill almost a century later.

David Burns' only child, Marcia, married Congressman John P. Van Ness, of New York. On the death of

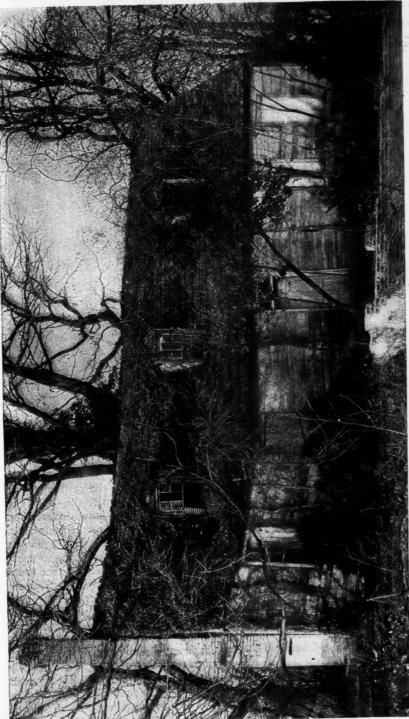
her father, Marcia conveyed all her inheritance to her dashing husband, who spent a good share of the money in building a mansion at the foot of Seventeenth Street. It was designed by Latrobe, the architect of the Capitol. In those days it was considered a palace,



THE SICKLES HOUSE, JACKSON PLACE, OCCUPIED BY THREE SECRETARIES OF THE NAVY, AND LATER BY GENERAL SICKLES, OF NEW YORK.

grounds are invaded by picnickers and ball players.

Our National Library stands on the site of Carroll Row, built by Daniel Carroll. It was known as Nick Queen's Hotel early in the century, and was the quarters of many Congressmen. Dr.



THE BURNS COTTAGE (NOW DEMOLISHED), THE HOMESTEAD OF "OBSTINATE DAVY BURNS," AS GEORGE WASHINGTON CALLED THE OLD SETTLER WHO LONG REFUSED TO SELL HIS LAND TO THE COMMISSIONERS APPOINTED TO LAY OUT THE CITY OF WASHINGTON. From a photograph by Farnham, Washington.



THE HOME OF A FORMER MISTRESS OF THE WHITE HOUSE, MRS. HARRIET LANE JOHNSTON, EIGHTEENTH AND I STREETS.

From a photograph by Farnham, Washington.

Ewell's house was on the corner, and there, after the disastrous battle of Bladensburg, in 1814, he established a temporary hospital, of which he himself was head surgeon.

The Octagon House, on the corner of New York Avenue and Eighteenth Street, a few blocks from the building of the State, War, and Navy Departments, was built in 1801 by Colonel John Taloe, a Virginia gentleman whose estate of Mount Airy was famous throughout the Dominion. For more than a decade the house stood alone as the most princely home in the city, and when the White House was burned by the British, after Bladensburg, it became the temporary residence of the chief magistrate. In the

circular room over the vestibule President Madison signed the Treaty of Ghent, which officially declared our second war with Great Britain at an end. In recent years the old mansion has been deserted and falling to decay, so it was with satisfaction that lovers of the historical learned, a few months ago, that the American Institute of Architects had leased it. The society has now begun the work of restoration.

The plain old house on the corner of Eighteenth and I Streets is the home of Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnston, who was mistress of the White House as the niece of President Buchanan. It was she who entertained the Prince of Wales in 1860, and in her beautiful home there hangs a portrait which her

royal guest had painted soon after his return to England, and forwarded to her uncle as a token of esteem. Under the portrait, in a little frame, is the letter that accompanied the gift.

About 1810, when surgeon general of the army, Joseph Lovell built a residence on Pennsylvania Avenue, opposite the White House. From its windows he witnessed the burning of the

Daniel Webster, and Henry Clay were present.

No. 1710 H Street, now the French embassy, was built by Richard Rush, son of Benjamin Rush, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. This gentleman had a brilliant political career and held the offices of minister to England, Attorney General, and minister to France. Other famous occu-



THE PORTER MANSION, H STREET, BUILT BY RICHARD RUSH, AND NOW OCCUPIED BY THE FRENCH EMBASSY.

Presidential mansion in 1814. After Lovell's death it was purchased by Francis Blair, Sr., editor of the Washington Globe. It was successively leased to George Bancroft, the historian, when Secretary of the Navy under Polk, and to John Mason, Secretary of the Navy under Tyler and minister to France under Pierce. Thomas Ewing, the celebrated Ohio Senator, who adopted General W. T. Sherman and secured him a cadetship at West Point, made this house his home for many years. In it took place the marriage of Ewing's daughter to his adopted son, at which President Fillmore and his cabinet,

pants of the mansion were Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State under Grant, Sir Frederic Bruce, Lord Lyons and Lord Napier, representing Great Britain, and Admiral Porter of naval fame,

And now we come to Lafayette Square, that aristocratic neighborhood where, it has been said, the scene of the "great American novel" might be laid.

The White House, the first building erected facing the square, was sole mistress of the flats and forests on that memorable August day in 1814 when the British soldiers left a trail of fire behind them as they evacuated the captured capital. The first private dwell-

ing was built by Commodore Decatur on the corner of Jackson Place and H Street. Decatur's wife was a Miss Wheeler, at one time the belle of eastern Virginia. Jerome Bonaparte sought her in marriage before his meeting with Miss Betsy Patterson of Baltimore. Miss Wheeler was warned against the French prince by her friends, who pre-

home, rich in trophies of warfare, sacred with memories of his wedded life, and passed through Lafayette Square to Beal's Tavern, where he ate breakfast with his seconds. The duel took place in the famous green hollow near Bladensburg. The hero of many battles was killed; his adversary was wounded for life.



THE MADISON MANSION, H STREET AND MADISON PLACE, WHICH WAS MCCLELLAN'S HEADQUARTERS IN 1861, AND IS NOW OCCUPIED BY THE COSMOS CLUB.

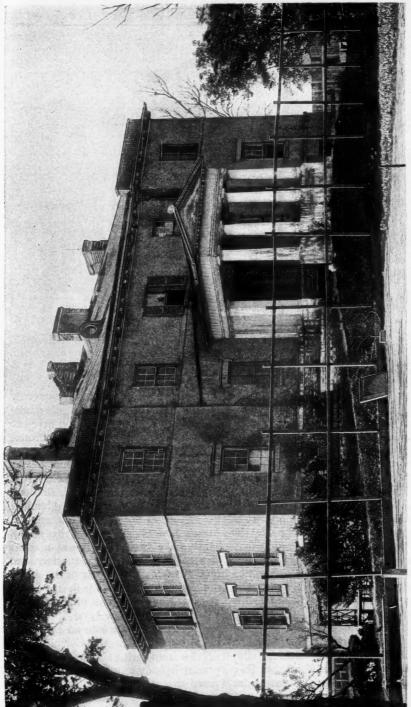
dicted that Napoleon would repudiate any American marriage his brother might make. She wasted neither time nor tears over Jerome, but shortly after his proposal wedded a better man.

At a social gathering at the Decatur mansion the commodore remarked to his friend Admiral David Porter:

"I believe your party comes off next week. I hope I shall not spoil it."

He had in mind "an affair of honor," the outcome of a political quarrel between himself and Commodore Barron, scheduled for the following Wednesday. At dawn of that day, the victor of Tripoli and Algiers stole from his

Mrs. Decatur, when about to retire to Georgetown Convent, leased the house to Baron Tuyll, minister from Russia, whose name is socially historical. When Secretary of State to John Quincy Adams, Henry Clay lived there, and was followed by his successor in office, Martin Van Buren. Other notable tenants were Edward Livingston, a brother of Chancellor Livingston, of New York, and the man who administered the oath of office to Washington; Sir Charles Vaughan, minister from Great Britain; the King brothers, Congressmen from New York; and General Edward Fitzgerald Beale.



THE VAN NESS MANSION, AT THE FOOT OF SEVENTEENTH STREET, BUILT BY CONGRESSMAN JOHN P. VAN NESS, OF NEW YORK, WHO MARKIED MARCIA, THE DAUGHTER OF DAVID BURNS.

From a photograph by Farnham, Washington.



THE CORCORAN MANSION, H STREET AND CONNECTICUT AVENUE, BUILT FOR DANIEL WEBSTER,
AND SINCE OCCUPIED BY WILLIAM W. CORCORAN, THE BRITISH AND FRENCH
LEGATIONS, AND THE LATE SENATOR BRICE.

No. 14 Jackson Place was built next, by Dr. Ewell, a naval surgeon. It successively passed into the hands of three Secretaries Navy-Smith of the Thompson, Samuel L. Southard, and Levi Woodbury. They were followed by Senator Rives of Virginia, and two naval officers: after whom the house fell to Daniel E. Sickles, then a member of Congress' from New York. It is still commonly known as the Sickles house, through the terrible tragedy that marked his tenancy of it. His young and thoughtless wife had centered her unsteady affection on Philip Barton Key, and she carried on a flirtation with him as he sat at the windows of his club on the opposite side of the square. One day their handkerchief signals came to the notice of General Sickles, who walked across the square and shot Key down on the pavement in front of the

On the corner of H Street and Madison Place stands the house occupied by Dolly Madison after her husband's death. Here she held the same queenly sway which characterized her as mistress of the White House, and here she spent her declining years, as the bronze tablet over the door informs the stranger. On her death, the house was bought by Commodore Wilkes, the naval officer who nearly got the Federal government into war with England by his seizure of the Confederate envoys, Mason and Slidell, on a British ship. During the Civil War it was used as General McClellan's headquarters, and much of the early history of the Army of the Potomac was made in it. Next it was used as the offices of the French Claims Commission; and it seemed likely to degenerate into an every day office building, but the Cosmos Club saved it from such a fate. While that appreciative body owns it, we may rest assured that it will be kept as befits its storied walls.

The residence of Vice President Hobart is three doors south of the Madison house. It was built more than sev-



THE "CRÉAM WHITE HOUSE," BUILT BY BENJAMIN OGLE TALOE, AND NOW OCCUPIED BY VICE PRESIDENT HOBART.

From a photograph by Farnham, Washington.

enty years ago by Benjamin Ogle Taloe, son of the builder of the Octagon House. After him, the property fell to his widow, on whose death, about a dozen years ago, its fine collection of bricà-brac, paintings, and books went to the Corcoran Art Gallery.

The last call made by General William H. Harrison was at Mr. Taloe's house, where he made a promise that Taloe's brother should be appointed treasurer of the United States. Philip Barton Key was a cousin of Taloe's, and was carried here to die. Some years ago, the building was altered by Senator Cameron, of Pennsylvania, the present owner. He made it so attractive that the Hobarts decided in its favor when they were house hunting. It is now christened the "Cream White

House," on account of its Vice Presidential tenant and its buff coat of paint.

A garden lies south of the house, and close up to this is a new theater, which, in the opinion of those who revere old time grandeur, spoils the classic atmosphere of Lafayette Square. The lot on which the theater stands was won by Henry Clay in a game of chance. It may shock some of his admirers to learn that Clay was a gambler, but it never disturbed his easy going wife, who used to say: "Why should I worry? Henry generally wins!" The lot was but a short time in his possession when he swapped it for a Maltese jackass which Commodore John Rodgers had brought home from a Mediterranean cruise.

On the lot purchased with a jackass,

Rodgers built a house, which was afterwards leased to Chief Justice Roger B. Taney, and later to James K. Paulding, Secretary of the Navy under Van Buren. It had been occupied by the



THE HOUSE IN TENTH STREET IN WHICH ABRAHAM LINCOLN DIED ON THE MORN-ING OF APRIL 15, 1865.

club to which Philip Barton Key belonged when Secretary Seward bought it and made it his residence. There his assassination was attempted by Payne, Booth's confederate, on the same night when Lincoln was shot. The Sewards soon moved out and General Belknap and his wife, not nervous enough to regard it as a place of ill omen, moved in and entertained society "in an amazing manner," as chronicled by social historians. When death broke their reign the old house was leased by the War Department. Its last famous occupant was James G. Blaine.

On the corner of H Street and Connecticut Avenue stands a fine old brownstone mansion, with spacious gardens.

This house was presented to Daniel Webster by his admiring friends, when he was serving as Secretary of State. It was next occupied by Richard Pakenham, minister from Great Britain, and eventually came into possession of William W. Corcoran, the banker philanthropist, to whom Washington owes the Corcoran Gallery of Art, the Church of the Ascension, and the Louise Home. During the war Mr. Corcoran's sympathies were with the South. His beautiful home was ordered confiscated, but he promptly leased it to M. de Montholon, minister from France, and scored a point against the government, which was not inclined to invade the property of a friendly nation. But no matter whether Mr. Corcoran's views on the burning issue of 1861 were right or wrong, he proved himself the most generous and public spirited citizen in Washington's history. The latest occupants of this house were the Brices of New York and Ohio.

Next door, at 1607 H Street, is the house occupied by John Slidell, the Confederate envoy to France, while a member of the United States Senate. Other notable occupants were Daniel Lamont, private secretary to President Cleveland, and Secretary of War Alger,

who lately vacated it.

On Tenth Street, between E and F Streets, is the building in which Lincoln was shot, and directly across the street is the dwelling to which he was carried. In a small room at the end of the first floor hall he breathed his last, on the morning of April 15, 1865. This house is pointed out to all pilgrims who seek the historic spots of Washington. In 1893 Mr. Oldroyd, who kept the famous Lincoln collection at the old leased the Springfield homestead, dwelling and made it the home of his treasures. The Memorial Association of the District of Columbia has frequently petitioned Congress to purchase both house and collection, but that slow moving body has hitherto taken no action.



"WHERE THE BRONX FLOWS SLOW AND STILL."

## EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN AT HOME.

BY THEODORE DREISER.

THE VETERAN POET AND CRITIC WHO HAS WON SUCCESS IN WALL STREET AND FAME IN THE WORLD OF LETTERS, AND HIS HOME IN THE ARTISTIC COLONY AT LAWRENCE PARK, IN NEW YORK'S NORTHERN SUBURBS.

NOT all poets have pleasant rural residences. Few of the high priests of song possess a wealth of books and paintings to shield them from an irritating sense of the outer bookless, paintingless world. But Edmund Clarence Stedman is a business man, as well as a poet and a critic, and combines artistic talent and critical judgment with commercial instinct.

Personally Stedman is a fine American type, young and handsome at sixty five years of age; active, bright eyed, witty, and generous. It is true that his full beard is silvery white, but in his vigor of mind and body he gives the lie to years and speaks the strength that scarce another score of them could undo.

But this is no place for expression of original opinions concerning the poet. Whittier, Bayard Taylor, Frank Stockton, Eugene Field, William Dean Howells, all have expressed their thought of him in prose and verse, and "poems to Stedman" are frequent enough. He seems to have inspired undying regard in those fine ethereal minds that have crossed his path. Whittier's last collection of poems, entitled "At Sundown," shows something of this, as the dedication to Stedman runs:

## To E. C. S.

Poet and friend of Poet, if thy glass
Detects no flower in winter's tuft of grass,

Let this slight token of the debt I owe Outlive for thee December's frozen day,

And, like the arbutus budding under snow, Take bloom and fragrance from some morn of May

When he who gives it shall have gone away Where faith shall see and recerent trust shall know.

And Frank Stockton sent this quat-

rain on the occasion of Stedman's sixtieth birthday:

Good friend-from me-"Good Afternoon!" May all thy coming days atune Themselves to one fair day in June With longest, brightest afternoon.

The writer who comes at this late day to look into the beautiful home of Mr. Stedman must be content, in a measure, to leave the account of the poet's long, active life as it has been written down by other pens. When he dwelt in Fifty Fourth Street, and later in Thirtieth Street, New York, his home was, as it is today in Lawrence Park, the center of literary New York.

Before Mr. and Mrs. Stedman began gathering their friends about them, years ago, it had pleased the humor of Boston to speed its arrows of wit at New York's claim to the possession of literary circles and coteries. But when Boston's men of letters were invited to the Stedmans' to dinner, the satirical arrows seemed of a sudden to lose their edge. On Sunday evenings, in the Stedman house, there was such a varied assemblage of guests as only a metropolis can bring together. Not only authors and artists, critics and professional men, but such votaries of fashion and society as really possessed culture, found their way there. At the weekly dinners were to be met the distinguished foreigner, the latest successful novelist or young poet, and the wittiest and most beautiful women.

Nowadays New York has made good its claim to supremacy in the world of American letters, but the home of the Stedmans is still its literary center, if any one spot can claim that distinction. It is a fine old two story structure, architecturally suggestive of the manors of our comfortable forefathers, and it stands in the center of the literary and artistic colony at Bronxville. Lawrence Park, the headquarters of the colony, is ninety acres in extent, and the dozen or so artists and writers who have their homes therein are all distinguished in

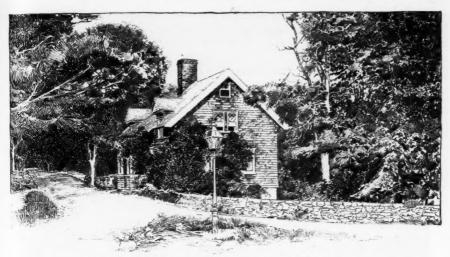
their special fields. There are no fences, and the lawns are unbroken except for splendid trees, beds of bright colored flowers, and a winding road leading to the lodge gate. No mark of any kind indicates where Mr. Stedman's possessions end and those of William H. Howe, the cattle painter, or Will H. Low, the decorative artist, begin. It is

all common property.

From the many windows of the twenty rooms of this delightful home. there are landscape pictures without number. The balcony from the second floor looks away over the tree tops to where the convent of St. Joseph, on the shores of the Hudson, lifts its tower towards the sky. The view is a sea of green in the summer, a valley of many colors in the fall, and a hollow of leaden, frosted twigs in winter. Lawrence Park is a colony set on a hill, and the crown of the hill is the Stedman house.

Once across the wide lawn and broad piazza, and within the broad front door, the sense of light and comfort irresistibly takes hold of the visitor. The furnishings are not heavy or gorgeous. They are light, warm in color, pleasing in outline, delicate in arrangement, and, above all, abundant and serviceable.

The reception room, into which the front door opens, shows the staircase to the rear and doorways to the right and left leading to the library, the poet's study, and the diningroom. The windows, with the light colored walls, make the room impressively bright. There comes a feeling of pretty tables and chairs, more tables and chairs, bookcases, still other tables, then walls covered with pictures, and everywhere books-volumes of white and gilt, and green and gilt, and white and green, and other volumes of varied colors. There are rich draperies and soft toned carpets, with which everything seems to harmonize; and the sudden appearance of the poet himself suggests that he matches with everything also, and that somehow the whole house is curiously like him.



THE LODGE AT THE ENTRANCE TO LAWRENCE PARK.

"Lawrence Park is ninety acres in extent, and the dozen or so artists and writers who have their homes therein are all distinguished in their special fields."

Howells, in his impressions of "Literary New York," tells how he found Stedman "of a worldly splendor of dress" and envied him, as much as he could envy him anything, the New York tailor whose art had clothed him. Says Howells: "He had a worldly dash

along with his supermundane gifts, which took me almost as much, and all the more because I could see that he valued himself nothing upon it." And that is the way Edmund Clarence Stedman dawns upon you in his own house.

One is made sensible, by means of



EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN'S HOME, AT LAWRENCE PARK, BRONXVILLE.

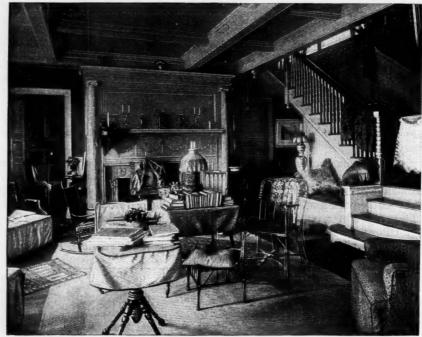
"Lawrence Park is a colony set on a hill, and the crown of the hill is the Stedman house."

From a photograph by Bennett, New York.

the most pleasing devices, that in this home the arts and not the upholstery are called upon to do the honors. This admirable result is due in great part to the taste and skill of Mrs. Stedman, who possesses a genuine artistic instinct for grouping and effect. A tour of the house is a passing in review of trophies won at sales, bits picked up in foreign

ties of the gifted author's intellect very plainly. While you are considering it, the poet can produce a splendid daguerrettype of Poe, and a manuscript roll of his just as he wrote it—the only one in existence—with its sheets wafered together after the old style.

Over the mantelpiece in the diningroom are bronze medallions of Bayard



THE RECEPTION ROOM IN MR. STEDMAN'S HOUSE.

"Within the broad front door, the sense of light and comfort irresistibly takes hold of the visitor."

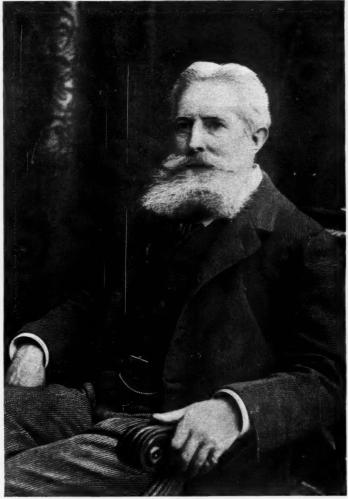
From a photograph by Bennett, New York.

travel, a purchase now and then of some choice collection, either of glass or china, or of prints and etchings.

In the poet's study is a noted portrait of Miss Fletcher, the author of "Kismet" and "Vestigia," painted by her stepfather, Eugene Benson, and here also one of the very earliest of the late A. H. Wyant's paintings, "An Irish Bog," the first work that that talented artist sold in the East. Mr. Stedman bought it when the painter was very much of an unknown. In the same room is an old portrait of Edgar Allan Poe, which shows the dual quali-

Taylor and Stedman, by O'Donovan. That of Bayard Taylor is a replica of the memorial that graces the library of Cornell University. The exactness of the likeness is due in a measure to Stedman, who on finding that O'Donovan could not exactly catch, from memory, the expression of the mouth, slightly creased the lip in the clay with his fingers. Then it was exactly as Stedman remembered his friend.

All the halls and stairways, and the walls of every room, show treasures. Among the paintings are a "Lion and Lioness," by George Butler, which



EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN, POET, JOURNALIST, CRITIC, AND STOCK BROKER.

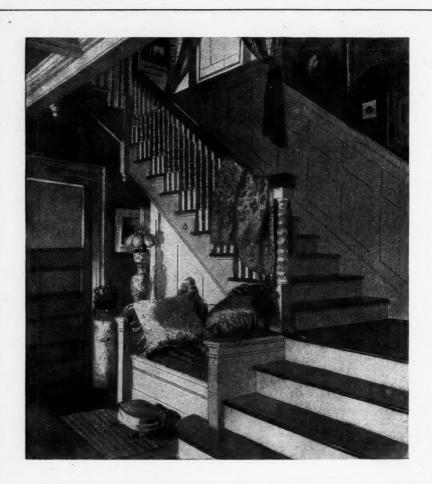
From his latest photograph by Alman, New York.

Barye would have applauded; Winslow Homer's "A Voice from the Cliff," with its inspiring trio of faces and its magnificent sweep of feminine arms; "Longfellow's 'Wayside Inn,'" by Bellows; one of Bayard Taylor's aquarelles, and a sketch made by Henry Bacon of the head of a beautiful Italian girl, a sentimental model whom hopeless love drove to suicide. There are Gifford's brushes and his palette as he left it, with its colors mixed in a glorious impression of sunset; a good and rare Seymour Haden; and one of

Howard Pyle's paintings, bought by its present owner for the price of the poem that its reproduction illustrated.

And books—he has a legion of the elect, autographed and otherwise made sacred by ties of friendship. They are principally volumes of poetry, including scarce first editions of American, English, and French books, collected without bibliomania. Those who loved Eugene Field would delight in the little pamphlet of original verse, written and illustrated in pen and ink by Field and sent to Stedman with the most friendly

dedication. They were good friends until Field's death, and the Western genius never forgot the kindly service Stedman did him in securing a Boston publisher for his first volume. tering way, that the Robert Browning Benevolent and Patriotic Association of Cook County had resolved to invite Mr. Stedman to a grand complimentary banquet at Kinsley's, and that a parade



THE MAIN STAIRWAY IN MR. STEDMAN'S HOUSE.

"All the halls and stairways, and the walls of every room, show treasures."

There was an amusing side to this friendship between these two men. Stedman, on urgent invitation, once visited Chicago to lecture before the Twentieth Century Club, and Field, who was then with the Chicago Record, sought to celebrate his arrival by making a journalistic announcement of the visit. Accordingly, he stated, in his ban-

was to be formed which would conduct the guest from the railroad station to his quarters, on the morning of his arrival. In the procession were to be "two hundred Chicago poets, afoot," with brass bands galore, the "Blue Island Avenue Shelley Club," and a "magnificent advertising car of Armour & Co., illustrating the progress

of civilization." The line of march was to be extensive, taking in the packing houses and other notable points. At Mr. Armour's professional establishment the process of slaughtering was to be illustrated for the delectation of the honored guest, after which a poem by Decatur Jones, president of the Lakeview Élite Club, would be read, followed by Mr. Armour entertaining a select few to a champagne lunch in the scalding room!

The fact that this broad, almost crude, Western humorism, thrust forward on an occasion savoring much of dignity, was enjoyed by Mr. Stedman in accordance with the spirit in which it was written, and that he replied with a bit of drollery equally clever, expressed in a poem entitled "She Never Called Him 'Gene," is sufficient to indicate the ready sympathy of his refined nature. His relations with the author of "Little Boy Blue" became intimate.

Of a different shade, but similar texture, was his friendship with Bayard Taylor—that poetic star of the older days which gleams even now as from afar. Their connection began in Stedman's early life—the life of which he speaks in "Bohemia":

When buttercups are blossoming,
The poet sang, 'tis best to wed;
So all for love we paired in spring,
Blanche and I—ere youth had sped,
For autumn's wealth brings autumn's wane.
Sworn fealty to royal art
Was ours, and doubly linked the chain,
With symbols of her high domain
That twined us ever heart to heart,
And onward, like the Babes in the Wood,
We rambled till before us stood
The outpost of Bohemia.

It was in Bohemia that Mr. Stedman and Bayard Taylor met:

And one—a poet—nowise sage
For self, but gay companion born,
And prophet of the golden age;
He joined us in our pilgrimage
Long since, an early autumn noon
When, faint with journeying, we sate
Within the wayside hostel gate
To rest us in Bohemia."

Their friendship continued until Tay-

lor's death in 1878. Ten years before, Mr. Stedman had visited him at his beautiful country place, Cedarcroft, which is but a little way from where he lies buried, and near the old battlefield of the Brandywine. An unpublished poem by Taylor to Mr. Stedman adorns one of the volumes in the house at Lawrence Park.

Coming back to books again, there is a first edition of Keats' "Endymion," 1818; there are all the works of Landor and Horne; and the best collection of Greek idyllic poems extant, including fifty editions of Theocritus, beginning with the first impression made by Aldus Manutius, in 1495.

There is a copy on vellum of "Le Tombeau de Théophile Gautier," with typographical corrections in the Latin and Greek poems, notes in the margin of the English poem, and an inscription to Stedman on the flyleaf, all in the handwriting of Swinburne. There is a copy of "Vignettes in Rhyme," by Austin Dobson, edited by Stedman. The younger poets are not shunned, and on his table are verses by Bliss Carman, and others by Alice and Caroline Duer.

Seemingly, Mr. Stedman's life lies down in Wall Street, amid the hurrying throng of money makers, and the excitement of the Stock Exchange. And yet, either by nature or through force of circumstances, he is one of the typical literary men of the day. There is that in his personality which gives him the air of constantly pressing the electric button that puts him in relation with the civilized activities of the world. He was born man of the world as well as poet, with the sensitive response to his age and surrounding which has enabled him to touch the life of the day at many divergent points of contact. He owes it to an equally rare endowment that he has been enabled to maintain his social life free from the influences of his business career. The broker is a separate and distinct person from the writer and the poet. The

two, it is true, meet as one on friendly terms, on the street or at the club. But the man of Wall Street is entertained with scant courtesy within the four walls of the poet's house. It is within them that his true life is lived.

And his has been an eventful life. He tasted court life in Italy, while his mother was wife of the American min-

ister. He was a war correspondent in the Civil War—which inspired one of his finest poems, "How Old Brown Took Harper's Ferry." But in the end he discovered that journalism left him no time or means for his chosen literary work, and turning stockbroker and banker, secured more or less of both those requisites.

## DISEASE GERMS

### AND HOW TO AVOID SOME OF THEM.

BY JOHN H. GIRDNER, A.B., M.D.

THE MICROSCOPIC LIVING CREATURES THAT ARE THE MOST DEADLY AND DESTRUCTIVE ENEMIES OF THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES, AND THE SIMPLE PRECAUTIONS BY WHICH THEIR ATTACKS MAY BE RESISTED.

OF all the blessings that mortal man can receive and enjoy, there is none so great as good health. Riches, honor, fame, and all the other prizes for which men labor, are insignificant when compared to the possession of a sound mind in a sound body.

This is no new bit of wisdom. It has been said many times, ever since the days of King Solomon; but it comes with a new meaning in these modern days. For by reason of the enormous increase of our knowledge of the causes that produce many of the most common and fatal maladies, it has come about that in no period of the world's history could the individual do so much to protect himself and others from sickness and death as in these closing years of the nineteenth century.

The publisher of this magazine once said to me: "If you want to educate the public on any great question, the place to begin is at the fireside. Strip your information of technicalities, and put it in such a way that the mothers can understand it." I shall endeavor to follow his advice in this paper, and, if possible, to add something to the general fund of information on the way to keep well.

Those who conduct the domestic affairs of the home, as well as those who make our laws, in both State and nation, have so far failed to take full advantage of the discoveries of modern science in protecting the private and public health, and we are to a large extent deprived of the blessings which ought to flow from them. This state of things is not surprising when we remember how recent are the medical discoveries which have taught us that the most common and fatal diseases are caused by taking into the body, in one way or another, specific poisons in the form of living germs. Fifteen or twenty years covers the period of these scientific revelations, and it is unreasonable to expect that the lay mind could have kept pace with them.

In the old days, when we were in almost total ignorance of the cause and means of preventing such common diseases as tuberculosis of the lungs (consumption), typhoid fever, etc., books and papers were written for the laity telling them how to cure these ailments, and nearly every family had its "Domestic Medicine," "Household Doctor," or some such volume of more or less

doubtful value. Now they need literature teaching them how to prevent these scourges. The old proverb that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," should now read: "An ounce of prevention is worth ten pounds of cure."

There is a striking analogy between what may be called the visible and the invisible world of animal life. When we look around us with the natural or unaided eyes we see a vast number of species of animals, birds, fishes, and reptiles, all included in what is known as the animal kingdom. We are more or less familiar with the life history of each of them. We know their habitat, the conditions under which they can live—in short, all the principal facts connected with their life, death, and reproduction.

Now the modern microscope, which is nothing else but an artificial eye, has increased man's power of vision many thousands of times. It has revealed another and a heretofore invisible world of animal life. Like the visible world, this is composed of many varieties of microscopic creatures. For instance, several hundred different species of microbes may be found in the scrapings from the tongue of a perfectly healthy person.

Only a comparatively few of the forms of life which are found under the microscope are capable of attacking or destroying human life. But among the vast horde of microbes we find one that is the cause of tuberculosis, another that produces typhoid fever, and so forth; and as the field is more fully explored, doubtless many other important discoveries will be made.

Let us imagine an individual coming to this world from another planet without any knowledge of the visible animal world by which he would find himself surrounded. He would probably be very much afraid of a horse or a cow, but would consider a rattle-snake or a tarantula a beautiful plaything. His lack of knowledge would

certainly render him incompetent to guard his health and life against injury. We are very much in the same position as this imaginary visitor with regard to the germ life by which we find ourselves surrounded.

Tuberculosis destroys more lives than any one disease in the world. It kills more than a hundred thousand people each year in the United States. Yet the person who contracts tuberculosis has simply sustained an accident-as much an accident as if he had been bitten by a dog or kicked by a horse. He has been set upon by the microbe known as the tubercle bacillus. which, having effected a lodgment in the lungs, and found congenial surroundings, establishes itself, forms colonies, and gradually destroys the health, and too often the life itself, of its unfortunate victim. Comparatively little can be done to cure the disease. but much can be done to prevent the accident which caused it. If a foreign foe-the Spaniards, for instance-or some other member of the visible animal world, were killing a hundred thousand of our inhabitants each year, it would require no argument and no urging to induce the people to drive out such a foe, or render extinct the obnoxious animal which was causing such wholesale slaughter.

It should be noted that we have been speaking only of the deaths from this cause. The suffering of those who are attacked by this microbe and are fortunate enough to recover—in other words, the wounded—must also be considered in summing up its devastation. The fact that the particular form of animal life (the tubercle bacillus) which is actually causing all this suffering and death can be seen only with the microscope is a poor argument to justify our failure to make persistent warfare on it.

The late war with Spain furnishes a striking object lesson. Only 318 of our men were killed or died from wounds as a result of the attacks of the Spanish

soldiers, while 2,485 were killed by the attack of disease germs, mostly in the form of the bacillus of typhoid fever and the plasmodium of malaria. We have made peace with the Spaniards, but no peace has been made with the typhoid bacillus. The ranks of this enemy have been enormously increased. It has been scattered all over this country, and if we are to judge the future by the past, no effective steps will be taken for its extermination.

Millions of dollars are expended annually by the United States to maintain an army and a navy to protect the lives and property of the people against possible enemies in the form of the armies and navies of other nations, while at all times, right in our midst, we have actual enemies in the form of various kinds of disease germs, which not only destroy the health and lives of hundreds of thousands of our people annually, but cause untold financial loss. The government could wage war on these enemies with intelligence and effectiveness almost equal to that displayed in destroying the ships and soldiers of a foreign nation, or in suppressing lawless mobs within our midst.

But, it may be asked, what can we do, as individuals, to protect ourselves and others against these foes? To answer this question fully would lead us far beyond the limits of a magazine article. For as the germs of each disease differ in life history, habitat, and method of attacking the human system, it would be necessary to study each one of the communicable diseases separately, if we should desire to learn how to avoid the poison of all of them. I will give some specific directions how to guard against the two most common and fatal, tuberculosis and typhoid fever.

The tubercle bacilli multiply only in the body of man or some other animal, consequently the germs that cause a fresh infection of a previously healthy person come directly or indirectly from some individual man or animal already suffering from the disease. When we consider that nearly one seventh of the human race die of consumption of the lungs, and that for weeks, months, and often years, these patients are continually expectorating quantities of the bacilli, we see that this source alone keeps up a large supply of infection. The dangerous sputum dries upon handkerchiefs, carpets, bedding, or in the streets and highways, and floats in the air as dust particles, ready to be breathed into the lungs of the passerby.

In this dry state the bacilli live for a long time. In one instance they were found to retain their virulence after one hundred and eighty six days.

We can all do something to lessen this enormous supply of infection. A five per cent solution of carbolic acid quickly destroys the life of the tubercle bacillus. If every consumptive person in the United States never expectorated except into a vessel containing a small amount of this solution, and these vessels, with their contents, were burned from time to time, the death rate from this source would be enormously decreased. A suitable cup or flask can easily be obtained for use when the patient is obliged to travel from home. The habit of kissing consumptives, or occupying the same bed with them, is also exceedingly dangerous.

The other principal source of infection is from drinking the milk and eating the flesh of tubercular cattle. How frequently man may be infected from this source may be imagined when it is remembered that from twenty to forty per cent of the cattle in the Eastern and Northern States are affected with tuberculosis. Protection from infection from this source is simple and easy. Heat promptly destroys the bacillus. If no beef is eaten which has not been thoroughly cooked, and no milk drunk which has not been thoroughly boiled, the danger of infection from cattle

Civilized man should look upon milk as unfit to drink until it has been

would be almost nil.

cooked—that is, boiled. Boiled milk is generally unpalatable at first, but many of those who have become accustomed to drink it feel an aversion to raw milk, and would as soon think of eating raw beef, as of drinking a glass of uncooked milk.

Tuberculosis in children usually manifests itself in disease of the bones and joints (white swelling) and in enlargement and suppuration of the glands of the neck. In nearly all such cases the infection comes from drinking milk from tubercular cows. It is therefore especially important that children should take only milk that has been thoroughly boiled. A thorough inspection of cattle by the Federal government, and the prompt destruction of all found to be tubercular-as is already being done in certain States—would be the ideal means of destroying this source of infection; but we are not likely to have the necessary legislation soon; so it is almost criminal to expose children and young persons to infection by permitting them to use raw milk.

It must not be supposed that every one who takes tubercle bacilli into his system contracts the disease. If this were true, all of us would be likely to die of tuberculosis in some form. Fortunately, most people are immunethat is, the bacillus, when taken into the system, finds itself in uncongenial surroundings, loses its virulence, and dies. But certain individuals, and sometimes whole families, are born without this power of resistance. We have no certain means of knowing beforehand who are and who are not immune; so it behooves every one to avoid the danger of infection.

The bacillus of typhoid fever is generally taken into the system in the water we drink, though any article of food may also be a means of introducing the poison when infected water has come in contact with it before it is eaten. Food may also be infected by flies crawling over it after they have been feeding on material containing the

typhoid germs. Local epidemics of typhoid fever are sometimes caused by milk mixed with water from an infected source. A notable epidemic of this kind occurred in a town in Connecticut, a few years ago. A large number of people contracted the disease within a few days. Investigation proved that they all used milk from one and the same dairy. The dairyman was in the habit, it was found, of washing his milk cans with water from an old well near the barn. Examination of the water from this well showed it to be strongly infected with typhoid bacilli. The milk dealer claimed that he did not water his milk, but even if this were true, there was enough water left on the sides and bottom of the cans, after they were washed, to infect their contents. Such a case is another argument why milk should never be used for food until after it has been thoroughly boiled.

There is another dangerous source of infection by food, which people seem wholly to ignore-eating shell fish raw. The man who ate the first raw oyster is often referred to as a hero. As a matter of fact, any one who eats oysters or clams raw from the shell is running an unnecessary and useless risk of taking typhoid or other germs into his system. In any event, as a rule, he swallows a lot of filthy water, which he would not drink under other circumstances. Ovster beds are often situated in water containing quantities of sewage and other filth, and the so called "juice" which is found in the "half shell," and which we swallow with such gusto, is composed largely of the water in which the oyster lived. If this liquid happens to be infected with typhoid bacilli, the person who swallows it with his oysters contracts the disease. This is not a theory. A number of epidemics have been caused in this way within the last few years. The remedy is to eat no shell fish raw; have them cooked in some form. A temperature of of 212 Fahrenheit-the boiling point of water-destroys every kind of disease germ.

These bacilli multiply in the intestinal tract of a person suffering from the disease, and they are discharged from the system in large quantities during the time-usually from four to six weeks-that the disease continues. They retain their virulence for a very long time outside the body; and eventually some of them may find their way into the food or drink used by healthy persons, who in turn become victims of the disease. Absolute destructionpreferably by cremation-of all matter containing the bacilli, is the only certain means of preventing the spread of the infection.

If this were carefully done in every case of typhoid, it would be only a question of a few years when the bacillus of typhoid would become as extinct as the dodo, and the disease itself be

known only in history.

Boiling water and cooking food that has once become infected destroys the life of the germ, and this should always be done where there is the slightest suspicion of the purity of the water supply. Carelessness in the treatment of typhoid fever patients, which is especially common in the country districts, renders the water in all dug wells, cisterns, and springs more or less liable to become infected by surface drainage and washing rains. Where the water

used is obtained from a large supply—as, for instance, the Croton aqueduct—there is little danger, for if the germs should find their way into it the volume of water is so great, and they would be so widely disseminated, that no one person would be likely to get enough to cause infection.

As we never know the source from which the water furnished on railroads. steamboats, etc., is obtained, it is a good rule when traveling to drink only bottled water, which can always be bought at a trifling expense. The only way to obtain an absolutely safe water supply in the country, where only a small amount is required, is by a deep driven well. When an iron tube is driven seventy five or a hundred feet into the earth, and water is found, that water cannot be infected by the surface drainage. Surface drainage is only dangerous to a depth of twenty five or thirty feet, and as the water from a driven well is inclosed in an iron tube, it is not infected by passing through the upper strata. It comes to the surface pure from nature's laboratory.

It seems probable that no one is immune from the typhoid bacillus. Any one who meets with the accident of taking into his system a sufficient quantity of the germs will suffer the pains and perils of typhoid fever.

#### A PRAYER.

For all the verdant trees, dear Lord,
Along the dusty highway set;
For every roadside rivulet,
And for Thy sun, whose gold is poured
A largess for the common horde—
The poor, the low, who crowd and sweat—
My thanks, dear Lord, are Thine. Oh, let
No special gifts for me be stored;
May joys that ragged millions share
Enrich my life. I do not crave
Immunity from toil and care.
Give me, O God, no blessing save
Companionship with those who fare
Beside me to the waiting grave.

# SWALLOW.\*

#### BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

"SWALLOW" IS A STORY OF SOUTH AFRICA, WHERE ANGLO SAXON, BOER, AND KAFFIR STILL STRUGGLE FOR SUPREMACY, AND THE READER IS LIKE TO FORGET HIS ENVIRONMENT AND IMAGINE THAT REAL LIFE IS BEING ENACTED BEFORE HIM; THAT HE, TOO, LIVES AND LOVES AND SUFFERS WITH RALPH KENZIE AND SUZANNE, THE BOER MAIDEN—THIS IS ONE OF THE BEST STORIES FROM MR. HAGGARD'S PEN SINCE "KING SOLOMON'S MINES," "SHE," AND "ALLAN OUATERMAIN."

#### XXXV.

RALPH cleared the mountain slope, but before he had covered a mile of the way the darkness began to fall, till presently the night was black. Now he must ride slowly, steering his path by the stars, and searching the dim outline of the mountains with his eyes. But, search as he would, he could not see the saw edged rock. He reached the range indeed, and for hour after hour roamed up and down it, his heart torn with helpless haste and fears, but it was of no use, so at last he dismounted, and, holding the schimmel by the bridle, suffered him to eat a little grass while he waited for the moon to rise. Oh, never was the moon so long a coming, but at length it came, and with it clear, soft light. He looked, and there, not half a mile away, just showing in the shadows, was the saw edged rock he sought.

"There is little time to lose," he muttered to himself, as the stallion swept across the plain towards it. "In four hours it will be dawn, and these mountains are sheer and wide."

Now he was in the pass and galloping up its rocky steeps as fast as the horse dare travel and not fall. Up he went through the moonlit silence, that was broken only by the distant roaring of lions, up for one hour, for two, for three. He was at the crest of the mountains, and beneath him, miles away, lay the dim veldt, and there—yes, there in the far distance—the moonbeams sparkled upon a white topped koppie and the waters of a river that washed its base. Miles and miles away, and but one hour left to cover them. One short hour, and if it was not enough, then death by the Zulu assagai would be the portion of Suzanne and those among whom she sheltered. For a moment he breathed the horse, then he shook the reins, and with a snort of pride the schimmel started upon his last gallop.

Ah, what a ride was that! Had ever man the like of it? Rushing down an untrodden mountain way swifter than others dare travel on a plain, bounding from rock to rock like a buck, dashing through streams, and leaping dim gullies at a stride. On, on went the schimmel, with never a slip and never a stumble. On, swifter than a sassaby and surer footed than a fox: now the worst of the road was passed, and a long, smooth slope, almost free from stones, led them to the grassy plain beneath: the schimmel swept down it at a fearful pace and reached the level land in safety, but the strain of that mad gallop told its tale upon him, for he was drenched with sweat, his eve was red with blood, and the breath whistled in his throat. Ralph raised himself in his stirrups and scanned the sky, which

<sup>\*</sup> Copyright, 1898, by H. Rider Haggard.-This story began in the June number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

began to brighten with the coming dawn.

"There is time," he muttered, "for the koppie is near, and the Zulus will not attack till they can see the white

moons upon their nails."

Now he was speeding up a long rise, for here the land lies in waves like a frozen sea. He topped it, and in an instant—almost before he saw them—he had swept through a Zulu impi marching stealthily in a triple line with companies thrown forward to the right and left. They shouted in astonishment, but before they could harm him or the horse he was out of reach of their spears and galloping forward with a glad heart, for now he thought the danger done with.

Down the slope he thundered, and the sound of his horse's hoofs came to the ears of Suzanne, who, frozen with terror, crouched in the grass at the foot of it. Turning her eyes from the ridge where she had seen the Zulus, she looked behind her. At first she could see nothing except a great horse with a man upon its back, but as she stared, presently she recognized the horse-it was the schimmel, and none other. And the man? Whose shape was that? No, this one had a golden beard. Ah! He lifted his head, from which the hat had' fallen, and-did she dream? Nay, by Heaven, it was her husband, grown older and bearded, but still her husband. In the piercing agony of that joy she sank back half fainting, nor was it till he was almost upon her that she could gain her feet. He saw her, and in the dim light, mistaking her for a Zulu soldier who waylaid him, lifted the gun in his hand to fire. Already he was pressing the trigger when-when she found her voice and cried out:

"Ralph, Ralph, I am Suzanne, your wife!"

As the words left her lips it seemed to her as though some giant had thrown the big horse back upon its haunches, for he slipped past her, his flanks almost touching the ground, which he plowed with outstretched hoofs. Then he stopped dead.

"Have I found you at last, wife?" cried Ralph, in a voice of joy so strange that it sounded scarcely human. "Mount swiftly, for the Zulus are behind."

Thus, then, these two met again, not on the Mountain of the Man's Hand indeed, as the vision had foretold, but very near to it.

"Nay," she answered, as she sprang on to the saddle before him, "they are

in front, for I saw them."

Ralph looked. Yes, there they were in front and to the side and behind. All round them the Zulu impi gathered and thickened, crying, "Bulala umlungu!"\* as they closed in upon them at a run.

"Oh, Ralph, what can we do?" mur-

mured Suzanne.

"Charge them and trust to God," he answered.

"So be it, husband;" and turning herself upon the pommel of the saddle, she threw her arms round his neck and kissed him on the lips, whispering, "At least, we have met again, and if we die it shall be together."

"Hold fast," said Ralph, and calling aloud to the horse he set his teeth and

charged.

By now the Zulus in front were running down the opposing slope in clusters not much more than a hundred yards away; indeed, the space between them was so, narrow that the great horse, galloping up hill under his double load, could scarcely gather speed before they were among them. When they were within ten yards Ralph held out the gun in one hand and fired it, killing two men. Then he cast it away as useless, and placing his right arm about the waist of Suzanne, bent his body over her to protect her if he might, urging on the horse with feet and voice.

Oh, God! they were in them and plowing through their ever thickening ranks, throwing their black bodies to this side and to that as a ship throws

<sup>&</sup>quot;" Kill the white man!"

the water from its bows. Here, there, everywhere, spears flashed and stabbed, but as yet they were unhurt, for the very press saved them, although an assagai was quivering in the flank of the schimmel. Ah, a pang as of the touch of red hot iron, and a spear had pierced Ralph's left shoulder, remaining fast in the wound. Still lower he bent his body till his head was almost hidden in the flowing mane of the schimmel, but now black clutching hands caught feet and bridle rein, and slowly the great horse lost way and stopped. A tall Zulu stabbed it in the chest, and Ralph gasped, "It is over!"

But it was not over, for, feeling the pain of his wound, of a sudden the stallion went mad. He shrieked aloud as only a horse can shriek, and laying back his ears till his face was like the face of a wolf, he reared up on his hind legs and struck out with his mighty hoofs, crushing the skulls and bodies of his tormentors. Down he came again, and with another scream rushed open mouthed at that man who had stabbed him; his long white teeth gripped him across the body where the ribs end, and then the awful sight was seen of a horse holding in his mouth a man who yelled in agony, and plunging forward with great bounds while he shook him to and fro, as a dog will shake a rat.\*

Yes, he shook and shook till the flesh gave, and the man fell dying and disemboweled on the veldt. Again the furious beast opened his jaws from which gore dripped and rushed upon another, but this one did not wait for him—none waited. To the Zulus in those days a horse was a terrible wild beast, and this was a beast, indeed, that, brave as they were, they dared not face.

"It is a devil," they cried, "and wizards ride it," as they opened a path before its rush.

They were through, and behind them, like the voice of hounds that hunt, swelled the cry of the war dogs of Dingaan. They were through and living yet, though one broad bangwan was fast in Ralph's shoulder, and another stood in the schimmel's chest. Not two miles away rose the koppie. "The horse will die," thought Ralph as he drew the body of Suzanne closer to him, and gripped the saddle with his knees. Indeed, he was dying; yet never since he was a colt did the schimmel cover two miles of plain so fast as those that lay between the impi and the camp. Slowly and surely the spear worked its way into his vitals, but stretching out his head, and heedless of his double load, he rushed on with the speed of a race horse.

The Boers in the laager were awake at last; the sound of the gun and the war cry of the Zulus had reached them faintly. Half clad, men and women together, they stood upon their wagon boxes looking towards the west. Behind them the pencils of daylight werecreeping across the sky, and presently in their low rays they saw such a sightas they would never see again. Fast, fast towards them thundered a great roan horse, blood dripping from his chest and jaws and flank, and on its back a yellow bearded man, in whose shoulder stood a spear, and who held in front of him a fainting woman.

"Soon he will fall suddenly, and we shall be crushed," thought Ralph, and had the horse died while traveling at that speed it must have been so, but he did not. When within fifty yards of the laager he began suddenly to lurch and roll in his stride; then with three bounds he stopped, and standing still, looked round with piteous bloodshot eyes, and whinnied faintly as though the beast heard some voice he knew and loved. Ralph slipped from his back, dragging Suzanne after him, and watched.

For a moment the brute stood, his head touching the ground, till presently a bloody foam came upon his mouth, and blood poured from his eyes and

<sup>\*</sup>The reader may think this incident scarcely credible, but for an authenticated instance of such behavior on the part of a horse he may be referred to the "Memoirs of General Marbot."

ears. For the last time he arched his neck and shook his mane, then rearing straight up on his hind legs as he had done when he beat down the Zulus, he pawed the air with his fore feet and fell over upon his back to move no more.

Suzanne had fainted, and Ralph carried her to the camp; there they drew out the spear and tended them, though beyond gasping the words, "Prepare, for the Zulus are upon you," it was long before either of them could speak.

Yes, yes, they beat off the impi with the loss of only one man, but Ralph took no part in that fight. Indeed, when we joined them four days laterfor after burying Sihamba, Jan and I trekked round through the wagon pass, by the mercy of God escaping the Zulus -they still lay prostrate on a cartel, clasping each other's hands and smiling, but speaking little. The Boers beat off the Zulus with great loss to Dingaan, for, being warned and awake, they had the wagons in front, the koppie behind, and the river to one side. But there were many on that dreadful night whom no schimmel galloped to warn. Ah. God! six hundred of them, men and women, maids and children, and little babies at the breast, went down beneath the Zulu assagai in that dreadful dawn. Six hundred of them slaughtered! Is not the name of the land "The Land of Weeping" to this day?

We avenged them at the battle of the Blood River; but could vengeance give us back their lives which it had pleased God to take thus fearfully?

So, so, that is the end of my story of the forgotten bygone years. As I tell it the shadow of the white topped koppie falls upon this house, and beneath my very feet is the spot where the schimmel died. Ralph and Jan would not leave it—no, not even when the British hoisted their flag in Natal, making us English again after all we had undergone to escape their accursed rule. We suffered much at that event, Jan and I, but though he said nothing, for indeed he did not dare to in my

presence, I believe that Ralph did not suffer at all. Well, he was of English blood, and it was natural that he should like his own flag best, though to this day I am very angry with Suzanne, who, for some reason or other, would never say a hard word of the accursed British government—or listen to one, if she could help it.

Yet, to be just, that same government has ruled us well and fairly, though I never could agree with their manner of dealing with the natives; and our family has grown rich under its shadow. Yes, we were rich from the beginning, for Ralph and some Boers fetched back the cattle of Suzanne and Sihamba which Swart Piet's thieves had stolen, and they were a great herd.

For many long and happy years did Ralph and Suzanne live together, till at last God took Suzanne as she began to grow old. After that, life had no joys for Ralph, or indeed for any of us, and he fought with the English against Cetywayo at Isandlhwana, and fell there bravely, he and his son together, for his son's wife was dead also in childbirth. After that, all the world grew dark for Jan and me, but now in my extreme age once more it lightens like the dawn. Oh, God! who am I that I should complain? Nay, nay, to Thee, Almighty God, be praise and thanks and glory. Quite soon I must fall asleep, and how rich and plentiful is that store which awaits me beyond my sleep; that store of friends and kindred who have passed me in the race and won the immortal crown of peace, which even now their dear hands prepare for me. Then, to Thee, O Maker of the world, be praise and thanks and glory. Yes, let all things praise Thee as do my aged lips.

NOTE BY THE BARONESS GLENTHIRSK, FORMERLY KNOWN AS SUZANNE KENZIE.

It is something over three years since my great grandmother, the Vrouw Suzanne Botmar, finished dictating to me this history of her early days and of my grandparents, Ralph Kenzie, the Englishman, and Suzanne Botmar, her daughter. Now, if it be only as an instance of the wonderful workings of fate, or, as I prefer to call it, of Providence, I add this note to her narrative. As I write there stretches before me. not the bushy veldt of Weenen in Natal cut by the silver line of the Tugela, but a vast prospect of heather clad mountains, about whose feet brawls a salmon river, for this is Scotland, and I sit in the castle of Glenthirsk, while on the terrace beneath my window passes my child, who, if he lives, will one day be lord of it. But I will tell the story. which is indeed a strange one.

As I think my great grandmother said, I was educated in a school in Durban, for, although she was in many ways so prejudiced and narrow, she wished that I should be able to hold my own with other girls in learning as in all things. Also she knew well that this would have been the desire of my dear father, who was killed in the Zulu war with his father, Ralph Kenzie, for he was a thorough Englishman, with nothing of the Boer about him, and for this reason he and his grandmother did not get on very well. After I had finished my schooling I used to stay with friends in Durban, the parents of one of my schoolfellows, and it was at their house that I met my husband, Mr. Ralph Mackenzie, who then was called Lord Glenthirsk, his father having died about six months previous to our acquaintance.

Ralph, my husband, was quite young, only three and twenty indeed, and a subaltern in a Scotch regiment which was quartered at Durban, whither it had come from India. As the term of this regiment's foreign service was shortly to expire, and as at the time there was a prospect of further troubles in South Africa, my husband did not resign his commission on succeeding to the peerage, as his mother wished

him to do, for he said that this was a step which he could consider when the regiment returned home, as it would do shortly.

Well, we met, and since we are now quite old married people I may as well admit at once that we fell in love with each other, though to me it seemed a marvelous thing that this handsome and brilliant young lord, with his great wealth and all the world before him. should come to care for a simple Dutch girl who had little to recommend her except her looks (of which my great grandmother thought, or pretended to think, so little) and some small inheritance of South African farms and cattle. Indeed, when at last he proposed to me, begging me to be his wife, as though I were the most precious thing on the whole earth, I told him so plainly, having inherited some sense with my Dutch blood, and though I trembled at the risk I ran, when everything lay in my own hand, I refused to become engaged to him until he had obtained the consent of his mother and relations, or. at the least, until he had taken a year to think the matter over.

Indeed, although I was still so young, I had seen and heard enough of the misfortunes of unsuitable marriages, nor could I bear that it should ever be said of me that I had taken advantage of some passing folly to entangle a man so far above me in rank and station. Therefore I would permit him to say nothing of our engagement, nor did I speak a single word of it to my great grandmother or my friends, Still, Ralph and I saw a great deal of each other during the month which I remained in Durban, for it is a gay town, and almost every day there were parties, and when there was not we rode out together.

It was during one of these rides on the Berea that I told him all I knew of the strange history of my grandfather and grandmother, not all of it indeed, for it was not until the book was dictated to me that I learned the exact facts, the matter being one of which our family spoke little. Ralph listened very attentively, and when I had done asked if I had the ring and locket of which I spoke.

"Here they are," I answered, for since my father's death I had always made a practice of wearing both of

them.

pale.

He examined the ring with its worn device and proud motto of "Honor first," and as he deciphered it I saw him start, but when he came to look at the miniatures in the locket he turned quite

"Do you know, Suzanne," he said presently, "I believe that we must be distant cousins? At the least, I am sure that I have seen the picture from which one of those miniatures was copied, and the crest and motto are

those of my family."

Now I became very curious, and plied him with questions, but he would say no more, only he led me on to talk of my grandfather, Ralph Kenzie, the castaway, and from time to time made a note in his pocketbook. Also afterwards I showed him the writing in the testament which was found on the body of the shipwrecked lady, my great grandmother, and he asked me for an impression of the ring, and to allow the ivory miniatures to be photographed, which I did.

Within three days of that ride we separated for a while, not without heartache on both our parts and some tears on mine, for I feared that once he had lost sight of me he would put me from his mind, and as I loved him truly that thought was sore. But he, speaking very quietly, said that outside death only one thing should divide us from each other, namely, by my own decree.

"Then, Ralph, we shall be one forever," I answered, for I was too sad for any artifice of maiden coyness.

"You think so now, dear," he said, "but time will show. Supposing that I were not—" and he stopped, nor

would he complete the sentence. Indeed those words of his tormented me day and night for weeks, for I finished them in a hundred ways, each more fatal than the last.

Well, I returned to the farm, and immediately my great grandmother took the fancy of dictating this history, her reason for doing so being, as I believe, what she has said upon the subject notwithstanding, that she desired me to become acquainted with the actual facts of my descent, and especially of the fraud which, in their deep love for their adopted son, my grandfather, she and her husband practised upon the Lord Glenthirsk of that day; this story, taken together with my lover's words, gave me much cause for thought, but I said nothing of it either to her or in writing to him, for I felt the matter to be delicate.

By each weekly mail I heard from Ralph, but although his letters were full of love and kindness, he said nothing of coming to see me, and this I could not understand, for I knew that it would not be difficult for him to take a few weeks' leave. Indeed, I was sore upon the point, and hinted as much to him in my letters, but still he made no answer to that part of it, although I told him that I thought it only right that he should see me in my Boer home, and there form his judgment of it and me.

Nearly six months had gone by since we parted, when one day we heard that a small body of troops was coming to the neighboring township to relieve the company stationed there. Further we heard that they were Highlanders, but this I did not believe, for, so far as I knew, Ralph's was the only Highland regiment in the colony, and he said nothing of any such movement in his letters from Durban.

One morning my great grandmother finished dictating her history, the ending of which seemed to affect her much, for when it was done she told me sharply to put the sheets away and let her hear or see no more of it. Then she rose with difficulty, for the dropsy in her limbs made her inactive, and walked with the help of a stick to the stoep, where she sat down, looking across the plain at the solemn range of the Drakensberg and thinking, without doubt, of that night of fear when my grandfather had rushed down its steeps upon the great schimmel to save her daughter and his wife from an awful death.

The stead was built under the lea of a projecting spur of the koppie, and over that spur runs a footpath leading to the township. Suddenly the old lady looked up and saw standing on the ridge of it, not twenty yards away from her, as though in doubt which way to turn, a man dressed in the kilted uniform of an officer of a Highland regiment the like of which she had never seen before.

"Dear Lord!" I heard her exclaim, "here is a white man wearing the moocha of a Kaffir. Suzanne! Suzanne! come and send away this indecent fellow."

Putting down my papers, I ran from the room and at a single glance saw that "the indecent fellow" was none other than Ralph himself. Then in my delight I lost my head, and forgetting everything except that my betrothed was there before me, I sprang from the stoep and, flying up the little slope, in another moment was in his arms. For a few seconds there was silence, then from behind me rose a dreadful shriek followed by cries for help. Freeing myself from Ralph's embrace, I looked round to see my great grandmother hobbling towards us with uplifted stick. Ralph put his eyeglass in his eye and looked at her.

"Who is this old lady, Suzanne?" he asked.

Before I could answer there came from her lips such a torrent of abuse and indignation as I had never heard before.

"What is she saying?" asked Ralph

again, who could not understand one word of Dutch. "She seems put out."

"It is my great grandmother, the Vrouw Botmar," I faltered, "and she does not understand—I have never told her."

"Ah, I see! Well, perhaps it would be as well to explain," he answered, which I accordingly began to do as best I could, feeling more foolish than ever I did before. As I stammered out my excuses I saw her face change, and guessed that she was no longer listening to me.

"Whom does the man remind me of?" she said, speaking to herself. "Allemachter! his face is the face of that English lord who visited us with the lawyer more than fifty years ago. Yes, his face is the face of Ralph's cousin. Girl," she added, turning on me fiercely, "tell me that man's name."

"His name is Lord Glenthirsk."

"Lord Glenthirsk! The same face and the same name and you in his arms. Is God then writing a sequel to the story which I finished this day? Come;" and she hobbled back to the stoep. "Be seated," she said when we had reached it. "Now, speak; no, Suzanne, give me that kaross."

I handed her the rug, wondering what she meant to do with it, and disturbed as I was, nearly burst into hysterics when I saw her solemnly place it upon Ralph's knees, saying, "It is not decent that I should be seated by a man who has lost his trousers."

"Would you kindly explain," said Ralph blandly, "what the old lady is at now? Really I do not feel cold."

"Your kilt shocks her," I stammered; "she thinks it is a moocha," whereat he broke into a roar of laughter.

"Silence," she said, in so vigorous a voice that he stopped at once. "Now tell your story; no, I forgot, the man is not educated; do you interpret for him, Suzanne."

"First I have something to say for myself," I answered, and in a few words

I told her that Ralph and I were affianced, though I had said nothing of it, because I wished to give him opportunity to change his mind if he should desire to do so.

"Change his mind!" said the old lady, with a glare of indignation. "I should like to see him dare to change his mind, this Englishman whom you seem to have honored thus, opsitting with him without my leave. Lord? What do I care for lords? The question is whether I should not order the half naked creature off the place; yes, and I would do it were not his face the face of Ralph's cousin, and his name the name Glenthirsk."

When I had interpreted as much of this speech as I thought necessary, there was a little silence, after which

Ralph began to speak.

"Listen, Suzanne," he said, "and repeat my words to your great grand-mother. She says that my name is Lord Glenthirsk, but within the last few days I have come to believe that it is nothing of the sort, but only plain Ralph Mackenzie."

"What do you mean?" I asked, astonished.

"I mean, Suzanne, that if your legitimate descent from the Ralph Mackenzie who was cast away about sixty years ago on the coast of the Transkei can be proved—as I believe it can, for I have made inquiries, and find that his marriage to your grandmother, to which her mother who still lives can bear witness, was duly registered—then, you are the Baroness Glenthirsk of Glenthirsk, and I, the descendant of a younger son, am only Lieutenant Ralph Mackenzie of her majesty's Highlanders."

"Oh, Ralph, how can this be?" I gasped. "I thought that in England men took the rank, not the women."

"So they do generally," he answered; "but as it happens in our family the title goes in the female line, and with it the estates. Suzanne, I am not speaking lightly; all this while that

I have kept away from you I have been inquiring in Scotland and the Cape, for I sent home the photographs of those miniatures and a statement of the facts, and upon my word I believe it to be true that you and no other are the heiress of our house."

Almost mechanically, for I was lost in amazement, I translated his words. My great grandmother thought a while

and said:

"Wonderful are the ways of the Lord, Who thus in my old age hearkens to my prayers and rolls from my back the load of my sin. Suzanne, ask that Scotchman if he still means to marry you;" and seeing me hesitate, as well I might, she struck her stick upon the floor and added, "Obey, girl, and ask."

So with great shame I asked, ex-

plaining that I was forced to it.

"Do I still mean to marry yoù, Suzanne?" he said, astonished. "Why, surely you must understand that the question is, do you still mean to marry me? When I begged you to take me some months ago I had much to offer; today, if things be as I am sure they are, I am but a penniless Scottish gentleman, while you are one of the richest and most noble ladies in Great Britain."

By way of answer I looked at him in a fashion which I trust he understood, but before I could speak Vrouw Botmar broke in, for, as usual, I had trans-

lated.

"Tell the man to stop talking about money and rank after his godless English manner. I wish to inquire of his morals and religion." And so she did clearly and at length, but I do not think that I need set down her questions or his answers.

At last, when we were both overwhelmed and gasping for breath, I refused flatly to ask anything more, whereon she ceased her examination,

saving:

"Well, if he speaks the truth, which is doubtful, he does not seem to be any worse than other men, though that is saying little enough. Is he sound in wind and limb, and what illnesses has he had?"

"You must ask him yourself," I replied, whereon she called me a mealy mouthed little fool and laughed. Then of a sudden she said, "Kneel, both of you;" and, strange as it may seem, we obeyed her, for we, and especially Ralph, were afraid of the old lady. Yes, there we knelt on the stoep before her, while a Kaffir girl stood outside and stared with her mouth open.

"Ralph Kenzie," she said, "whatever else you may be, at least you are an honest man like your grandfather before you, for were it not so you would never have come to tell this child that your fortune is her fortune, and your title her title, though whether this is the case or not, I neither know nor care, since at least you are of the blood of my adopted son, and that is more to me than any wealth or rank. As for you, Suzanne, you are pert and deceitful, for you have kept secret from me that which I had a right to learn; also you have too good an opinion of your own looks, which, as I tell you now for the last time, are nothing compared to my own at your age, or even to those of my daughter Suzanne, your grandmother. But this I will say, you have a good heart and some of the spirit of your forebears, therefore "-and she laid one of her heavy hands on the head of each of us-" I, old Suzanne Botmar, bless you both. You shall be married next week, and may you be happy in your marriage, and have children that would be a credit to me and your great grandfather, could we have lived to see them. There, there, Ralph and Suzanne—the first ones-will be glad to hear of this when I come to tell them of it, as I shall do shortly;" and she rose and hobbled back to the sitkammer, turning at the open door and calling out, "Girl, where are your manners? Make that Scotchman some coffee."

So we were married, and within the week, for, all my protestations notwithstanding, the Vrouw Botmar would suffer no delay; and indeed there was a cause for hurry, for just then Ralph's regiment was ordered to England.

It was a strange sight, that marriage, for my great grandmother attended it seated on the voor kisse of her best wagon drawn by eighteen white oxen, and with her husband, old Jan Botmar, whom she caused to be carried to the wagon and tied in it in his chair. He, poor man, knew nothing of what was passing, but from some words he let fall we gathered that he believed that he was once more starting on the great trek from the Transkei. Ralph, he thought, was his adopted child, perhaps because of some inherited similarity of voice, for he called him "son," but my presence puzzled him, for he said once or twice, "So Suzanne has escaped from that hell hound, Swart Piet. Have you killed the dog, Ralph?"

Thus we went to the little church where the chaplain of the regiment was to wed us, the pipers going first, playing a wild marriage march on their bagpipes, next came Ralph and I walking side by side, and after us the wagon with my great grandparents, while the rear was brought up by a guard of honor formed of every available man in the company. Outside the church the wagon was halted, and from it the Vrouw Botmar witnessed the ceremony, causing the register to be brought to her to sign, which she did, resting the book on the back of the Kaffir driver, down whose back she upset all the ink.

"Never mind," she said, not the least disturbed; "it cannot make the poor creature blacker than he is."

"Oh, how can I leave you, grandmother?" I said to her afterwards.

"Child," she answered, with a stern face, "in my youth, to keep one I loved near to me, I committed a great sin; now by way of penance I part from one I love; yes, being yet alive, I say farewell forever to the last of my race. for thus in age do we pay for the sins of youth. Go, and God go with you."

So I placed my hand in that of my

husband and went. When we reached ture of Suzanne Botmar. It was very this country it was proved that the rank and estates were mine by law, for the evidence of my descent was too strong to be disputed. I did not wish to take either, but Ralph insisted on it and I was overruled. Indeed, had I not done so, it seems that confusion and endless lawsuits might have resulted in the future, perhaps after I am dead.

Six months afterwards, in this castle of Glenthirsk. I received a letter at the foot of which was scrawled the signashort and ran thus:

DAUGHTER SUZANNE:

Last night your great grandfather died. Today I buried him, and tomorrow I shall die also. Till we meet in Heaven, if your pomp and riches will allow you to come there, farewell to you and your husband, whom I love because Ralph Kenzie's blood is in his veins.

As I learned by the same mail, on the morrow she did die, for even in this she would not be thwarted, and was buried by the side of her husband, Jan Botmar.

THE END.



ENGLISH OPERA AT THE AMERICAN.

When the Castle Square Opera Company began its performances at the American Theater on Christmas Day, 1897, New Yorkers expected to judge of them simply from the popular price standpoint. To be able to hear "Trovatore" sung in any style for a quarter, from a top gallery reached by an elevator, was considered remarkable in itself. But the season had not gone very far before the chorus impressed itself on the public as the best body of singers in dramatic work the city had lately heard, and "almost the equal of the Castle Square chorus" has come to be a standard of comparison for the critics. As to the principals, they have done faithful, conscientious work in many lines, thirty three different operas having been brought out during the year, which included a summer vacation of little more than two months. Grace Golden, Lizzie Macnichol, Yvonne de Treville, Adelaide Norwood, Joseph Sheehan, and William G. Stewart are among the list of favorites who have made records entitling them to the intelligent criticism of the Tuesday papers, not the mere mention of the production for the sake of retaining the advertisement of the theater, which is the usual way of dealing with "off Broadway" houses.

Perhaps the company's best hold, artistically, is with such operas as "The Bohemian Girl" and "Martha." Miss Norwood and Miss Macnichol as Martha and Nancy so captivate the ear with Flotow's melodies that one quite forgets to compare them with more famous impersonators.

These two singers were born in cities not

very far apart-Miss Macnichol in Washington and Miss Norwood in Baltimore. The former's first lessons in singing were obtained from Dr. E. S. Kimball, of the national capital. Dr. Kimball passed her on to Signor Agramonte in New York, who coached her for her début on the operatic stage. It was during this period that she sang for a time in the choir of Dr. Chapin's church. Her first appearance on the stage was made June 1, 1888, as Lazarillo in "Maritana," with the Hinrichs Company, at the Grand Opera House, Philadelphia. Two years later she joined the Emma Juch forces, and sang the contralto rôles with them for three seasons, after which came her creation of Flora MacDonald in "Rob Roy." She joined the Castle Square organization in Philadelphia three years ago, and is held in almost affectionate regard by its clientele in more cities than one.

In private life Miss Macnichol is Mrs. C. L. Reitz, her husband being a business man. In an interview given to the Dramatic Mirror a year ago she stated, in reply to a rumor about her intended retirement from the stage, that she was rather distraught between her liking for her home and her fondness for her work, which was purely a labor of love. She bemoaned the fact that she had been compelled, from the very outset of her career as Lazarillo, to wear tights so frequently, and hoped that she doesn't look as foolish as she feels when called upon to make love to another woman.

Miss Norwood began with the Castle Square company in September, 1896, while it was still in Boston. Her first parts were unimportant ones, but both in her singing and in her acting she showed such intelligent response to training and experience that she was quickly promoted. Her work as *Leonora* in "Trovatore" is really of remarkable excellence, and all who are interested in the development of native born singers may find it worth while to watch her career.

POLYGLOT OPERA AT THE METROPOLITAN.

Time was when the term "Italian opera" meant, in this country at least, the only sort of grand opera obtainable. Owen Meredith's hackneyed "Aux Italiens" refers to an opera house for which the Parisians no longer have any use. In short, the reign of Italy in the realm of music has been overthrown, in so far as the language in which songs are sung is concerned, and grand opera at the Metropolitan is now given, for the most part, in the tongue that was native to its composer. This winter the Grau company has warbled its high priced notes in German for Wagner, in French for Gounod, and in Italian for Rossini, and there was even a rumor that Balfe's "Bohemian Girl" was to be performed in English.

In the prospectus for the season Wagner's name appeared more often than that of any other composer, although at this writing more frequent repetitions have been given of "The Barber of Seville" and "Romeo and Juliet" than of any other titles. It was in the last named that Suzanne Adams made her début early in January, scoring more in brilliant promise than in actual performance. On the other hand, Mme. Schumann-Heink,



ADELAIDE NORWOOD, SOPRANO OF THE CASTLE SQUARE OPERA COMPANY.

From a photograph by Eddowes, New York.



LIZZIE MACNICHOL, OF THE CASTLE SQUARE OPERA COMPANY, AS "CARMEN."

From a photograph by Eddowes, New York.

the German contralto, who sang for the first time before an American audience a week later as *Ortrud* in "Lohengrin," aroused

genuine enthusiasm in her hearers.

Andreas Dippel, whose portrait is given herewith, was a member of the German company at the Metropolitan some years ago. Meanwhile he has been singing in Stuttgart and Vienna. His Siegfried is a favorite impersonation with his European audiences. Marie Engle, who is the Forest Bird in "Siegfried," has been with the Grau forces in former seasons. She is an American, and has a pleasing voice and an engaging stage presence. Her contract calls for two appearances a week, and for these she is paid,

whether she sings or not. As to the other operatic artists portrayed, the German dramatic soprano, Olga Pevny, comes to us from Darmstadt. Louise Meisslinger has been heard before at the Metropolitan, during the Damrosch German régime. Both figure in the Wagner cycles. Victor Maurel, the great baritone, made his reappearance on New Year's night as Don Giovanni, in a cast that sparkled with stars, for besides M. Maurel it included Nordica, Sembrich, Lilli Lehmann, and Édouard de Reszke. Maurel's big hit as Falstaff is part of a previous season's history, and in 1894, also at the Metropolitan, he held a great house enchained by his Iago. Eames was the Desdemona, and Tamagno the Othello.

Prices for seats at the Metropolitan range from five dollars for an orchestra chair to one dollar for a place in the rear rows of the fifth balcony. A grand tier box (second balcony) holding six persons sells for sixty dollars for a single performance, or for the entire season of eighty six performances the

CLYDE FITCH, AUTHOR OF "NATHAN HALE" AND "THE MOTH AND THE FLAME."

From his latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

subscription price is four thousand dollars. On Saturday, the popular night, an orchestra chair costs but half the usual charge, and during the present season the management has even "thrown in" star singers on these occasions.

WHY CALVÉ DID NOT COME.

Calvé disappointed Mr. Grau by no means willingly or wilfully. Illness was the sole cause that kept her from crossing the sea to add the one voice lacking in a collection rivaled by no other opera house in the world. It may be that her broken health is due to the tremendous strain of her latest rôle, Sapho, in the opera of that name, written especially for her by Massenet. It was produced in Paris last year, and its tax on the prima donna's powers proved so great that Calvé was accustomed to lie in bed all day before a performance, and to betake herself there again for an equal length of time on the day after.

Her Paris home is in the Place des Etats Unis, where Miss Post, an American girl who has resided in Paris for most of her life, is said to be her most frequent visitor. Calvé is exceedingly fond of reading, and her latest fad is occultism. She receives on Sunday evenings, on which occasions she is

frequently teased into singing for the pure enjoyment of her friends, and sometimes gives them "Carmen" to her own accom-

paniment on the autoharp.

Calvé is now at her winter home in the south of France, where she can be sure of securing the rest needful to her convalescence. Here she owns a castle, picturesque and ancient as to exterior, but within abounding in every modern comfort. Not far away is the home for friendless orphan girls which the singer herself founded and supports.

It was in this part of France, near the Pyrenees, that Calvé was born, of a French mother and a Spanish father. Her début in opera was made at Brussels, in 1882, as Marguerite in "Faust."

JOSEPH HERBERT, COMEDIAN AND PLAYWRIGHT.

This magazine has already called attention to the worthy work in play writing done by players themselves. Pinero was once an actor, Madeleine Lucette Ryley was an important figure in the early days of "Patience"; Henry V. Esmond, not all of whose plays are failures, is a member of the London St.

member of the London St. James company, and Leo Ditrichstein, the original Zou Zou of "Trilby," has



SIDNEY HERBERT, OF AUGUSTIN DALY'S STOCK COMPANY.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

collaborated more than once with Clyde Fitch. And it was with "Thrilby," the first burlesque on the Potter play, that Joseph Herbert, comedian, secured general recognition as a dramatic author.

Like the other Herbert pictured in this number of THE MUN-SEY, Joseph W. is an Englishman. He is of the same age as his namesake. His comparative youth is a matter of astonishment to those who have seen him only across the footlights, as he has confined himself almost exclusively to old men parts, of which he is a decidedly clever impersonator.

He came to America when a boy, settled in Chicago, and in the early eighties joined the Chicago church choir company, organized to present Gil-Sullivan bert and operas. One eventful night he was promoted from the chorus to take the part of the Lord Chancellor in "Iolanthe," the professional engaged for it failing to appear. He has stuck to the professional stage ever since, creating, among others, such important parts as Sandy MacSherry, town crier, in "Rob Roy"; Courte Botte de Roquencourt, of the ancien régime, in "Lost, Strayed, or Stolen"; and (for America at least) M. Auguste Pompier, French spy, in "The Girl from Paris.' Last season he was at Dalv's, and at this writing he is doing some of the best work of his life as Count Berezowski, a

Polish composer and pianist, in "The When these have been forthcoming in the Fortune Teller," with the Alice Nielsen company.

Mr. Herbert began to write plays about eight years ago, but had no little trouble in

getting his first one produced. His "Geezer," a burlesque on "The Geisha," for Weber and Fields, proved a great hit, and had much to do with launching their music hall on that tide of prosperity which appears to

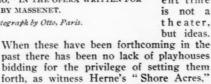
know no ebbing.

THE AMERICAN DRAMA AND CLYDE FITCH.

Early in the present year there was talk about the erection in New York of a theater to be devoted exclusively to American plays. It was claimed that the native drama had no opportunity for a hearing against the competition from the other side, whence managers could import plays that had already proved themselves winners. and thus do away with the brain work of deciding for themselves between good and bad work. It was stated that outside capital had been offered for such a venture, but it was undeniably a straw in the wind that the prime mover in the enterprise was an American playwright, who once was mightily successful, but whose latest offering was shelved by the manager for whom it was written, while at least three of the four other men mentioned as associated with him in furthering the scheme are just now cooling their heels

in a long wait be-

tween hits. What A merican dramatists want at the present time is not a theater.



Belasco's "Heart of Maryland," and Gil-

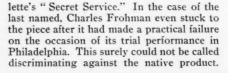


EMMA CALVÉ AS "SAPHO," IN THE OPERA WRITTEN FOR HER BY MASSENET.

From a photograph by Otto, Paris.



LOUISE MEISSLINGER, OF THE GRAU GRAND OPERA COMPANY.





OLGA PEVNY, OF THE GRAU GRAND OPERA COM-

From a photograph—Copyrighted, 1898, by Aimé Dupont, From a photograph—Copyrighted, 1898, by Aimé Dupont, New York.

Refer to the review of last season, given in this magazine for July, 1898, and six American successes will be found to offset three imported ones.

Clyde Fitch furnishes an example our other playwrights would do well to imitate



MARIE ENGLE, OF THE GRAU GRAND OPERA COMPANY, AS "MARGUERITE" IN "FAUST." From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

in preference to going about buttonholing capitalists and bemoaning the alleged decay of the domestic drama. He has had his failures, plenty of them, but he has not sat down under them and sought to put the blame on other people's shoulders. Instead, he seeks to learn from them what the public does not want, and builds his next venture accord-

Mr. Fitch is still quite a young man. His first writings were stories for children. His initial success in the play line was "Beau Brummell," for Mansfield; another hit was the curtain raiser, "Frederic Lemaitre"; still another his adaptation from the French of "The Masked Ball," in which John Drew made his début as a star, and which crowned Maude Adams with the immediate favor of the public. After that came some potboilers and fiascos, but Mr. Fitch was undaunted, kept steadily at work, and finally out of one of his own feebler efforts he evolved his clever play, "The Moth and the Flame"; and then came his best achievement, " Nathan Hale."

AN IMPORTANT NAME ON THE DALY ROSTER. Sidney Herbert, now in his tenth year at Daly's, has made a more marked advance in public esteem during the present season than any other member of the company.



VICTOR MAUREL, OF THE GRAU GRAND OPERA COMPANY.

From a copyrighted photograph by A imé Dupont, New York.



ANDREAS DIPPEL, OF THE GRAU GRAND OPERA COMPANY, AS "LOHENGRIN."

From a photograph by Adèle, Vienna.

His Shylock received the tribute of applause from the public, while his Fouché in " Madame Sans Gêne" was almost the only impersonation in that ill fated revival to gain the unanimous indorsement of the critics.

Born in London in 1863, Herbert, as a boy, was one of the hatless brigade of the Bluecoat School, from which he passed to a clerical position in a large London water company; but he was so fond of private theatricals that at the end of two years he foresaw dismissal and saved his dignity by resigning. Henceforward the stage claimed



FRANK WORTHING, LEADING MAN WITH ANNIE RUSSELL, AS THE "DUC DE COUTRAS" IN "CATHERINE."

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.



DOROTHY SHERROD, WIFE AND LEADING WOMAN OF TIM MURPHY IN "THE CARPETBAGGER."

From a photograph by Strauss, St. Louis.



VINCENT SERRANO, WHO SUC-CEEDS JOSEPH HOLLAND AS "GEORGE MANTEL" IN "CATHERINE."

From a photograph by Baker, Columbus, Ohio.

him, his first professional engagement being in 1881 with "Our Boys."

It was a provincial company, with E. S. Willard as stage manager and juvenile man, and Mr. Herbert recalls with gratitude the kindness and patience with which Willard, who had been called to London, coached him to take the vacant place. When, at the end of six months, young Herbert stepped into Willard's shoes and had his salary raised, he remembers thinking how easy the profession was. He adds that he has changed his mind since then.

The next year he had a part in Pinero's first play, "The Money Spinner," in which he is supposed to blow out his brains in the first act. This left him unoccupied for the remainder of the evening, and the thrifty manager, hearing that Herbert had "been something in the city," asked him to assist

in the business direction of the company. As the rôle called for little "make up," the player was sometimes recognized when he made his appearance in the front of the house, and one night he overheard a man remark to a friend, "Look, Bill, there's the cove wot shot 'is bloomin' 'ed off!"

Herbert's subsequent move was to London, where he appeared at the Strand and other theaters in such plays as "The Guv'nor" and "On 'Change" (the English name for "The Big Bonanza"). He came to America in 1886 with Mrs. Langtry, and remained with her for three seasons. It was while he was playing in "Esther Sandraz" that he fell under the notice of Mr. Daly, "from whom," as Mr. Herbert himself puts it, "I was fortunate enough to secure an engagement." In this congenial atmosphere he has played more than fifty



MARCIA VAN DRESSER, AP-PEARING AS "VARINKA" WITH ALICE NIELSEN IN "THE FORTUNE TELLER."

From a photograph by Schloss, New York.



ISABELLE EVESSON, PLAYING
"CLAIRE HARVEST" IN THE
MUCH DISPUTED FARCE,
"THAT MAN."

From a photograph by Kuebler, Philadelphia,



RICHIE LING, "SIR HARRY BUMPER" IN DALY'S REVIVAL OF "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago. parts, prominent among them being Touchstone in "As You Like It"; Don Armado in "Love's Labor Lost"; Sir Benjamin Backbite in "The School for Scandal"; Count de Guiche in "Cyrano," and Don John in "Much Ado About Nothing."

Mr. Herbert's fad is photography, and a picture he took of himself as *Don John* won a bronze medal at the last exhibition of the American Institute.

In "The Great Ruby" Mr. Herbert is

Julie Opp, who is this winter back again with George Alexander's St. James Theater company.

"CATHERINE" AND HER TWO LOVERS.

Although "Catherine" is by no means a well written play, it helped to admit its author, Henri Lavedan, to the French Academy, and has registered itself among the many successes of the present American season. The vogue of the drama here is prob-



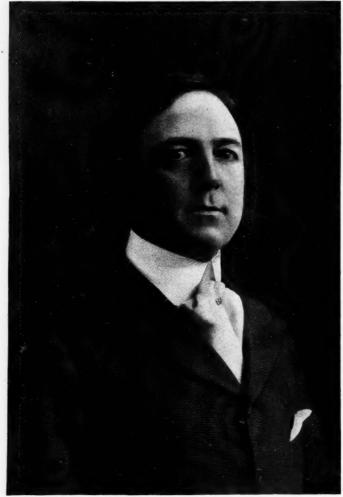
ANNETTE SPENCER, LATE OF AUGUSTIN DALY'S MUSICAL COMEDY COMPANY.

From a photograph by Aimé Dupont, New York.

cast for *Brett*, the detective, which a London critic noted as one of the most arduous parts in the play. Considerable interest will attach to the success Mr. Daly may meet with in his return to melodrama, a field he has neglected since the days of "Under the Gaslight." If the "Ruby" proves a really valuable gem for him, he will probably refrain from playing his second trump card for the season—the "Forty Thieves" pantomime, also from Drury Lane.

It may interest theater goers to learn that the rôle of *Prince Kassim* in the "Ruby," played by Charles Richman, was created in London by Robert Loraine, the husband of ably accounted for by the splendid cast with which Mr. Charles Frohman supplied it. Annie Russell, Frank Worthing, Mr. and Mrs. Le Moyne, Elsie de Wolfe, and Joseph Holland would be almost equal to carrying a "Worth a Million" through a winter.

Annie Russell, who is a sister of Tommy Russell, of "Fauntleroy" memory, began to act when she was a little girl of ten in Montreal. After that she came to New York and played *Josephine* in a juvenile "Pinafore" company with Harry Woodruff, and later appeared at Wallack's in children's parts with the matinee hero of the day, Harry Montague. As will doubtless be recalled, Miss



CHAUNCEY OLCOTT, STARRING IN ROMANTIC IRISH DRAMA.

From a photograph by Rosser, Pittsburg.

Russell's first "grown up" hit in the metropolis was in "Esmeralda." After that came another great success in "Elaine," followed by a period of illness, which kept her off the stage for half a decade. She returned to it as Margery in "The New Woman," a play which failed to score, and the next year came "Sue," in which she delighted Londoners last summer.

Frank Worthing, leading man in "Catherine," is the earnest, painstaking English actor who preceded Charles Richman at Daly's. It is something of a coincidence that Mr. Richman supported Annie Russell when Worthing was with Mr. Daly. For the past few seasons Mr. Worthing has been with the Frawley stock company in Cali-

fornia. Last summer he spent in England, and while there played Sothern's rôle in "The Auctioneer," the British name for "The Highest Bidder." At that time he was mentioned as likely to create John Storm, in "The Christian," but the transfer to "Catherine" was determined on, and to the complex character of the duke who gets what he wants and even then isn't satisfied, Mr. Worthing brings dignity of bearing and an intelligent interpretation of the young man's varying moods.

Vincent Serrano, who takes Joseph Holland's place in the "Catherine" company as *George Mantel*, the discarded lover, has been for the two past seasons with Crane. He began his career seven years ago with



STAGE FOR "TRELAWNY OF THE 'WELLS.'"

From a photograph by Pach, New York.

THOMAS WHIFFEN, MANAGING THE

Marian in Daly's touring "Foresters" company. With Nat Goodwin she criginated the leading part in Augustus Thomas' "In Mizzoura." At present she is being starred in Hoyt's "A Contented Woman," whose chief character was the last rôle created by the late Mrs. Caroline Miskel Hoyt.

#### FROM MINSTREL TO STAR.

While theaters multiply in the metropolis, two of the amusements of the last generation of Gothamites are conspicuous by their absence. These are the minstrels and the circus. For several years Lent's circus, opposite the Academy of Music, was a standard attraction throughout the season, but now New York must needs get along without even Barnum for six weeks in the spring. Ring acts have been distributed among the music halls and continuous performance houses. As to the minstrel shows, their history has run almost parallel with that

of the circus. In the sixties New York had no less than three companies devoted to this form of entertainment - Dan Bryant's, Kelly and Leon's, and the San Francisco, of which latter Birch and Backus were the leading spirits.

This organization, as the name implies, emanated from the Golden Gate City, and it was here that Chauncey Olcott began his career, in the

Augustin Daly, and has appeared at the Lyceum and also for a season with Mansfield.

BELLE ARCHER, PIONEER AND PLAYER.

In our October number we had something to say about Sothern's various leading women, before it was settled that Edith Crane should take the place of Virginia Harned in "The King's Musketeer. Miss Harned (Mrs.

Sothern) has gone to Europe to rest for a season. Herewith we present the portrait of the first of the series-Belle Archer, who created parts in "The Highest Bidder" and "Lord Chumley.'

Besides being a clever actress, Miss Archer has the distinction of having opened a new field for woman's work. This was in 1893, when she went in advance of Carrie Turner as press agent. To be sure, the tour collapsed-who shall say it was not because the newspapers devoted more space to her representative than to the star herself?-but this does not rob Miss Archer of her honors as a pioneer.

Miss Archer's native town is Easton, Pennsylvania, and she began to act in a child's part with Mr. and Mrs. Florence in "The Mighty Dollar." She was also Meenie with Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle," and after she was grown enacted Maid



JOSEPH HERBERT, COMEDIAN AND PLAYWRIGHT.



MARY DRUMMOND HAY, INGÉNUE IN THE HAZEL WOOD COMPANY. From a thotograph by Lamson, Portland, Me.



From her latest photograph by Sarony New York.

black face ranks, as manager and tenor of Emerson's Minstrels. On leaving the Pacific coast he journeyed almost to the Atlantic and joined the Carncross troupe, the once famed Philadelphia minstrels. After that he washed his face and went into the Duff Opera Company, and then sang with Lillian Russell and the McCaull people, finally going to England to study his art.

Meanwhile Augustus Pitou, once a member of Edwin Booth's company, who had become manager of the San Francisco Opera House, as the little fire trap (now Sam T. Jack's) was called when the minstrels gave way to variety turns in 1881—Mr. Pitou, we say, kept his eye on the youth Olcott, and when Scanlan, while singing in "Mayour-

neen," lost his reason, Chauncey Olcott was at once selected to fill his place.

He sticks sturdily to Irish plays of the romantic vein, all of which are written for him by his manager, Mr. Pitou; and children are invariably prominent features of the casts, with now and then a dog thrown in. "A Romance of Athlone," his newest play, is built on the old order, and it has proved as popular as the others. There are indeed few, if any, stars who enjoy such an even round of prosperity as this graduate from the burnt cork school.

#### AS TO "ZAZA."

There are theaters in New York where indecencies are made to order, where plays



BERTHA CREIGHTON, LEADING WOMAN OF THE WOODWARD STOCK COMPANY, OMAHA.



LILLIAN LAWRENCE, LEADING WOMAN OF THE CASTLE SQUARE THEATER, BOSTON.

From a photograph by Purdy, Boston.

From her latest photograph by Hayes, Detroit.

are twisted and distorted that they may appeal to the depraved taste which the management recognizes as the distinguishing characteristic of its own particular public. Such things are as false to art as they are shocking to morals, and the surest way for the press to bring about a reform is not by censure, which is only advertisement, but by ignoring their very existence.

The much discussed and maligned "Zaza" is not a play for the "young person," certainly, but it is, in the main, at least honest with itself; its heroine must be the brazen thing she is to be true to her bringing up, to her environment.

Why select such creatures for stage portrayal, asks your self appointed censor? It is a pity, we admit, but we are not ready to agree that it is done merely for mercenary reasons. More money will be made in this country out of "The Little Minister" than can possibly be coined out of "Zaza," because there are more people eager to enjoy a good play than to see great acting. "Cyrano de Bergerac," "Trelawny of the Wells," and "Nathan Hale," all three sweet and pure, are box office winners far in excess of the malodorous shows seeking to lure the misguided by scantiness of costume or suggestiveness of act. The excuse for "Zaza" in America is Mrs. Leslie Carter; in France it was Réjane.

Leaving all other points out of the discussion, it must be conceded that there is more art in Zaza's renunciation of her lover after she has witnessed the peace of his home than in Maryland Calvert's swinging to and fro on a bell clapper. Mrs. Carter, in impersonating the new rôle, has made an immense forward stride in her career; if she could have accomplished as much with a less unpleasant theme for a vehicle, so much the better would it have been for the stage as an institution, for such plays as "Zaza" and "Camille" only block the path of its progress toward the widespread popularity enjoyed by the novel.

The fact that Mrs. Carter is not pretty emphasizes the success that she has made, allowing all the credit to go to her own genius, and to the unflagging perseverance of the man who taught her and wrote her plays, David Belasco. Belasco was born in San Francisco, where he literally grew up in the theater, beginning by playing small parts as a child. As time went on, he did all sorts of odd jobs about Baldwin's, from acting as call boy to "faking" plays at short notice. His first success with original work was "Hearts of Oak," on which he collaborated with James A. Herne, of "Shore Acres" fame. Then he came to New York and wrote a play all his own-" May Blossom," which was a great hit at the Madison Square Theater when that temple of Thespis was managed by a clergyman. After that he went into partnership with a school teacher,

James De Mille, and turned out "The Wife," "The Charity Ball," and "Men and Women," all of them money earners for their managers.

association with In Franklin Fyles, dramatic editor of the New York Sun, he wrote "The Girl I Left Behind Me" for the opening of Charles Frohman's Empire Theater, and the play proved so good that Belasco was commissioned to prepare another for the second season of the The result was house. "The Younger Son," a failure so colossal that it has grown to be famous. "The Heart of Mary-land" put him on his feet again. He has since written another play for Mrs.

Carter, but this has been set aside until after his adaptation of "Zaza" has run its

The incidents in the first act of "Zaza," representing what goes on behind the scenes of a Parisian theater, cannot be called realistic. It is rumored that Mr. Belasco



DAVID BELASCO, ADAPTER OF "ZAZA" AND AUTHOR OF "THE HEART OF MARYLAND."

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.



BELLE ARCHER, APPEARING IN THE NAME PART OF "A CONTENTED WOMAN."

From her latest photograph-Copyrighted, 1898, by Schloss, New York.

has introduced some of them merely to give his star a breathing spell in her arduous labors. Certain it is that such boisterous behavior on the part of the players, and such constant irruptions of outsiders, would be tolerated in no theater or music hall of New York. Indeed, the region known as the "wings" in a metropolitan playhouse is as decorous as any counting room, and ordinarily far quieter.

It may be of interest to mention that Herbert Millward, stage manager Joly of "Zaza," acted in that capacity for "The Heart of Maryland," and is a brother of Jessie Millward.

The leading man in "Zaza" is Charles A. Stevenson, husband of Kate Claxton, and his work in a rôle that cannot be very congenial has been generally commended. We give a portrait of Mabel Howard, who plays the part of his wife, Mme. Dufrène. This is Miss Howard's first season on the stage, her début having been made in the autumn with Mansfield in the small rôle of the First Actress in "Cyrano de Bergerac." She is originally from Indianapolis, but has lived of late years in Cincinnati. This is her third year as a student at the Empire Theater Dramatic School, where she will graduate this month.

"BECAUSE SHE LOVED HIM SO."

The public was at first inclined to laugh at this title of William Gillette's latest output, an adaptation from the French. It was called "Jealousy" in the original, and "The Dove Cot" in the translation used last season in London, from which latter Mr. Gillette's version departs to a very great and a



MABEL HOWARD, NOW APPEARING AS "MME. DUFRENE" IN "ZAZA."

From a photograph by Schloss, New York.

very improving extent. The comedy is crowded with complications, and the part played in them by a loving old couple, capitally set forth by J. E. Dodson and Kate Meek, infuses a vein of tender sentiment which is probably what inspired the Boston Transcript to describe the piece as "the 'Little Minister' of farce." When the final curtain falls the name is seen to be used in an aptly humorous fashion, thoroughly justifying itself.

A wife's unreasoning jealousy of her husband is not as new on the stage as electricity—nor, for that matter, as new as scenery; but one of the charms of modern comedy consists in watching how close its devisers can steer to old plots without wrecking themselves on the rock of plagiar-

ism. The twists and turns that carry them back into the safe waters of originality mark the beacon lights of success. And of these there are plenty in "Because She Loved Him So." It is a great hit and deserves to be. Old and young will enjoy it, and can safely view its performance in company, for the odor thereof is sweet.

Charles Frohman has provided a cast which, for uniform excellence, has been compared to that of "Catherine." Ida Conquest, who scored in the lead of "Under the Red Robe" two seasons ago, uses her opportunities as the young wife to the best advantage, and Edwin Arden, last year Sir John Oxon in "A Lady of Quality," appears perfectly at ease in the harness of this utterly dissimilar part, that of a husband who ex-



SARA PERRY, LEADING WOMAN WITH GILLETTE IN "SECRET SERVICE."

From her latest photograph—Copyrighted, 1898, by Schloss, New York.

ercises patience to its farthest limit and then seeks refuge in grimly viewing the humors of his own misery.

#### THE YOUNGEST STAGE MANAGER.

Among our portraits is that of the youngest stage manager in the country—at any rate, among the first class companies. This is Thomas Whiffen, a son of the late comedian of the same name, and of Mrs. Whiffen, long a favorite member of the Lyceum stock, in which she is at present playing Mrs. Mossop, the landlady, in "Trelawny." Young Whiffen is Mr. Denzil, appearing in the last act of the same piece, and he also looks after the details of the whole performance.

He is only twenty one, and was born in New York. Last season he played the part of the butler with Annie Russell in the first performance of "Dangerfield, '95," and when James K. Hackett started on his starring tour last fall, young Whiffen produced "The Tree of Knowledge" for him.

#### SUGGESTED BY "THAT MAN."

William Gillette's cleverness in avoiding suggestiveness in his adaptation of "Because She Loved Him So" from the French of "Jalouse," is in marked contrast to the crude way in which nastiness was pitchforked in among the strikingly original situations conceived for the native born farce "That Man." Here was a play whose central idea was new, but which was spoiled for the best market by the lugging in of such cheap bids for a certain kind of favor as an old woman in tights and a young one on the table.

There is a sharp dispute between the woman who wrote the play and the other woman who produced it, the former claiming that the changes made by the latter robbed the piece of its merits, while the latter-none other than Mrs. A. M. Palmer, wife of Mansfield's manager-asserts that without these changes the play would not have been worth the showing. If the author, Mrs. Vivanti Chartres, whose stories have appeared in this magazine, can prove that the indelicacies have been inserted against her wishes, she is certainly entitled to double commiseration-on the score of an offended artistic and moral sense, and also because a cleaner play of this really clever type would be a bigger money earner than the mongre! thing managerial tinkering made of it.

#### THE STAGE IN LONDON AND PARIS.

After all the unpleasant gossip about Irving being "stranded," as it were, it turns out that he is fast recovering from the broken health which forced him to interrupt his tour of the English provinces; that he is to return to the Lyceum in April with his new play, "Robespierre"; that Ellen Terry is to be his leading woman as heretofore, and that



MARIE BURROUGHS, LEADING WOMAN WITH STUART ROBSON IN "THE MEDDLERS." From her latest photograph'-Copyrighted by Aimé Dupont, New York.

they are both coming to America in the fall. So playgoers need not be saving up their pennies just yet to drop in the hat which certain newsmongers appear to be anxious to pass around in behalf of the leading living actor.

In London, Dumas' famous guardsmen

In Paris the newly opened Opéra Comique is pronounced a failure so far as comfort, acoustics, and beauty are concerned. "Struensee," the novelty at the Comédie Française, has not set the Seine afire; on the other hand, "Cyrano de Bergerac" is still keeping Coquelin from producing new plays



ELLEN BEACH YAW, AN AMERICAN SINGER NOW APPEARING AT CONCERTS IN LONDON.

From her latest photograph—Copyrighted by George Steckel, Los Angeles.

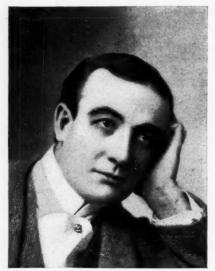
continue to dominate the West End drama, "The Three Musketeers" being on at the Garrick, and "The Musketeers" at Her Majesty's. The former's D'Artagnan is Robert Loraine, the latter's is of course Beerbohm Tree, with our Mrs. Brown Potter (as she now calls herself) and Frank Mills in his support.

Among the long runs are "A Runaway Girl" at the Gaiety, "Lord and Lady Algy," and the two American importations, "The Belle of New York" and "What Happened to Jones," which have been going on steadily, the one from April 12 of last year, the other from July 12. John Hare has taken the Globe, where he has made a hit in the revival of another old Robertson comedy, "School."

at the Porte St. Martin. At the Nouveautés "On and Off," in the original, has just been succeeded by "La Dame de Chez Maxim," by Georges Feydeau, who wrote "The Gay Parisians." The new farce, which we are to see in America next season, introduces an electric anesthetic chair, and has made a great hit.

IN THE POPULAR PRICE STOCK COMPANIES.

The continuous performance is not the only form of entertainment which, within the past year or two, has drawn its exponents from prominent organizations playing in the dollar and a half and two dollar houses. In the November number we had something to say about the repertoire companies throughout the country that were



WILLIAM COURTLEIGH, NOW APPEARING AS "FERDINAND GADD" IN "TRELAWNY OF THE 'WELLS."

From his latest photograph by Falk, New York.

doing good work at fifty cents an orchestra chair. This month we give portraits of Bertha Creighton, formerly leading woman with Sol Smith Russell, now filling the same position with the Woodward Stock Company in Omaha (where she recently made a success as Roxane in "Cyrano"), and of Lillian Lawrence, of the Castle Square Theater, Boston, whose Lady Isabel, in "East Lynne," is considered one of the best the Hub has lately seen. J. H. Gilmour, who created the Earl in "Fauntleroy," plays the opposite lead.



ELIZABETH TYREE, NOW APPEARING AS "AVONIA BUNN" (WIFE OF "FERDINAND GADD") IN "TRELAWNY OF THE 'WELLS."

From her latest photograph by Schloss, New York.

•In St. Louis, Minnie Seligman recently became leading woman of the Grand Opera House stock company, and she has in her support Hobart Bosworth and Marie St. John, both from Daly's. Sandol Milliken, of the Murray Hill Theater, New York, whose picture appeared last month, is also from Daly's. Although the Donnelly company at the Murray Hill gives twelve performances a week—and excellent ones they are, too—there are no rehearsals on Sunday. This plan gives the players one day and evening in seven of complete rest.



QUARTET FROM THE LAST ACT OF "THE JOLLY MUSKETEER," NOW BEING PLAYED BY THE JEFFERSON DE ANGELIS COMPANY.

From a photograph by Kuebler, Philadelphia.

Mary Drummond Hay is a Portland (Maine) girl, who won applause as an amateur for her *Polly Eccles* in "Caste," and then, deciding to become a professional, persevered in visits to a Boston agent for three weeks before she finally secured an opening, with the company organized by George W. Wilson, the comedian of the old Boston Museum stock.

Lillian Lawrence, by the way, sang for three years in comic opera at the California Theater, San Francisco. She is a native of Alexandria, West Virginia, but was educated in the Golden Gate State, where she began to act when she was thirteen. Nine years ago she came East, and after playing leads with Thomas Keene in the classical drama, succeeded Blanche Walsh in "The Great Diamond Robbery." For the season of '96-'97 she was leading woman in the Girard Avenue stock. Philadelphia, from which she passed to her present position at the Castle Square, Boston. Her versatility is remarkable, ranging from the juvenile June in " Blue Jeans, to the adventuress Zicka in "Diplomacy."

The amusement field appears to be pretty well occupied, but there would seem to be room for the man (or why not a woman?) who will provide a vaudeville entertainment that shall positively not run beyond two hours and contain absolutely no "chasers"—acts used in the "continuous" theaters to empty the house and make room for a fresh audience.

Let a man see the burlesque on "Catherine" at Weber & Fields', and then attend a performance of the real play for the first time, and he will be amazed to find how closely the comic version holds to the original, which was tempting prey to travesty because it needed but a slight distortion to make it funny. But we would not detract from the credit due to the performers, however easy the task that fell to the adapters. Fay Templeton surprised everybody by her work in the name part. She carries throughout the woebegone countenance assumed by Annie Russell as the heroine on the constant "hunt for trouble," and has caught Miss Russell's maze-like motion in walking to the life. Dave Warfield's study of the old father (after W. J. Le Moyne) is a bit of character work that is artistic, despite its background of rough and tumble farce.

What a deadly thing for a player is a typical first night audience! Saturated with theater going, on the constant lookout for "breaks," wondering each instant what sort of impression the performance is making on this, that, or the other critic, such an assemblage partakes so much of the nature

of a wet blanket that it is really remarkable any piece should survive it.

The writer attended not long ago the first and second nights of a new musical comedy, and the contrast in the behavior of the audience on the latter occasion was so marked as at once to challenge comment. The laughter at the jokes was unrestrained and instantaneous, with an utter disregard on the laugher's part as to whether somebody else thought it worth the mirth or not.

It would be an interesting experiment for a manager to put off the critics for once till the real public, the public that goes to the playhouse to enjoy itself, had registered its verdict, which is always made on the spot, not patched out afterwards from a memory that is all a jumble of other plays, inevitably suggesting comparisons that are odious.

"The Three Dragoons," a comic opera concocted by De Koven and Smith and presented by the Broadway Theater Opera Company, is just the sort of entertainment to inspire the critics with ennui and the public with delight. At any rate, this is what it appears to have done. The people like fine scenery, bright costumes, catchy music (caring not a rye straw whether it is very like other music of the same sort or not), good voices, clever comedians, and diverting incidents. All these they get in "The Three Dragoons," and if they have had the same sort of thing in other operas which the reviewers have been pleased to dub successes, the background, at least, is new, and what was Shakspere but an adapter of old plots?

Nobody has claimed for "The Three Dragoons" that it was as uplifting as a Wagner trilogy, but for pure recreation it is all that could be desired.

James A. Herne's new play, "Rev. Griffith Davenport, Circuit Preacher," resembles its title in that it covers a deal of ground. Talky to a degree, by all the rules of today in judging a drama, it should be set down as tedious. And yet it isn't. The most careless auditor is held by the seriousness of purpose underlying the whole fabric. Then, too, there is a certain fascination in looking back from the nation's prosperity of 1899 to the fearsome times of 1860. "Who is this Lincoln, any way?" the remark of one of the characters after the Presidential nominations had been made, strikes the keynote of the piece. Although there is much talk. there is at least one stirring episode to each of the five acts.

Mrs. Herne, who was Katherine Corcoran, seen some years ago in "Margaret Fleming," scored equally with her husband. Their two daughters are also in the cast.



#### ON THE EVE OF HER SUR-RENDER.

"I'm glad he's coming, of course, but I'm not in love with him," she said, and went around with a demure face and her heart singing like a thrush—possibly for the

weather's sake.

"He'll arrive about tea time, Muggy," she told the little dog on the steps. "Suppose we put some flowers in his room? You know we always do that for company." So she slaughtered all the sweet peas that were to come, that the ones that were there might wear long stems in the white jar; and she snipped off the blossoming twigs of the little peach tree, which had planned a fruit offering later and shook its leaves at her reproachfully; and she gathered the last of the poppies, which were to have made the seeds for next year.

"I don't care for him, but I want it to look pleasant," she said over her heaping

armful.

When the flowers were in place, she went to her own room and took out three dresses, which she laid side by side on the bed; a lavender and a rose colored and a blue and white. And she looked at them earnestly, and held the bodices up against her face before the mirror.

"There is no use looking like a fright even if I don't care for him," she said; and she finally chose the lavender. The late sun came into the room and made golden patches on the wall, and she put her hands

against them and laughed.

"Life is so good, life is so good," she sang to herself. Then she coiled up her hair and frowned at it and pulled it down; and frowned harder over the next twisting, with an angry little jerk of her bare shoulder. And it must all come down and go up once more. This time she was smiling again.

"I wonder how it would feel to really care," she said, and drew a photograph out from under her handkerchiefs. "He is very good looking, but I'm not in the least in love with him;" and she put the photograph back with a sigh, then finished her dressing,

singing.

When she had given the last little pull and push to her ribbons, and put on her hat, then decided not to wear it, then taken it out again and pinned it in place, she strolled down to the gate and made friends with a country baby that chanced to be playing in the dirt outside.

"I'm expecting company, baby. Will you give me a kiss?" she said. Then she saw some one coming through the bronze shadows of the live oaks, and she flew to her own room and shut the door and stood watching it with her hands clenched against the front of her gown.

"We live so quietly, the idea of company makes me nervous," she said. "I wish he weren't coming. It would be different if I cared for him. I wonder if the blue and white wouldn't have looked better?"

She went to the glass and gave various little tugs at her hair. The click of the gate came to her through the open window. She went quietly down the stairs and out to meet him.

"Why, it's very good to see you again," she said. "Don't let Muggy jump on you Did you have a warm trip?" His face fell a little, though he answered her gaily.

When she had blown out her candle that night, and the spark was quite dead, she leaned over and put a little kiss on the other pillow.

"I'm not in the least in love with him;

but he's a dear boy," she said.

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.

#### MICHAEL OBERSTEIN, JEW.

MICHAEL OBERSTEIN was a Jew—what many consider the worst kind of a Jew: a Polish Jew, a Polack. In addition, he was poor—miserably so. It had taken his last copeck to pay for the temporary loan of the amount which it was necessary he should have to pass the Emigration Bureau inspectors.

With a ragged, dirty, wide eyed crowd of his compatriots the young lad was herded, shuffling, with pack on back, up Broadway, over east to Hester Street, where he disappeared through the narrow, greasy doorway

of a tenement.

A year—a nightmare of sweat shops, semi starvation, intense heat, biting cold, bondage, oppression, pauper wages, expatriation, loneliness, and—bitter mockery—love. He bore it as the race alone can bear. He toiled and studied as only a Jew studies and toils. He saved money.

Another year of the same nightmare, the same in all its horrors, lightened only by a ghostly glimmer of hope, made as naught by love. She was far above him—a rabbi's daughter. It was a mole aspiring to a butterfly. But the mole was a Jew.

Rosie knew nothing of his love, or, if

she guessed at it, scorned it as it was but right and natural that a butterfly should

One day the colony was scandalized, horrified. Bearded men discussed it with portentous, ominous shakes of their heads; shawled women with shrill, sharp voices and despiteful words. One among them all said nothing: Michael Oberstein.

The rabbi's daughter had run away. That was bad enough. There was worse. The man was a gentile, a Christian. His name was Henry Fanwood, of the firm of Fanwood & Co., where Rosie had been employed as a cloak model.

The rabbi's lamentations were many and long over this crowning disgrace. He tore his beard and cast ashes upon his head. No one thought of Michael Oberstein.

Another year passed. Michael Oberstein began to make nightly, secret visits to a tenement in, if it were possible, a still more miserable district than the one in which he lived. He never went up stairs in the house. He knocked at a door on the first floor; an old woman opened it, he handed her something, spoke a few words in Yiddish, and went back to his own ant hill. Only now he worked harder, slept less.

One day Michael Oberstein disappeared from the colony, and to the old woman, instead of his visits, came letters. The old woman climbed the long flights of stairs and gave the letters, as she had the things,

to a young girl.

In the letters there was no writing, no name. Just a blank sheet of heavy paper and, folded in it, a bill. Sometimes it was one dollar, sometimes two, but more often

the smaller amount.

The girl had not known from where the food had come—the bread, meat, fish, and on rare occasions, fruit. She thought she knew who sent the money. Only illness and the needs of her child made her accept it. Any way, it was but right that he should contribute to the child's support. The old woman kept her word. She knew nothing, she said.

The girl grew well again, but the envelopes still came. They now contained an occasional five, and once a ten dollar bill. She spent it all on the child. She would have choked on food purchased by it. The

child had a right to it.

So five years passed. In Hester Street Michael Oberstein was forgotten. The girl had forgotten him long before. One day the envelope contained fifty dollars. M. Oberstein, the police court lawyer, had won his first case the day before. The girl, the woman now, laid the bill carefully away. It should be for her boy's education.

She still lived in the same house, still

worked, still refused to spend a cent of the money for her own needs. Her boy should be a rabbi, like his grandfather.

Fanwood & Co. were being sued for breach of contract by one of their employees. The plaintiff's lawyer was a Jew by the name of Oberstein. Fanwood & Co. lost the case. It was a small matter, of little moment to that wealthy firm; but it was a beginning. The pendulum had begun to swing. In the next five years Fanwood & Co. found that they were being sued a number of times. The majority of the cases were small, petty. The majority of the cases went against them. It was annoying. Almost without exception the opposing counsel was a Jew named Oberstein. They began to notice this fact. Fanwood & Co. brought suit against a rival firm. Henry Fanwood sent for Lawyer Oberstein to conduct their case. The lawyer declined. He was already engaged by the other side. The defendants won.

Fanwood & Co. asked lawyer Oberstein to take charge of the next of their now frequent lawsuits. He declined. The Grand Jury indicted several firms for violation of the factory law. Among them was Fanwood & Co. The other firms escaped with light sentences. Fanwood & Co. were heavily fined. The prosecutor was Assistant

District Attorney Oberstein.

It was the year 1893. Business throughout the country was bad. The list of failing banks and business firms increased every day. The Nineteenth National Bank held Fanwood & Co.'s note for twenty thousand dollars, due July 1. On July 5 the president of the bank was in consultation with the bank's lawyer, Michael Oberstein. Henry Fanwood asked for an interview with the president, and was referred to the bank's lawyer.

On July 8 suit was brought against Fanwood & Co. for the amount of the note. By mortgaging some real estate Henry Fanwood met the note, and the suit was dis-

continued.

Henry Fanwood was the owner of various real estate properties throughout the city, most of which were heavily mortgaged. These mortgages became due one after the other during this fateful year. Fanwood, already heavily involved through the firm's interests, was unable to meet them. He asked for extensions, and in each case found that the mortgage had been transferred by the original mortgagee to Michael Oberstein.

He applied to the latter, asking for time in which to settle, and was answered by immediate foreclosure proceedings, the properties being bought in by the mortgagee. Fanwood made several attempts to see the

man who seemed bent on his ruin. Each time Mr. Oberstein was busy and could see

no one.

Three fine residence buildings were at last the only real estate remaining to Fanwood. They were held in his wife's name, free of all mortgage or incumbrance. In one of them Fanwood lived. The other two were

One day workmen started to tear down the adjoining buildings on either side. In their places were reared huge, cheap tenements. Fanwood's protests were unheeded. His property materially depreciated in value. The tenants moved away, and the two houses remained empty. Business be-

came worse and worse.

Fanwood was forced to dispose of the three houses at a sacrifice below their original cost. They were purchased by Judge Oberstein. The cheap tenements were torn down and houses in keeping with the neighborhood erected. All this had taken months, and during those months Henry Fanwood aged rapidly, grew thin and careworn.

More notes fell due. Fanwood, by heroic struggles, met them, only to find in each case that they were indorsed on the back by transfers to Michael Oberstein. He began to fear and hate the name. It seemed a

pursuing nemesis.

Another note was due. The next morning Fanwood & Co.'s doors were closed, the name added to the long list of failures. The same day Henry Fanwood received a letter which read:

"An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," so saith the Hebraic law.

The letter was signed with the name of Michael Oberstein.

Fanwood puzzled over this, not knowing how he had ever injured this man. He wrote, asking that it might be explained. In his mail the next morning was an envelope addressed in the same hand, containing a sheet of paper on which was written the single word, "Rosie." Fanwood re-

membered.

The morning papers of the next day announced the death, by his own hand, of Henry Fanwood, of the late firm of Fanwood & Co. Business troubles were thought to have been the cause of the suicide. That afternoon a man called at the flat where Fanwood's wife and children lived, and said that he had been instructed to take charge of the funeral. All expenses were already paid.

By whom? The man was not at liberty to

The funeral was one in full keeping with the dead man's former financial standing.

What was by some considered rather peculiar was the attendance of a young rabbi, from a synagogue in Hester Street; a Jewish priest at the funeral of a gentile stranger! The young rabbi himself thought the request of his patron, Michael Oberstein. which had brought him there, strange and inexplicable. What Michael Oberstein thought about the matter was not known to any but himself.

A few days later Mrs. Fanwood received a letter asking her to call on the legal firm of Donaldson & Adams, to learn of something to her advantage. She was there told that a client of theirs, "an old friend of your husband," desired to pay a long outstanding The amount was twenty thousand dollars, in a check drawn by Donaldson & Adams. No, they were unable to disclose their client's name. For various reasons, which they were not at liberty to explain, he had instructed them that he did not care to have it known.

That night, as he slept, there was a smile on the face of Michael Oberstein, Jew. J. Frederic Thorne.

#### THE CLAIMANTS OF THE PURSE.

A woman, walking along a road, found a new purse, filled with coins of gold and silver. She was delighted with the sheen of its silken web and with the luster of the golden clasps, but still more with the wealth which it contained and which she felt was all her own. Freely she spent its contents, and only occasionally did she put back into the purse a penny or a silver piece. After a time the purse was nearly emptied, and in thrusting her fingers deep into the ends to reach the few coins that remained. she would tear the silk. One day she found that she had spent the last coin, and as she held the purse in her dainty hand, she saw that it was ragged and shabby and that the clasps were bent and tarnished. So she flung it into the dust before her and crushed it with her foot as she stepped hurriedly onward.

Another woman, walking in the same road, saw the purse. Dusty and worn and misshapen as it was, an unaccountable fancy led her to pick it up, and, in her imagination, she could see how precious and beautiful it must have been before it had been wornout and thrown away. So she took the purse home with her and worked patiently upon it, straightening and burnishing the bent clasps and darning the rents in the silken web, matching the pattern so nicely that when she had finished one could scarcely see where it had been mended.

"It's as good as new," she said to herself, but still, she did not show it to her friends nor boast of it-as the first woman had done, when it was new-for fear some one might ask where the purse had been found or sneer at her for treasuring what had been cast into the dust of the highway. She put gold and silver into the empty purse, and though she spent from it freely, each day she put back a coin or two. After a time it seemed to her that the purse had grown heavier, and on counting the coins she was amazed to find that there were more than she had ever put into the purse. After this the purse was more precious to her than any new one that she might have bought, on account of the blessing that it seemed to bring with it.

When the second woman had first begun to carry the purse, she had hidden it in her hand, partly because she was ashamed of using what another had discarded, partly because she had thought that its first owner might again claim it. But now it had grown too full to be corcealed, and she reasoned

with herself:

"Why should I try to hide it from sight? True, it was not new when I found it, but I have made it bright and whole and it is full of treasure, whereas, when I picked it from the dust it was empty. I need no longer be ashamed of it, and I have made it mine."

Moreover, she began to be proud of the wealth which it contained. One day the first woman saw the purse in her hand and recognized it, and, seeing its condition and coveting its fullness, she cried out so that all who passed might hear:

"This woman is a thief; behold, even now she has the purse that belongs to me, and she spends from the treasure which it con-

tains."

The second woman replied, astonished at

the accusation:

"The purse is one that I found in the road where you had cast it aside. I have made it as good as new. Would you now claim it and take from me the patient work of my hands?"

But the crowd which had assembled jeered at the speaker and said, "Surely the purse belongs to the one who had the right to

cast it away."

But the second woman was not satisfied and asked:

"If, as you say, the purse is yours, tell us where you bought it and what price you

paid for it."

"I found it in the road, as you did," answered the other, "and, like yourself, I paid nothing for it, since there was no one to set a price, but it is mine, nevertheless, for I found it first."

All the people applauded and said, "This woman speaks truth, and beyond a doubt the purse is hers."

But still the second woman would not yield without another plea for the possession of that which had become a blessing to her

ife:

"I grant that the purse once belonged to you, but you used it, spent all that was in it, and, when it was torn and tarnished and empty, you became tired of it and threw it away and trod it under foot as you went forward. If I had not seen it, the first wheel that passed would have ground it into the dust and it would have been utterly worthless. Is it not rightfully mine since I have saved it from destruction and made it what it now is?"

Again the crowd scoffed at the speaker and said, "Truly, she is a thief and brazen in her iniquity, that she should steal that which belongs to another and refuse to give

it up."

The first woman reached out her hand to take the purse, but once more the second woman held it back, saying, "If, as you claim, and as these people all agree, the purse belongs to you still, let me take from it once for all the treasure that I have put into it, for that surely is mine."

But the people were indignant, for they loved justice, and they shouted that the purse and all that it contained belonged to her who had first found it and had thrown it away empty. "Besides," said some of the wiser ones, "would you have us believe that one so poor as to pick up a discarded thing from the dust could have placed all this

treasure in it?"

And the second woman knew not how to answer, for she herself had marveled that the purse contained more than she had put into it, and she knew that the people could not be convinced that this wonder had been wrought by patience and love. So, very reluctantly, she yielded the purse, with all that it contained, into the hands of her who had first found it.

But lo, as the latter seized it, and while all were gazing, it became empty of treasure and torn and tarnished and battered, even as it was when she had trampled upon it. The first woman cried out in anger, and the people comforted her with their sympathy, for they loved justice, and they were indignant that the purse should not be possessed by its rightful owner beautiful and well filled with treasure as the other woman had caused it to be.

For the purse which had been cast aside when empty was the heart of the first woman's husband, and the treasure which it held

was love.

Gregory Bridgum.

# LITERARY CHAT COST

" DAVID HARUM."

To utter a word of disparagement of "David Harum" is a pitifully ungracious task when we take into consideration the conditions under which it was given to the world. Its author, Edward Noyes Westcott, spent nearly all the years of his life in his native city of Syracuse, where he followed the occupation of a banker. He was nearly fifty years of age when he wrote this, his first and only novel. He died of consumption before it was published, and was therefore denied the satisfaction of knowing that he had written a successful book, and that the creation of his own brain was giving genuine pleasure to thousands of readers.

For "David Harum" is unquestionably a successful book and an interesting one as well, although it should be classed rather as a character study than as a novel of romance. It is devoted almost wholly to David Harum himself; and although this individual speaks an unheard of dialect, and possesses one or two improbable traits, Mr. Westcott has invested him with an interest that compels the attention of a reader from the beginning of the first chapter until the last. There are other characters in the book, but they are all conventional ones, and serve principally as foils for Harum, who was a loquacious, shrewd, money getting Central New Yorker. differing in many respects from the traditional New England Yankee, but possessing a similar talent for "doing" those who offend him. He engages as his confidential clerk a young New Yorker named John Lenox, who serves him in the bank, and becomes interested in his various schemes of horse trading and benevolence.

Some of Harum's doings, and some of the stories he tells his assistant, have the flavor of originality; but when we find several pages given up to his recitals of the swell dinner he attended in Newport and of the spectacular entertainment to which he took his sister in New York, we cannot help feeling that the author has gone back to the "Widow Bedott" era of our native literature. In reality, the country banker and horse trader of today is entirely familiar with finger bowls, and it would be hard to find a man of this type who is not a habitual playgoer. Even the most primitive haymaker, nowadays, pays occasional visits to some great city.

Nevertheless, there is enough in this "up State" hero to show that his author possessed genuine gifts in the difficult art of character drawing, and to inspire a feeling of sincere regret that he should have died without giving the world more of his work,

"CYRANO" A PLAGIARISM?

Of the many literary surprises that have come out of the West, the latest is the charge of plagiarism brought against Edmond Rostand and "Cyrano de Bergerac" by a Mr. Samuel E. Gross of Chicago. Mr. Gross asserts, and has undertaken to prove in the courts, that the French dramatist has stolen the plot, the characters, and some of the dialogue, of a play called "The Merchant Prince of Cornville," written by the Chicago gentleman several years ago.

On the face of it, such an accusation seems highly improbable. We are assured, however, that Mr. Gross is a business man of substance and of social consideration, and not likely to prefer a baseless charge for the sake of notoriety. His play was stagedapparently for a very brief run-at a London theater in 1896, and was published in America a year earlier, so there is no physical impossibility in supposing that the author of "Cyrano" saw it before the first production of that famous drama in 1897. But it is almost as difficult to believe that M. Rostand got his romantic Gascon from an American original as to accept the theory -so loudly proclaimed by certain literary lights of the West-that Bacon wrote the plays we know as Shakspere's.

We do not wish to pronounce upon a case that is *sub judice*, and of the facts of which we are not fully informed; but if Mr. Gross has no stronger evidence against M. Rostand than some "parallel passages" from the two plays, which recently appeared in a New York newspaper, we do not think he will win his suit, legally or morally. The value of these comparisons may be judged from the following fair specimens:

Cyrano—And I, Cyrano Salvinien Hercule de Bergerac, a Gascon baron. Whelstone—Always speak of me to strangers as the Hon. Mayor Hercules Whetstone, the Merchant Prince of Cornville.

The resemblance, it will be seen, is not convincingly close. Nor is it so in the speeches of Mr. Gross' heroine and M. Rostand's:

Roxane—Well, climb and pluck this flower without a peer. Violet—Rise, thou art the planet of my maiden firmament.

One more of these not very deadly parallels:

Cyrano—When I shall cross the threshold of God's house.

Bluegrass—You go not forth to death, but to glorious immortality.

Such evidence will not hang a literary dog. Resemblances as vague as these could be drawn from almost any two books of the same class. Equally unconvincing is the statement that "Cyrano, with his philosophy, his idealism, his poetry, and his boastfulness, could have been built up with but little difficulty out of four characters in 'The Merchant Prince of Cornville.'" So could an epic poem be built up out of Webster's Dictionary—and easily enough, if you only arrange the words properly.

Mr. Gross' charge must either bring ridicule upon himself or odium and contempt upon Edmond Rostand. The latter result seems improbable.

WHY MISS WILKINS WRITES SAD STORIES.

At a reception given for her in New York not long ago, Miss Mary E. Wilkins met a rather prominent woman, who said to her: "There's something I've wished to ask you

ever since I began to read your stories."
"What is that?" said Miss Wilkins.

"Why in the world is it that you make the New England people so gloomy and disagreeable? Now, I've lived a good many years of my life in New England, and though I've known a few of the kind of people you like to describe, I've also known ten times as many more who were cheerful and charming and happy and well behaved, without being morbidly conscientious. How does it happen that your New England is so different from my New England?"

Miss Wilkins smiled pleasantly, and was silent for a moment. Then she replied: "I have to tell my stories just as they come to me. They come to me very often as sad

stories. That is all."

The woman turned away in despair, saying to her companion when she had passed out of hearing: "Well, I suppose there are people who are born with blue glasses, and all the world seems dark to them."

Such, however, is not the case with Miss Wilkins, apart from her work. On the contrary, she is very cheerful; she enjoys life, and takes å keen pleasure in her success. It is not fair, either, to say that all her stories and characters are morbid. On the contrary, she has described many delightful people and many agreeable aspects of life. The trend of her art, however, is serious, and those who do not enjoy serious writing must avoid her books.

#### A CANADIAN NOVELIST.

Gilbert Parker, who has just published "The Battle of the Strong," is a novelist who has managed to get his name prominently before the public during the last few years, though none of his books has scored

a great popular success and his attempt at play writing was a distinct failure. By many readers Mr. Parker is supposed to be an Englishman, but he was born and educated in Canada, and began his career as professor of English literature in Trinity College, Toronto. Ill health sent him traveling, and for several years he lived in Australia, where he had an interesting experience as a newspaper writer and correspondent. For a few months, too, he traveled through the South Sea Islands, where he had adventures with which he has since enlivened many a dinner party.

About three years ago he married a New York girl, and he now divides his time between this country and England. He is a close friend of Bliss Carman, and of other members of the group of young writers who are adding to the literary glory of Canada.

"MR. DOOLEY IN PEACE AND IN WAR."

Among the many strategists who prosecuted the late war with discrimination and much vigor at their own firesides, none was more impartial in his criticisms than Mr. Martin Dooley of Chicago. Mr. Dooley sat by the warm glow of his whitewashed cylinder stove, or on the sidewalk-as they have a habit of doing in Chicago-in front of his saloon out on the Archey Road, which runs from the heart of the city to the outlying cabbage fields; and all through the strenuous period of hostilities he discoursed to his friends, Hennessy and Jawn McKenna, of how it ought to be prosecuted, when it should begin and when stop, and what should be done with the spoils.

"What's needed to carry on this war as it goes today," says Mr. Dooley, " is an army of jacks an' mules. Whin ye say to a man, 'Git ap, whoa, gee, back up, get alang!' he don't know what ye're dhrivin' at or to. But a mule hears the ordhers with a melancholy smile, dhroops his ears, an' follows his warrm, moist breath. Th' ordhers fr'm Washington is perfectly comprehensible to a jackass, but they don't mane annything to a poor, foolish man." Mr. Dooley's criticism. unfortunately, has applied more or less to all the wars into which the United States has entered, prosecuted as they have been under orders emanating from civilians at headquarters.

"What," says Mr. Hennessy, apropos of nothing, "would you think ought to be done with th' fruits iv victhry?" "Well," says Mr. Dooley, "if 'twas up to me, I'd eat what was rripe an' give what wasn't rripe to me inimy."

After the war was over, this Chicago philosopher continued his shrewd and disinterested comments on current events. "Poli-

tics," says Mr. Dooley, "is a man's game; an' women, childer, an' prohybitionists 'd do well to kape out iv it." And of books and reading: "The Apostle's Creed niver was as convincin' to me afther I larned to rread it as it was whin I cudden't read it, but believed it." Here is his analysis on the French character:

The Frrinch are a tumulchuse people. They're an onaisy an' a thrubbled people. They start out down the street, loaded up with obscenthe an' cigareets, pavin' blocks an' walkin' sthicks an'shtove lids in their hands, cryin' "A base Cap Dhryfuss!" But along comes a man with a poor hat. "Where did he get th' hat?" deman's the mob. "Down with th' bad tile!" they say. "A base th' lid!" 'Tis unforchnit, but 'tis thrue. Th' Frrinch arre not steady ayether in their politics or their morals. That's where they get done be th' hated British.

Mr. F. Peter Dunne, the author of "Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War," has shown a claim to be classed among that small and choice collection of writers, the "American humorists." For, although these little essays, treating as they do of current events of more or less passing interest, lose much of value for a permanent collection, yet they are so full of nuggets of wisdom and bits of the universal philosophy of life as to prove that Mr. Dunne has struck a vein of true humor. For, after all, humor is philosophy, or philosophy-with a certain turn to it-is humor, according as it is variously expressed. And indeed the humorists are often better reading than the philosophers.

#### A REALIST IN HUMOR.

"Two Summer Girls and I," by Theodore Burt Sayre, is not only the first book of its author, but the initial publishing venture of the bookseller whose name appears at the foot of the title page. To be sure, Mr. Sayre has had two plays produced—one of them, "Charles O'Malley," by Wilton Lackaye—but although there are plenty of instances where authors have turned playwright, the roll of honor in the other direction is strictly limited. Mr. Sayre, however, cared for none of these things. Although he is still a very young man, and has had to work hard in the New York drug store where he was brought up, he is tremendously in earnest in his ambitions.

This little story of a summer's flirtations has a certain audacity; but it is the natural audacity of the repartee between young people intimately acquainted with one another, which nobody has hitherto thought of sufficient importance to put between covers. Puns abound, but they are sprinkled about like corks in the foam smother raised by wave after wave of entertaining chat and clever incident. There are indications that

much of the story is autobiographical; the Widow Malone, at any rate, we can testify is a flesh and blood canine.

It is not impossible that this young writer has it in him to do work in the field preempted in England by Jerome K. Jerome, but which has been neglected here. Most of our oncoming humorists are inclined to be too self conscious to be funny.

#### AUTHORS IN SOCIETY.

"I used to think," a very clever New York woman remarked a short time ago, "that it would be delightful to know personally the authors whose books had charmed me. Well," she added with a sigh, "I have met a great many of them, and

I have changed my mind."

When asked for an explanation, she went on: "If you meet them socially, you either don't get to know them well enough to appreciate their personal qualities, or you are disillusioned after a very brief conversation. Only the other day I met Miss Dash, whose books have had an enormous success lately. I told her that I had been one of her first admirers, and that I was still one of her warmest ones, and I congratulated her on her popularity.

"'Oh, yes,' she said, 'it's lovely. Do you know, I can go out now and pay fifty dollars for a hat and not think anything about it!'

"Imagine my feelings when I heard that! Another author, whom I've admired ever since I was a child, remarked to me in a perfectly blasé way, when I told him how well I loved his works, and how delightful it must be to be famous:

"'Yes; fame is a very fine thing when it

can be converted into specie.

"Since that time I haven't enjoyed his books nearly so much as I used to. So many authors show in society that they are either affected or conceited or bored, and the effect is always disillusionizing. Still," she concluded sadly, "I suppose that they are human like the rest of us."

#### THE LITERARY "DISCOVERER."

Not long ago the writer received a letter from a young man who is employed as a reporter on a small newspaper in Ohio and is anxious to come to New York. Something in the tone of his communication suggests that he is a young man of more than ordinary ability and education. In fact, his letter well deserves an answer. The most interesting paragraph of it ran as follows:

I should be glad to try my hand at fiction, and although I have never been in New York, I have always felt that it must contain a vast amount of material for a skilled story writer. And yet, when I think of the large number of brilliant men and women who are combing it over every day in the week, for daily papers, mouthly magazines, novels, and plays, I cannot help wondering what will remain for an inexperienced gleaner like myself.

The young Ohioan is not the first one of his kind who has pondered over this question, and it is easy to understand his point of view, especially when one takes into consideration the fact that he is so far off, geographically, from the metropolis that all of her writers seem to him to be very great and accomplished men. Undoubtedly he imagines that the story writers of New York devote a large part of their time to making "studies" of various phases of life for use in their serials, short stories, and essays on "The Congested District" and "Toilers in Tall Tenements."

Well, so they do, and it is perfectly amazing to see what an enormous quantity of literary matter they will turn out on a microscopic germ of "study." But with all their work they do not begin to exhaust the metropolitan field, and there is always plenty of material waiting for any one who will come here to look for it with eyes that are still undimmed by familiarity and undistorted by convention.

Boaz was a thrifty husbandman, and Ruth a careful gleaner, and yet only two years ago the manager of an American newspaper syndicate passed through the field of their labors, with a photographer, and found an abundance of material. So it is with those New York pavements which have echoed to the tread of a score of "American Dickenses." They will still yield a generous harvest to him or to her who knows enough to distinguish the true metal from the literary iron pyrites, which is even more abundant here than in any other part of the country.

It may be taken for granted that the young man from Ohio will enter upon his metropolitan work-he is sure to come here sooner or later-with a high degree of enthusiasm. His early efforts may cause some old literary hack who is eking out a comfortable existence on the strength of what is called "a name" to remark with affable contempt that the young man is "discovering" the Bowery, Broadway, and other little understood places of interest. Now, this sounds very superior and wise, and is well calculated to wet blanket any youthful enthusiasm, but nevertheless, whenever people say that a young reporter or writer is "discovering" something that we think we know all about, it is generally safe to conclude that there is some hope for him. He is to be envied because he possesses the enormous advantage of not knowing anything about his field. He is viewing it with a pair of brand new eyes—eyes, perhaps, that have been trained to note all the signs and portents of the prairie or forest, or to search the sea horizon for the approaching ship or the gathering storm. For such eyes as these, with a clear brain behind them, there are more things in metropolitan life than the professional story writer's philosophy has dreamed of.

Moreover, New York is an ever changing quicksand, which every year presents phases and conditions that never existed before, and in which lie many of the writer's greatest opportunities.

The advantage of looking at things through new eyes may be illustrated by the story of the origin of a now famous character in fiction. Less than half a dozen years ago, Edward W. Townsend, who had just come from San Francisco to take a position on the New York Sun, found himself at a dinner given to a number of newsboys in celebration of some holiday or other. One small boy had eaten his piece of pie, and was looking wistfully about him, hoping that a second help would drift his way, when one of the young ladies who were managing the affair noticed his anxious face and asked him if he would like some more dessert.

He would like some, emphatically.
"Very well, Jimmie," responded the young lady. "I'll see if I can't sneak a piece for you."

A few moments later she placed it before him, and the boy clasped her hand in his; bent his head down, and kissed her fingers reverently and affectionately.

Mr. Townsend observed it all, and in that moment Chimmie Fadden sprang into life. There were a score of other journalists present at the dinner, but not one of them saw in the affair anything but a mere episode in the daily round of duty. They had been to plenty of these charity dinners in years gone by, and were so familiar with the spectacle of ragged boys eating while pretty and well dressed young ladies waited on them that they could see nothing picturesque in it.

There are a great many things here worthy of the young Ohioan's attention, and no matter how many "American Dickenses"—a term used to characterize anybody who writes of anything south of Grand Street—there may be in the field, there will always be rich veins for a newcomer to work. But he must find those veins himself; if any of the older men were to find them, they would not show them to him; they would work their mine themselves. And whoever is able to find one is able to work it.

#### A UNIQUE BOOK.

Perhaps there is nothing more interesting in a literary way than the passion of book collectors—a class which is made famous not so much for its knowledge of the "insides of books" as for the appreciation of "editions," "limited" or other; and, to speak in a general way, of what concerns their special status and history.

So soon as a book of some intrinsic interest, or one written by or about some noted or piquant person, becomes scarce, or is a rarity from its inception, the collector puts

it on his list of desirable things.

Joel Benton tells us that he happens to have a book of this kind, of which book collectors probably do not know. Only seventy five copies of it were printed. It is entitled, "The Last Chapter: In Memoriam P. T. Barnum," and contains only nineteen numbered pages. His copy is marked "No. 8." The dimensions of the volume are eight and a half by a little less than six inches, and it is bound in full morocco, of a blue tint.

To explain its origin and purpose, it will be sufficient to copy this extract from the author's preface—the author being Mr.

Barnum's widow. She writes:

It was the invariable custom of the subject of this memoir to write, every spring, a résumé of his life during the preceding year, and to add it to his autobiography. This he did for the last time in the spring of 1890. At these times he never failed to say to me, "I want you to write the last chapter of my life." Were it not for this so often and so earnestly repeated injunction, I could not face so sad a task, and one for which I feel myself so unfitted.

The sketch that ensues is a pathetic one. The book was made only to be given away to Mr. Barnum's principal friends in Europe and America, and no effort to diminish expense on its making was for a moment considered. It is illustrated, the frontispiece picture being a singularly fine portrait of the subject of the book, while another plate gives a view of the Barnum Institute of Science and History, which was the founder's benefaction to the city of Bridgeport, Connecticut.

The press agent, as seen in his work for the theater, is a person of rare imaginative powers. He is now invading literature, and a circular advertising a new novel lies before We gather from it that the heroine "took to the altar a glorious love and a princely fortune." This particular agent must be in the habit of piloting wife hunting princes through upper Fifth Avenue and about Nob Hill, for in his opening paragraph he asserts that the "story deals with characters, scenes, and incidents of our daily experience." Further on he declares that "every stroke of the writer's pen counts," but in the very next sentence of his glowing prospectus he is fain to hedge on this bold statement by adding: "Although full of natural details, it is not in any sense padded."

But the stroke of genius in the circular is reached in the final paragraph, where we are assured that "no effort is required to understand the book." The naïveté of this assertion, made at the finish of a labored rhetorical effort to set forth a plot replete with tragic complications, is truly delicious. We should add that the volume is published by a well known New York house.

ale

Sir Walter Besant's new work, "The Pen and the Book," purports to be "for the instruction and the guidance of those young persons, of whom there are now many thousands, who are thinking of the Literary Life." This sounds very fatherly and philanthropic, but if all these young people in whom Sir Walter takes so kindly an interest will buy copies of his book, he will make far more money out of it than he could get from a novel of his own. It is a pity, though, that while this veteran craftsman was about it. he is not able to tell these thinking young persons what to think, as well as how to put their thoughts on paper and obtain their transfer thence to the printing press.

It seems to be true that the late Harold Frederic left his widow and four children practically without resources. Mr. Frederic's literary work brought him much reputation but little pecuniary return. His best known book, "The Damnation of Theron Ware," sold less than forty thousand copies—a large figure, to be sure, as compared with the majority of novels put forth, but one that shrinks into insignificance beside the sales of some far inferior books that have made fortunes for their authors.

It should be added that the strongly seasoned opinions on certain great religious denominations expressed in "Theron Ware" prevented its appearance in serial form, and thus cut off a considerable source of revenue to its author.

Apropos of the serialization of novels, in these days of enormous magazine circulations, writers are particularly desirous of having their stories first appear in this form. Where the book itself may be considered as doing well if it sells ten thousand copies, the same tale, printed in one of the popular magazines, will carry its author's name to the ends of the earth.

A leading New York theater manager remarked recently that the enormous vogue given to a story in this way was a powerful factor in making it successful when put on

the stage.



#### AN INTERLUDE.

EACH day is so full of you, darling, That I cannot realize You are gone from this world of turmoil To the peace of paradise. For, ever, from morn till the nightfall, Some hint of your presence I know-Some gleam of a vanishing vision Half caught in the sunset glow.

Each day is so full of you, darling, That I call this a blessed time-An interlude full of its sweetness, Illumined by many a sign That those who have passed through death's portals Are still very near to us here-That spirit to spirit responsive Makes all the great meanings grow clear.

Each day is so full of you, darling, That I walk in a blissful surprise, Finding thus every thought so companioned; And my prayers for high purposes rise To plead for divine benediction-For energy, courage, and power, To live the high life of the spirit, To stamp with fulfilment each hour.

Each day is so full of you, darling, That I cannot know grief or regret In this interlude—full of its beauty, Its promise, its solace, and yet, Ah, love, my supreme consolation Is a dream that will one day come true, That lends all its cheer to the present-The dream of reunion with you! Lilian Whiting.

#### A PROFITABLE LOSS.

THERE came a little blind boy to steal my heart away; Then said I, "You little blind boy, I'll have to say you nay; For I store my honey in it, And I keep my money in it, And I need it every minute Of the day.'

He stole it, did the blind boy, in spite of all my wrath, But surely she that hath not hath more than she that hath! For the air is rich with honey, And the earth is bright with money, And the twain of them make sunny All my path.

And if a sage should ask of me with philosophic brow, Why I do not want my heart back, I only could avow. It's because a little honey And a small amount of money Would seem rather sadly funny To me now! Ethelwyn Wetherald.

#### MARCH.

"MAD," March is christened, yet he is not so! He feels the stir of spring, and he must play; His music is the shrill arpeggio That preludes the soft harmonies of May. Clinton Scollard.

#### AT THE SEARCH LIGHT.

A HUNDRED feet above the waves I guide the dazzling ray Which in a radiant whiteness laves The ocean's sullen gray. No motion of the shifting brine, No gulls that 'wildered fly, No thing that floats escapes the shine Of such a Cyclops' eye.

Pierce on, O light, nor cease your quest Till her I love I see, As in the midst of laugh and jest She thinks, perchance, of me. Your starry course a path will form On which my soul may speed To meet her soul, in spite of storm That vainly would impede.

O'er miles of surge the brilliance wheels, But powerless its embrace. Alas, its utmost range reveals Of her I seek no trace! So why invoke your faltering art, Dull lamp, of scope so weak? For I can see within my heart The image that I seek. Edwin L. Sabin.

A THAW. A WANDERING wind came up the land, Bearing the sweetness yet From miles of lilies in the south, And banks of mignonette; The maple buds began to swell, The brooks began to flow, And violet roots were faintly stirred Beneath the sod and snow.

A crocus in a sheltered nook
Put up an emerald blade
With hints of gold about the heart;
"For this is spring," it said.
But down the bitter norther swept
In clouds of snow and sleet
And wrapped about the tender leaf
An icy winding sheet.

Minna Irving.

#### A LOVE SONG.

If love be such a lovely thing,
If lack of love despair,
Oh, why should we go sorrowing,
Oh, why should we forbear?
If love be sweet as roses blown
Through all the world of May,
Oh, why not make love all our own
Forever and a day?

If love be joy, if loss be woe,
Oh, then let joy be ours,
And hand in hand with love we'll go
Through fields of fadeless flowers;
If love be all the minstrels sing,
And all the sages say,
Oh, why should we go sorrowing
Forever and a day?

Arthur Grissom.

#### A WINTER VIOLET.

A FALL of snow had lightly veiled
The landscape in the night,
The wind was blowing from the south,
The skies were blue and bright.
I found it in a sunny nook
Beside the garden wall,
And thought to hear the bluebirds sing,
And early robins call.

It boldly faced the frozen snow,
A flower of purple hue,
And bore within its tender heart
A drop of icy dew.
The child of spring, a violet,
Its fragile beauty lay
On rugged winter's frosty breast,
The messenger of May.

Minna Irving.

#### THE VALSE.

When to sweet music my lady is dancing My heart to mild frenzy her beauty inspires.

Into my face are her brown eyes a glancing, And swift my whole frame thrills with tremulous fires.

Dance, lady, dance, for the moments are fleeting,

Pause not to place yon refractory curl; Life is for love and the night is for sweeting; Dreamily, joyously, circle and whirl. Oh, how those viols are throbbing and pleading;

A prayer is scarce needed in sound of their strain.

Surely and lightly as round you are speeding,

You turn to confusion my heart and my brain.

Dance, lady, dance to the viol's soft calling, Skip it and trip it as light as the air;

Dance, for the moments like rose leaves are falling.

Strikes, now, the clock from its place on the stair.

Now sinks the melody lower and lower, The weary musicians scarce seeming to play.

Ah, love, your steps now are slower and slower.

The smile on your face is more sad and less gay.

Dance, lady, dance to the brink of our parting.

My heart and your step must not fail to be light.

Dance! Just a turn—tho' the tear drop be starting,

Ah—now, it is done—so—my lady, good night!

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

#### LENTEN MOURNING.

"OH, where are the sackcloth and ashes?" we cry,

"That penitents donned in despair?"
"Hop sacking and violets," the dear girls reply,

"Have taken their place for spring wear."

Gertrude Florence Gerdes.

#### TO A GIRL TELLING FORTUNES.

Just with a sweet, intangible smile
And a queer little sweep of the eyes,
You sat with your wonderful, womanly
wile

And a look-oh! so jokingly wise,

Telling our fortunes—the fortunes of men— Laugh, all ye gods of the Greeks— With an old deck of cards, and a trick ancient when

Old Noah was floating some weeks.

Telling our fortunes! Aye, tell them you can.

They are made by your sisters and you; With all of his strength you are stronger than man,

And as deep as the star ocean, too.

Tom Hall.

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write for catalogue showing eight beautiful models with complete specifications.

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Nothing like ever made for thorough comfort and perfect fit either for High or Low Instep.

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Flexible Machine Sewed Boots, \$3.00, Oxfords, \$2.00. Custom Hand Turned Boots \$3.50, Oxfords, \$2.50. With Fancy Vesting Tops—Extra—Boots 35c, Oxfords 25c.

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Dept. C

Discard shabby shelf papers and impart a genuine enamel surfacehard, smooth, non-absorbent - that will remain bright, clean and wholesome. Anyone can do it with

Enamel is the correct finish for furniture and woodwork of rooms, is the most durable and artistic, and may be applied over painted, varnished or unfinished surfaces. Costs no more than ordinary finishes.

Try it on a shabby article of furniture. If your dealer should not have it, write us.

Our booklet Enamels and Enameling, with samples of colors, tells what kinds to use for furniture-woodwork, bathtubs

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Our en

Housekeeping (played like authors,

for articles that may be enameled to advantage. ors.) with suggestion



Our absent ones in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines will have ink to write home with.

Uncle Sam has seen to that and sent them plenty of CARTER'S.

Another proof of Uncle Sam's appreciation of a good thing.

Sixteen different kinds to choose from, only one quality of each kind — THE BEST.





<del>\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*</del>

# To Fat People.

T KNOW you want to reduce your weight but probably you think it impossible or are afraid the remedy is worse than Now, let me tell you that not only can the the disease. obesity be reduced in a short time, but your face, form and complexion will be improved, and in health you will be wonderfully benefited. I am a regular practising physician, having made a specialty of this subject. Here is what I will do for you. First, I send you a question blank to fill out; when it comes, I forward a five weeks' treatment. You are to make no radical change in your food, but eat as much or as often as you please. No bandages or tight lacing. harmful drugs nor sickening pills. The treatment can be taken privately. You will lose from one to four pounds weekly according to age and condition of body. At the end of five weeks you are to report to me and I will send further treatment. When you have reduced your flesh to the desired weight, you can then retain it. You will not become stout again. Your face and figure will be well shaped, your skin will be clear and handsome and your eye will have the sparkle of youth. You will feel ten to twenty years younger. Ailments of the heart and other vital organs will be cured. Double chin, heavy abdomen, flabby cheeks and other disagreeable evidences of obesity are remedied speedily. I treat by mail, correspondence strictly confidential. Treatment for either sex. Plain sealed envelopes and sealed packages sent. Distance makes no difference. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Address A. M. CROSS, M. D.,

No. 3 West Twentieth Street (corner Fifth Ave.)
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"When you wish the latest styles write to us." .

# Tailor-Made Suits, \$5.

THE costumes and skirts which we make are exclusive in style and distinctly different from the ready-made garments. When wearing one of our styles you do not run the risk of meeting other ladies wearing garments which look exactly like yours. There are hundreds of firms selling ready-made suits and skirts such as you see everywhere, but we are the only house making fashionable goods to order at moderate prices. Our new Spring catalogue illustrates an exclusive line of suits and skirts selected from the newest Paris models, and the materials from which we make our garments comprise only the very latest novelties. We will mail our catalogue free, together with a choice line of samples to select from, to the lady who wishes to dress well at moderate cost.



Tailor-Made Suits, \$5 up.
Duck, Pique and Linen Suits, \$4 up.
Duck, Pique and Linen Skirts, \$3 up.
Separate Cloth Skirts, \$4 up.

Bicycle Suits, \$4 up. Bicycle Skirts, \$3 up. Riding Habits. Golf Suits. Rainy-day Suits and Skirts. Capes and Jackets for Spring wear.

We also make finer garments and send samples of all grades. We pay express charges everywhere. If, when writing to us, you will mention any particular kind or color of samples that you desire, it will afford us pleasure to send you a full line of exactly what you wish. We also have special lines of black goods and fabrics for second mourning. Write to-day for catalogue and samples; we will send them to you, free, by return mail.

THE NATIONAL CLOAK CO., 119 and 121 West 23d St., New York City.

The Genuine, Aged, Ripened, Pennsylvania Rye, known for 27 years as

Schweyer sylling Rye.

## It Comes DIRECT. 8 Years Old.

From its Distiller to YOU.

The entire ripened supply in the immense aging warehouses of our distilleries will be sold direct to the consumer, minus wholesale and jobbing and retail profits.

Regarding whiskey it is known only too well that the consumer has long been at the mercy of tampering jobbers and dealers. During the last five years these practices have grown worse continually.

In placing our supply of pure ripened goods out to consumers direct we believe it will move quicker; that it will be consumed more quickly, because it won't be weakened or doctored, and it will build a peremptory demand among all purchasers for the straight Schweyer goods. Pennsylvania Ryes are famous for their superiority. John Schweyer has helped to make them so. does not enjoy seeing this reputation abused. It has long been known that one barrel of genuine Schweyer Rye is every day being made into two barrels of supposed Schweyer We want this stopped.

In this direct offer to consumers, the wrath of a In this direct older to consumers, the wrath of a wholesale trade of 27 years standing is openly braved. But to any family grocer or any high-class liquor-dealer who proves to us that he has or is willing to sell Schweyer Rye in its pure untampered form—we will send our check, on every order received from his locality, for the difference between the actual distilling and aging cost and what we hereby sell it for to consumers as proven by figures taken from our books and attested by affidavits.

#### Four Full Quart Quarts

#### EXPRESS PAID.

A fine Rye Whiskey is the best tonic and medicine on earth. Any physician will tell you that for many depleted conditions nothing in the world can equal it. But the trouble is to get it in a well ripened, aged, mellowed and untampered state.

The people want pure goods. They have proven this. have been glad to send great distances to get an original package of any fair-grade whiskey.

### How Much More They Will Welcome a Distinctly Superior article

is our thought in placing the entire product of our distilleries on the market direct to the consumers and at *direct* prices.

It is up-hill work, starting, of course, but the real Schweyer goods convey so splendid a value at such an extremely close purchasing price that we fully expect to gain and hold a following sufficient to consume our entire ripened supply.

A trial order at \$3.60 will place in your hands 4 quarts of an old, ripe, mellow, rich, unblended, natural, pure, delicious Rye Whiskey. Its equal will cost you at least \$6.00—and from that up—if lucky enough to find it in the trade.

If you don't realize this on testing it—send it back—charges collect—we will return your \$3.60 at once.

# JOHN SCHWEYER & CO., Distillers, Chicago Shipping Dept. "Reference" nousense unnecessary. See our mercantile rating and note the satisfaction we GUARATEE you.

NOTE TO PHYSICIANS.—The Journal of the American Medical Association (an authority doubtless known to you all) contains the following article in issue of Feb. 11th:—"One of the troubles of the practitioner, when he finds it wise to prescribe the use of whiskey, has long been to be sure of its absolute purity. Since it is so well known that adulteration abounds in the liquor traffic, this is no easy thing. The announcement of an old distillery, long distinguished for its fine product has recently appeared to the effect that its entire supply of ripened goods henceforth will be sold, less both wholesale and retail profits—direct to consumers.

The ryes of this distillery have always sold on their known fineness, purity and proven age. They offer an eight year old rye direct at \$5.60 per gallon, bottled in four quarts, and no cost for express. This announcement has recently appeared in the magazines. It is worth looking up, as the institution has always borne a first-class reputation for reliability."



## FREE-EDISON'S GRAPHOPHONE

l **Ibs.** Best Granulated Sugar **\$100** 

This unequalled offer is a part of our great \$14.75 **Family Combination** Grocery Order. Send St. order

Operas, Marches and Orchestrations, delivers Orations,

tions, delivers Orations, relates jokes—in short it is a whole show in itself. Two records Fee it as also companies the see Sensist frame receive the groceries, including 51 pounds best granulated sugar and the celebrated Edison Graphophone; or send \$1. and the goods will be sent subject to examination. This is the list of groceries with the regular and cut prices compared:

| Usual retail price

Edison's Graphophone

sings as

Gilmore's

Melba; plays Sousa's and

Usual retail price

Usual retail 51 lbs. best Granulated Sugar, \$2.55 

Usual retail price
5 lbs. Silver Gloss Starch. 45
2 lbs. Best Baking Powder. 80
1 qt. Bottle Best Blueing... 15
1 lb. Ground Cinnamon. 40
1 box Shoe Blacking... 95
12 boxes Parlor Matches... 20
1 lb. Pure Ground Mustard. 50
1 pt. Bot. Triple Ammonia .10
10 lb. bag Best Table Salt. .12
1 lb. best Shredded Cocoanut. 40
2 pt. Triple Extract Lemon .80
2 pt. Triple Extract .80
2 pt. Triple .80
2

.17 .40 Our Price with Graphophone\$14.75 AT OUR EXPENSE. If the groceries are not as represented return them at our expense and we will refund your money and

YOU MAY KEEPTHE GRAPHOPHONE. FREE Our big catalogue of everything to eat, wear and use sent free. JOHN M. SMYTH COMPANY, 150-166 W. MADISON ST.,



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Not a smoke for boys and cigarette puffers, but a most highly appreciable SHORT-Smoke treat to men who have been accustomed to the finest imported Vuelta stock.

An exquisite clean Long Filler A Filler never before equalled in a short smoke and it is rolled by hand.

Note Clean, Long Stock.

They are made of **a most highly choice** LONG FILLER, —they're cleaned, dust-blown leaves, hand-rolled, in a wrapper. It is a genuine Porto Rico leaf—a virgin loam soil stock, the choicest grown, and the pride of the Island's planters.

Their immense success in the U.S. in four months' time, has proven the need of a short or "intermediate" smoke of rich quality.

Money back to anyone dissatisfied. Your dollar is not our dollar unless you are glad to get Lucke's Roils.

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SEND US ONE DOLLAR and this ad. and we will send you this big 225-16. new 1809 VOIR COALAND WOOD COOK STOVE, by freight C. O. D. subject to examination. Examine it at your freight depot and if found perfectly satisfactory and the

Greatest Stove Bargain you ever saw or heard of, pay the freight agent our SPECIAL PRICK, \$13.00. less the \$1.00 sent with order or \$12

Issa the 81.00 sents with order, or \$12 to the forest point of the We least \$10. SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.), CHICAGO, ILL

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Peculiar Plight of a Salem Girl-Entirely Bald. What a Free Trial Package of a Remedy Did for Her.

The portraits of Miss Emma Emond show what a striking difference is made in a person when the bald head is covered with hair. Miss Emond was totally bald, the hair follicies not only



upon her head but upon her eye brows being completely contracted, not the sign of a hair being found. Of course slie was the object of many experiments, all of which failed, and the offer of a well-known dispensary to send a free trial of their remedy was peculiarly alluring to her. She sent for the free trial, followed all directions faithfully and soon she was rewarded by a growth ohair, which for thickness, quality and luxuriance was as remarkable as the result was gratifying. Miss Emond lives in Salem Mass., at 276 Washington St., and naturally feels very much elated to recover from total baldness. An itching scalp to people who are blessed with hair is a sign of coming baldness and should be attended to at once. The remedy that caused Miss Emondal hair to grow also curse all scalp liching and diseases, removes dandruff, and keeps the hair and scalp healthy and vigorous. Trial packages are mailed free to all who write to the Altenheim Medical Dispensary, 334 Selves Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.



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> The Advanced New Era Standard of Cigar-Value.

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purifies the most infected water by eliminating all poisonous animal and mineral matters, making it clear, drinkable and pleasant. May be operated on the range or over a gas or oil flame—in fact anywhere.

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Guaranteed equal in flavor, aroma, draft and satisfying qualities to any 2 for 25c. cigar now on sale. They settle the question of cigar-extravagance for connoisseur smokers of high-grade goods. They have the delicate, nut-like richness of taste for which almost prohibitive prices, 15c. straight—3 for 50c.—20c.—and 25c. straight—have always prevailed.

The man to whom the doctored-up flavor of an uncertain cigar-made weed, is pleasing,-the man who finds satisfaction in the flat, straw-flavor kind of cigar,-and the man who can enjoy the virulent rankness of the majority of the inferior Havana Cigars of this period,-these are not the class of smokers whose trade we want; because they are not the men who can appreciate the Lucke Rolled Cigar.

THEREFORE WE SAY-to the man with a cultivated cigar taste—we want you, and only your kind, to try these goods. We're willing to take all the chances to make you one of our consumers and friends

We will fill your order under positive agreement to refund your money in full if these goods are not all we claim for them. We prepay delivery cost (and if you are dissatisfied the return cost also).

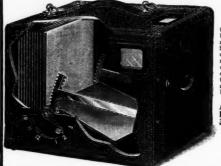
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Our new rapid action Magazine Camera. Has the finest single achromatic lens money will buy fitted into a lens holder instantly removable for cleaning. Has the New Adlake Metal Shutter with four stops. Has patent cover catch that holds. Has exposure register with self-locking lever allowing plates to move but one at a time. Takes twelve perfect pictures on glass without opening box. Twelve pictures in ten seconds if you wish, but wise amateurs never hurry picture taking. The best camera for the least money.

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Has all the patented Adlake devices that have made these cameras famous in this and foreign countries. Twelve metal plate holders, light tight, dust proof. One or more plates may be removed in broad daylight without exposing the entire dozen. No dark room necessary.

the entire dozen. No dark room necessary.

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The Bost Valuable Book
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Packed in a protected box, thus retaining its original freshness. Ready to serve without additional cooking.

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Send ns the name of a Grocer who does not handle **Granose Flakes Biscuit**, and yours, and we will send you a **Biscuit** by mail **Free**, also an Art Book, all about 20 unique and delicious Ready-to-Serve Foods.

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NO MORE EXPENSE
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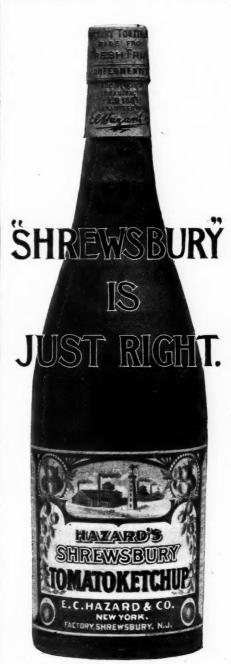
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COLUMBIA, Models 57 and 58, \$50 Highest Development of the Chain Type, embodying every possible excellence.

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3,000 Celebrated "Kantwearout" DOUBLE SEAT AND BOUBLE KNEE. EXCULAR 82.50 Boys' Two-Piece Knee-Pant Suits goine at \$1.95. A new suit free for any of these suits which don't give satisfactory wear. SEND NO MONEY. Cai this Ad. out and send to us, side age of boy and say whether large or small for age and we will send you the suit by express, C. o. D., subject to examination. You can examine it at your express office and if found perfectly satisfactory and equal to suits sold in your town for \$2.50, pay your express agent 00 the SPELIL OF STATES STATES AND TO SEL STATES STATES STATES AND TO SECURITY AND TO SECURITY SAND TO SECURI

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to us, state your MEIGHT and WEIGHT, number of inches around body at waist (pants waist band), around body at hips, largest part, also length of pants whether you wish LiGHT, MEDIUM or DARK (400)S. We will send you these pants (to your measure), by express, C. O. D., subject so office, and if found perfectly satisfactory, and equal to PAYS THAT O'THERS SELL at \$4.00 to \$6.00, nay our express agent OUR SPECIAL OFFER

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THESE PANTS are made on the latest 1899 patern bigh-grade special, wear-resisting, wood pants fabrics, in Lifelity, mbdIVI or DARK SHADES, finest trimmings, patent never-to-come-off buttons, silk and linen sewing, finest work throughout; \$2,600 to go at \$1.55. Other at Once. Boa't Delay. WE SEND FREE Resoure Tants, \$1.50 to \$1.000, latest 1.500, latest 1.500,

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as sales agents in towns in which we are not represented.

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to over 6,000 gentlemen now selling our celebrated clothing (made to order only), according to sales. Prices lowest in the country. Goods easy to sell. Only one representative employed in a town. An expensive line of large woolen samples, in an attractive sample case, absolutely free, with all accessories pertaining to the business. We furnish all necessary advertising matter (with agent's name printed prominently) wherever we are represented. We want no money from you. Experience not necessary. Our common sense system easily understood and accurate. This is a legitimate business and a legitimate offer from the largest tailoring house in the Americas. Men of good character apply at once. New Spring samples now ready

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and this ad. and we will send you this LATEST

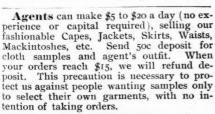
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PATTERN HAT WORTH \$4.00, by subject to examination. If satisfactory, pay express agent our special price, \$1.99, less the 50c, or \$1.49 and express charges. If hat is to be mailed, remit full amount, \$1.99, and 35c extra for postage, for the

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Russian violets, frosted foliage, all silk taffeta ribbon, bandeau of violets and ribbon to harmonize, cut steel cabashon, and rhinestone stick-pins.

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Write for Catalogue A.

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The greatest boon to wom-ankind, for shirt-waists ankind, for shirt-waists and all full front garments; it gives a rounded and full effect. The shoulder-straps,

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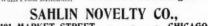


#### Can Be Worn In Place of Corset

with wrapper or tea gown. All sizes according to bust measure; price 50 cents or \$1.00. Ask your dealer for them; if he cannot supply you, write to us. Add 8 cents for postage.

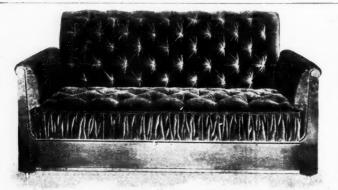
See that you get the SAHLIN. bust

Write for Free Catalogue.



191 MARKET STREET, -

# S4.95 buys a MAN'S ALL WOOLSUIT of Rich, Blue Serge, warranted Best Fast Color, Cuaranteed equal in quality, style and looks to others' best \$10.00 Suits. THE MATERIAL is Mail's Best All-wool Bine Serge, famous everywhere for its perfect weave, soft feel, wool yarn, dyed by a new process and cannot fade. It is medium weight and suitable for year around wear is firmly woven, will positively not fade or wear shiny, and will wear like leather. It's exactly the same cloth used in the serge suits that retail everywhere for \$10.00. Remember we will sell only 1800 suits at \$4.95—after they're gone the price will be \$9.00. Don't delay, but order today before they are all gone. EXPERT SUIT TAILORS will make the suit in the latest sack style to fit perfect; line it with Holman's celebrated farmer satin, piet it with Skinner's AAA satin, pad it extra well, use best grade of canvass & sew every seam with pure silk a linen thread, to \$13.95. Write for the example of cloth. SEND NO MONEY but send this adv. with your height, weight, chest, wait and crotch to examine and try it on before you pay one cent. If exactly as repented, the worth double the price we ask, then pay the exp. agent \$4.95 and expressage and take the suit. Pay nothing if unsatisfactory. WE SELL 1800 SUITS AT \$4.95 for advertising purposes. After they are gone the price goes back to \$9.00 WE SELL 1800 GUITS AT \$4.95 for advertising purposes. After they are gone the price goes back to \$9.00 Degone. You can't afford to miss this wonder chance. THE D. LOUIS VEHON CO. 155 W. Jackson St. Chicago.



# Leonard

A Luxurious Sofa, couch length, instantly convertible into a large, soft hair mattress Bed, with receptacle for bedding, 10 styles, any length; returnable if not entirely satisfactory. Delivered. Catalogue free. Patented, and sold only by

THE LEONARD SOFA BED CO., 405 Erie St., Cleveland, O.

# Peter Moller's Cod Liver Oil.

This Oil is prepared by an improved process, which is the result of years of scientific investigation, and may be confidently relied upon as being sound, tasteless, odorless and

#### OF ABSOLUTE PURITY.

Moller's Oil always gives satisfactory results because of its perfect digestibility and the fact that it may be continuously

administered without causing gastric disturbance.

In flat, oval bottles, bearing date in perforated letters. Ask for Moller's Pure Oil. For sale at all properly stocked drug stores.

Schieffelin & Co., New York, Sole Agents.

# The OLYMPIA PLAYING Music Box

is the latest and most improved of all the Music Boxes with Interchangeable Tune-Disks.

THE PIANO CANNOT PRODUCE the ri-liness attained by the Olympia unless played by six or eight hands, and then the players must be experts. It is superior to every other make in tone and simplicity of construction. The durability you'll appreciate years from now after inferior makes would have been worn out and useless. Disks are easily changed—they're practically indestructible.

would nave neem with our and necess. Does are easily changed—they to practically indestructible. CHARMING HOME ENTERTAINMENTS may be arranged without notice if an Olympia is in the parlor—Dancing. Singing, instrumental renderings—Hymns and Church Music, too.

#### Send for Handsome

**Illustrated Catalogue** 

of Music Boxes at all prices, and list of tunes.

OVER 500 TUNES are ready, and the latest music is constantly being added.

Insist on an

"Just as Good.

This Illustration shows style IV—polished mahogany or oak case—executo inches high. Price, including One Tune-Disk, **845.** Extra Tunes, **60** Cents each. Sent on receipt of price.

Sent on Trial On receipt of \$48.60 (\$3.60 being for six extra tune disks) we will send the Olympia on 10 days' trial. You can return it, and get your money back, if not entirely satisfied. Write to us.

#### F. G. OTTO & SONS,

50 Sherman Ave., Jersey City, N. J. man Ave., - Jersey C Or from Dealers in Musical Instruments, and Jewelers.

F. S. CLEAVER'S

Registered

# Soap

Promotes the health of the skin by perfectly cleansing and never irritating it. A pure, refined soap that makes faded complexions fresh and prevents fresh complexions from fading.

F. S. Cleaver & Sons, London and New York. Established 1770.

Any person unable to procure this soap from the dealers, can have a free sample by mail on sending a two-cent stamp to

F. S. CLEAVER & SONS, 90 and 92 West Broadway, NEW YORK.



Reproduced from a photograph of a genuine London match boy

# A GODSEND TO ALL HUMA

Invention of An Ohioan That Guarantees Health, Strength and Beauty by Nature's Method and Cures Without Drugs all Nervous Diseases, Rheumatism, La Grippe, Neuralgia, Kidney Troubles, Piles, Weakness and the Most Obstinate Diseases.

Those Who Have Used It Declare It To Be the Most Remarkable Invigorant Ever Produced for Man, Woman or Child.

An inventive genius of Cincinnati, Ohio, has patented and placed on the market a Bath Cabinet that is of great interest to the public, not only the sick and debilitated, but also those enjoying health.

It is a sealed compartment, in which one comfortably rests on a chair and with only the head outside, may have all the invigorating, cleansing and purifying effects of the most luxurious Turkish bath, hot vapor or

CABINET OPEN-Step in or out.



FOLDED.

FOLDED.

FOLDED.

Redicated vapor baths at home for 3 cents each, with no possibility of taking cold, or in any way weakening the system.

A well-known physician of Topeka, Kansas, E. I. Eaton, M. D., gave up his practice to sell these bath Cabinets, feeling that they were all his patients needed to get well and keep well, as they cured the most obstinate diseases often when his medicine failed, and we understand he has already sold over 600. Another physician of Chicago, Dr. John C. Wright, followed Dr. Eaton's example, moved West and devotes his entire time to selling these Cabinets. Many others are doing likewise.

Hundreds of remarkable letters have been written the inventors from those who have used the Cabinet, two of which referring to

ring to

#### Rheumatism and La Grippe,

Rheumatism and La Grippe,
will be interesting to those who suffer
from these dread maladies. G. M. Lafferty,
Covington, Ky., writes: Was compelled to
quit business a year ago, being prostrated
by rheumatism when your Cabinet came.
Two weeks' use of it entirely cured me, and
have never had a twinge since. My doctor
was much astonished and will recommend
them. Mrs. S. S. Noteman, Hood River,
Ore., writes that her neighbor used the
Bath Cabinet for a severe case of la grippe
and cured herself entirely in two days. Another neighbor cured eczema of many years'
standing and her little girl of measles. A.
B. Strickland, Bloomington, Idaho, writes
that the Bath Cabinet did him more good
in one week than two years' doctoring, and
entirely cured him of catarrh, gravel, kidney
trouble and dropsy, with which he had been
long afflicted. Hundreds of others write
praising this Cabinet, and there seems to be praising this Cabinet, and there seems to be

no doubt but that the long-sought-for means of curing rheumatism, la grippe, Bright's disease and all kidney and urinary affections has been found. The affections has been found.

#### Well-Known Christian Minister

of Una, S. C., Rev. R. E. Peale, highly recommends this Cabinet, as also does Mrs. Kendricks, Principal of Vassar College; Congressman John J. Lentz. John T. Brown, editor of the *Christian Guide*, many lawyers, physicians, ministers and hundreds of other influential people.

#### Reduces Obesity.

It is important to know that the inventor guarantees that obesity will be reduced 5 lbs. per week if these hot vapor baths are taken regularly. Scientific reasons are brought out in a very instructive little book issued by the makers. To

#### Cure Blood and Skin Diseases

the Cabinet is unquestionably the best thing in the world. If people instead of filling their systems with more poisons, by taking drugs and nostrums, would get into a Vapor Bath Cabinet and sweat out these poisons and assist Nature to act, they would have a skin as clear and smooth as the most fastidious could desire.

#### The Great Feature

of this Bath Cabinet is that it gives a Hot Vapor Bath that opens the millions of pores all over the body, stimulating the sweat glands and forcing out by nature's method all the impure salts, acids and effete matter, which, if retained, overwork the heart, kidneys and lungs and cause disease, debility, and sluggishness. A Hot Vapor Bath instills new life from the very beginning, and makes you feel to years younger. With the bath, if desired, is a

#### Head and Complexion Steamer,

in which the face and head are given the same vapor treatment as the body. This produces the most wonderful results, removes pimples, blackheads, skin eruptions

#### Cures Catarrh and Asthma.

L. B. Westbrook, Newton, Ia., writes:
"For 45 years I have had catarrh and asthma to such an extent that it had eaten out the partition between my nostrils. Drugs and doctors did me no good. The first vapor bath I took helped me and two weeks' use cured me entirely, and I have never had a twings since " never had a twinge since.

#### Whatever Will Hasten Perspiration,

whatever will flasten rerspiration, every one knows, is beneficial. Turkish baths, massage, hot drinks, stimulants, hot foot baths are all known to be beneficial, but the best of these methods become crude and insignificant when compared to the convenient and marvelous curative power of the Cabinet Bath referred to above. The Cabinet is known as the

#### Quaker Folding Thermal

Vapor Bath Calinet, was patented May 18, 1807, and is made only in Cincinnati, O. This Cabinet, we find, is durably made of the best materials. It is entered and vacated by a door at the side. The Cabinet is air-tight, made of the best hygienic waterproof cloth, rubber-lined, and a folding steel-plated frame supports it from top to bottom. The makers furnish a good alcohol store with each Cabinet; also, valuable receipts and formulas for medicated baths and ailments, as well as plain directions.

Another excellent feature is that it folds

into so small a space that it may be carried when travelling—weighs but five pounds. People don't need bathrooms, as this Cabinet may be used in any room. Thus bath tubs have been discarded since the invention of this Cabinet, as it gives a far better bath for all cleansing purposes than soap and water. For the sickroom its advantages are at once apparent. The Cabinet is amply large enough for any person. There have been

#### So-Called Cabinets

on the market, but they were unsatisfactory, for they had no door, no supporting frame, but were simply a cheap affair to pull on or off over the head like a skirt or barrel, subjecting the body to sudden and dangerous changes of temperature, or made with-a bulky wooden frame, which the heat and steam within the cabinet warped, cracked, and caused to fall apart and soon become

and caused to fail apart and soon occurs worthless.

The Quaker Cabinet made by the Cincinnati firm is the only practical article of its kind, and will last for years. It seems to satisfy and delight every user and the

#### Makers Guarantee Results.

They assert positively, and their statements are backed by a vast amount of testimony from persons of influence that their Cabinet will cure nervous troubles and debility, clear the skim, purify the blood, cure rheumatism. (They offer \$50 reward for a case that cannot be relieved.) Cures women's troubles, la grippe, sleep-lessness, obesity, neuralgia, headaches, gouts, scatica, piles, dropsy, blood and skin disease, liver and kidney troubles. It will It will

#### Cure a Hard Cold

with one bath, and break up all symptoms of la grippe, fevers, pneumonia, bronchitis, asthma and is really a household necessity. It is the most

#### Cleansing and Invigorating Bath

known, and all those enjoying health should use it at least once or twice a week, but its great value lies in its marvelous power to draw out of the system the impurities that cause disease, and for this reason is really a godsend to all humanity.

#### How to Get One.

How to Get One.

All our readers who want to enjoy perfect health, prevent disease or are afflicted should have one of these remarkable Cabinets. The price is wonderfully low, space prevents a detailed description, but it will bear out the most exacting demand for durability and curative properties. Write to the World Manufacturing Co., 98 World Building, Cincinnati, O., and ask them to send you their pamphlets and circulars describing this invention. The regular price of this Cabinet is \$5. Head Steaming Attachment, if desired, \$5 extra, and it is indeed difficult to imagine where one could invest that amount of money in anything else that guarantees so much real genuine health, vigor and strength.

else that guarantees so much real genuine health, vigor and strength.

Write today for full intormation, or better still, order a Cabinet. You won't be deceived or disappointed, as the makers guarantee every Cabinet and will refund your money if not just as represented. They are reliable and responsible. Capital, \$100,000.000, and fill all orders as soon as received.

Proceived.

Don't fail to send for booklet, as it will

prove very interesting reading.

This Cabinet is a wonderful seller for agents, and the firm offers special inducements to good agents, both men and women



Washburn Mandolins, Guitars and Banjos are the finished product of the world's largest musical factory. They are standard everywhere. Washburns excel in tone, beauty of appearance and durability. Prices from \$15.00 up.

All first - class dealers sell them. Send for beautiful catalogue (free).

LYON & HEALY, Makers
CHICAGO

If offered an imitation, simply compare with the original.

# Skin Book Free

Send your name and address on a postal card and we'll mail you our Sulphume Book—in it you'll find solid facts about the care of your skin.

We will also send you, free, a sample cake (1/3 size) of our celebrated Sulphume Soap.

Sulphume Co., 117 Marine Bldg. Chicago.

# DECORATORS WALL PAPER CO.

We want an agent in every town to sell our 1899 Patterns to anyone who has a room to paper, from our large sample books. No knowledge of the business or experience necessary. All prices marked in plain figures, from which we give liberal commissions and also pay the freight.

No selection in the country can excel ours in beauty, quality or price.

For particulars, write to our nearest store.

#### DECORATORS WALL PAPER CO.

NEW YORK: 23d St. and Sixth Ave. CHICAGO: 149-150 Michigan Ave.





# A Rigid Examination Reveals No Defects in Sterling Bicycles

No Better Bicycle Can Be Made.

Sterling Bicycles are "Built like a Watch," and the greatest care is exercised to have material, workmanship and equipment the best obtainable.

> '99 Chain Models, \$50.00 '00 Chainless Models, \$75.00

Tandem, '99 Chain Models, \$75.00 Tandem, 'oo Chainless Models, \$85.00

Send 10 two cent stamps and receive by mail pack of Sterling Playing Cards, beautifully designed - 50 cent value.

Send for catalogue giving details of Sterling equipment for 1899.

Sterling Cycle Works, Kenosha, Wis.

# YOU CAN FIX IT



anywhere, any time, anyone can, then it stays fixed.

That's one of the many good points about the



DETACHABLE

Any bicycle dealer will supply G & J Tires on your favorite make of wheel if you insist.

THEY COST HIM NO

MORE THAN OTHER GOOD TIRES

Gormully & Jeffery Mfg. Co., Chicago.

TsLnDR, YocTrstLamnm; SdceoKwO, SsCvTe?3:m Y with a 55 PRINTING PRESS.
Print your own cards, etc. Big
profits printing for neighbors.
In the printing card,
I will be presented the printing card,
I will be presented the printing card.
I will be presented to the printing card.

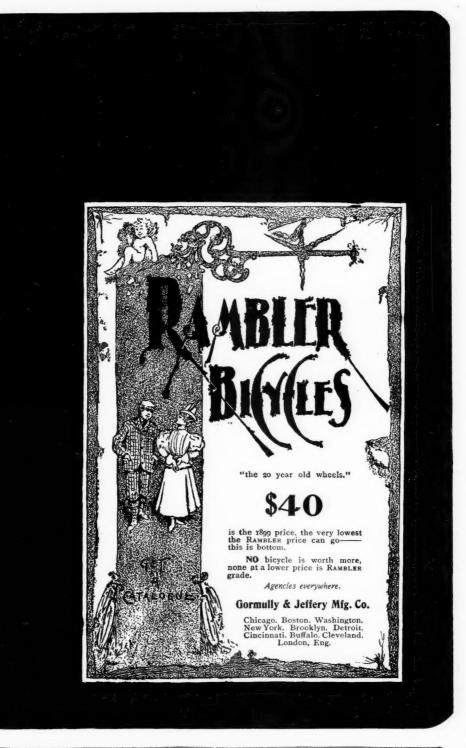


#### 20th CENTURY ELECTRO VAPOR L

RACINE BOAT MFG. CO., (Box M.), Racine, Wis.

Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely sure; write at once. Address, BOYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 697, Detroit, Mich.

In answering any advertisement on this page it is desirable that you mention Munsey's Magazine.



FAST TAKING THE PLACE OF THE OLD STYLE MACHINES

# ypewriter

(SHOWS EVERY WORD AS YOU WRITE IT)

YOU CAN LEARN TO OPERATE THIS MACHINE IN ONE DAY

#### It took 25 Years

to find out that typewriters have been built up-side-down. The Oliver is built right The work is in sight. the

Agents wanted in Every Town, City and County.

#### The Oliver Sells

because it is an up-to-date typewriter, not in the Typewriter Trust, and sold to agents at a price that enables them to make a hand-

An Agency for the Oliver carries with it the assurance of making money. APPLY QUICKLY AND SECURE DESIRABLE TERRITORY.

Agents are making from \$125.00 to \$500.00 per month.

Send for our "Exclusive Agency" Proposition. ONLY ONE AGENT IN EACH TERRITORY.....

#### **TYPEWRITER** COMPANY

CHICAGO, ILL. N. E. Cor. Washington and Dearborn Streets GENERAL EUROPEAN AGENCY

Walbrook House, Walbrook, LONDON. 

IN USE BY ...

The U. S. Government and countless business houses of importance and character throughout the world.

Send to any of the following addresses for our twenty-five business reasons showing why the Oliver excels all other typewriting machines:

F. W. Vaughan & Co., Mills Building, m Francisco.

W. M. Beleher & Co., 36 Bromfield St.,

Oliver Typewriter Co., 120 North 7th H. T. Conde Company, Indianapolis,

Karl B. Smith, 253 Broadway, New York.
Oliver Typewriter Co., 26 and 28 Washington Avenue, South, Minneapolis, Minn.
C. B. Stanton, 508 11th Street, N. W.,
Washington, D. C. Guy M. Lyon, Pabst Building, Milwaukee,

Garcia Stationery Co., Ltd., 318 Camp Street, New Orleans, La.

Or to the general offices of the Company at Chicago.

# Permanent **Profitable Employment**

for you

At Home



Within one week in January, 1899,we received an order for 87 JEWETT typewriters for the German Government and for 30 for the U.S. Government. Other makes were submitted in competition.

The booklet illustrates and explains everything. Write for it.

DUPLEX-JEWETT TYPEWRITER CO. 612-616 Locust St. DES MOINES, IOWA 

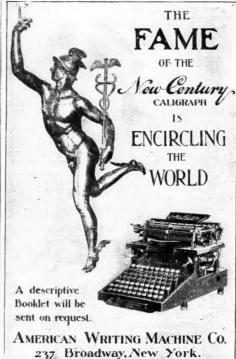


The Commercial Traveler and his Blickensderfer Typewriting Machine. Full keyboard of 84 characters, weighs only six pounds and easily carried.

BLICKENSDERFER MFG. CO., Stamford, Conn.

Chestnut and 10th Sts., Phila. 148 LaSalle St., Chicago.





Always all Write.

# "Materman's Ideal Fountain Pen."

A pocket pen and ink bottle combined, always ready for immediate use.

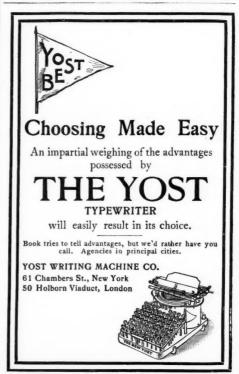
To many it is merely a **convenience**, some find it an absolute **necessity**, and to all it is a pleasure to have a perfect pen. A pen which is not suited to user's needs may be exchanged.

They are made in a large variety of styles, sizes and at prices to meet every requirement.

For sale by all first-class dealers.

L. E. Waterman Co.,

Largest Fountain Pen Manufacturers in the World, 155 & 157 Broadway, New York, N. Y. (Munsey 3 '99.)



# Seven Superb Sweet Peas for 25 Cts.



Our Grand Collection of Seven Superb New Sweet Peas for twenty-five cents is a special feature of our business each year, but never before has the collection contained seeds of such value as this year. \*\* It is an actual fact that last year it would have cost exactly two dollars and eighty-five cents to procure the seed contained in these Seven Packets sold now for 25 cents.

For 25 Cts. we mail one packet each of LADY NINA BALFOUR, Eckford's new light mauve; PRINCE OF WALES, largest flowers of most beautiful deep-rose color; BLACK KNIGHT, darkest of all Sweet Peas, nearly black; ORIENTAL, most gorgeous orange-salmon; MODESTY, silvery white, suffused with delicate flesh color; SALOPIAN, most brilliant scarlet; and BURPEE'S BEST, an absolutely unequaled mixture of all the choicest novelties. See beautiful colored plate in catalogue.

For 50 Cts. we mail two complete collections and give, free, a BURPEE'S BUSH SWEET PEA. If you name this magazine we send, FREE also, a packet of the new Dwarf Double Poppies from Japan.

\*\*With each collection we inclose a copy of our new leaflet, telling how grow Sweet Peas on our famous FORDHOOK FARMS, well known as the Largest Trial Grounds in America.

Thousands of Dollars in Cash Prizes

and many other New Features of particular interest, presented in

## BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL FOR 1899

"The Leading American Seed Catalogue."

A handsome new book of 176 pages,—tells the plain truth about Burpee's BEST SEEDS that Grow, including rare Novelties which cannot be had elsewhere. Beautiful colored plates and hundreds of illustrations from nature. Gives practical information of real value to all who would raise the choicest Vegetables and most beautiful Flowers. Mailed FREE to any address. Write TO-DAY!

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.







The 30th edition of the New Guide to Rose Culture, the leading Rose Catalogue of America, will be sent free on request, 132 pages, superbly illustrated. Describes 75 entirely new roses and all old favorites. Makes success with D. & C. Roses possible to all. Describes all other desirable flowers. Also free on request a sample of our magazine—Success with Flowers.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO.,

## A Million Testimonia **30 DAYS TRIAL FREE**

we offer on every Incubator we make.

Mrs. M. T. Duval, Old Church, Va., never before saw an incubator, yet with the Bantam hatched to chicks from 50 eggs. You can do as well. Soud 46 for No. 80 Catalog.

BUOKEYE INCUBATOR CO., Springfield, Olio.



# iree favorite flow

SWEET PEAS Over forty named varieties of Eckfords, best American and European named sorts.

PERFECTED ROYAL SHOW PANSIES Over one hundred colors and markings.

NASTURTIUMS Over twenty varieties. Every known good sort.

#### I mail One Package of each of the above for

ONLY SIX CENTS and the address of two friends who grow flowers. This bargain offer is made to acquaint new buyers with my seeds. I also send free the daintiest catalogue ever published, devoted exclusively to flower seeds, and a copy of *Floral Culture*, which tells

How to Grow Flowers From Seeds

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

The Pioneer Seedswoman, MISS C. H. LIPPINCOTT, 319 South Sixth Street, Minneapolis, Minn.



the early summer, it must achieve wide popularity. PRICES.—Strong plants, 20c. each, 3 for 50c., 7 for \$1.00, 12 for \$1.50 (free by mail). Extra strong plants, 60c. each, 2 for \$1.00, 5 for \$2.00, 9 for \$3.50, 12 for \$4.50 (by express only; purchaser's expense).

contains the darkest color, combined with pure color, of which nature is capable. It is an American Rose, raised under our climatic conditions, thus specially suited for

the home garden, blooming freely in the fall as well as in

#### SPECIAL OFFER.

ALL purchasers of the "JUBILEE ROSE" who will state where they saw this advertisement will be sent our Catalogue of "EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN" for 1899, the most useful and ornamental catalogue of Seeds, Plants and other hortistics. catalogue of Seeds, Plants and other norti-cultural supplies ever issued in this or any other country. It is a book 9 x II inches, bound in an artistic cover with ten colors, over 700 engravings and 6 colored plates of everything desirable in Seeds and Plants.

# eter Henderson & Co.,

SEEDSMEN and FLORISTS, 35 & 37 Cortlandt Street, New York.



Our Great Catalogue of Flower and Wegetable Seeds, Bulbs, profusely illustrated, Magnificent Colored Plates, 144 pages, FREE to any who anticipate ordering.

JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, FLORAL PARK, N. Y.



Hardy and bears all the time. A glorious profusion of gold and white roses at same time on same bush. Blooms all Summer from June till December. Finest, hardy ever-blooming rose for gurden, trellis or veranda. Strong plants on own Roots. 15 cents each, 2 for 25 cents.

New Floral Guide, 124 pages, tells all about 400 other choice flowers. Free. CONARD & JONES CO.,





Botanical name,—Acalypha Sanderi.

I am the only florist selling this rare, odd, novel, and beautiful Philippine Mediusa for 50c., three plants for \$1. Others charge from \$1 to \$2 for a single plant. Blooms the whole year. The long spikes of flowers are a brilliant crimson red. My plants are especially hardy and deep-rooted, with the blooms already started. Get one now and enjoy the novelty of Dewey's favorite flower. Send orders at once. Catalogue with every order. MISS MARY E. NARTIN, Floral Park, New York.

# HE FINEST GARDEN

In the neighborhood this year will be yours-if you plant Maule's Seeds. My new Seed and Plant Book for 1899 contains everything good, old or new. Hundreds of illustrations; four colored plates; complete up-to-date cultural directions. Full of business cover to cover. A 600 page Year Book and Almanac with complete weather forecasts for 1899, free with every order of \$1.50 or upward for

# MAULE'S SEEDS

I send the best Agricultural Weekly in the U. S. for only 25 cents per annum. Ten packets of the newest novelties in Sweet Peas, only 20 cents. It also gives rock bottom prices on the best Onion Seed in America. \$1000.00 in cash club prizes. It is pronounced by all the brightest and best seed book of the year, and you need it before placing your order for 1899. Mailed free to all who mention having seen this advertisement in MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

WM. HENRY MAULE, 1711 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa.

. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .



#### Crocker's Flower Seeds.

12 Choice Annuals 10 cents. For 10 cents and the names and addresses of two 'f your friends who grow flowers, we will send you the 12 varieties of flower seeds named below.

- I pkt. Pansy.
  I pkt. Petunia,
  I pkt. Aster,
  I pkt. Balsam,
  I pkt. Binka,
  I pkt. Mignonette,
- 1 kt. Sweet Peas.
  1 pkt. Sweet Alyssum,
  1 pkt. Phlox,
  1 pkt. Phlox,
  1 pkt. Zinnia,
  1 pkt. Eschscholtzia,
  1 pkt. Candytuft.

Enough seed for an ordinary flower garden. Warranted to grow and please. Sold at this low price to introduce our superior tested seeds. We deal in flower seeds exclusively. Did you ever buy your flower seeds of an exclusively flower seed dealer! Unique Illustrated Flower Seed Catalogue Free.

CROUKER FLOWER SEED Oh.,
Flower Seed Specialists. Minneapolis, Minz.





#### A Woman Florist.

EVERBLOOMING ! ROSES

Red, White, Pink, Yellow, Blush, Crimson, Flesh, and Apricot.

for

ALL WILL BLOOM THIS SUMMER.

Send 25 cents for the above eight colors of Roses. I want to how you samples of the Roses I grow, hence this offer.

Some Special BARGAINS in Flower Collections.

Some Special BARGAINS in Flower C
Hibiscus: I Paim: I Jasemine,
Hardy Roses, each one different, fine for garden,
Finest Flowering Geraniums, double or single,
Carnations, the "Divine Flower," all colors,
Frize Winning Chrysanthemums, world-beaters,
Assorted Plants, suitable for pots or the yard,
Sattling Colcus, will make a charming bed,
Sattling Colcus, will make a charming bed,
Javely Flowering Dwarf Cannas,
Lovely Flowering Dwarf Cannas,
O Lovely Gladiolas, the prettiest flower grown,
Superb Large-Flowered Pansy Plants, 25 cts.

SPECIAL OFFER.—Any 5 sets for \$1.00; half of any 5 ets, 60 cents, post-paid. I guarantee satisfaction. Once a ustomer, always one. Catalogue Free,

MISS ELLA V. BAINES, Box 92 Springfield, Ohio-





MLLE. AIMEE's Face Bleach

TRY IT FIRST

To demonstrate the remarkable beautiving effect of Mile. Atmee's Face Bleach we will upon receipt of 20c. send a sufficient supply of the preparation to thoroughly convince any lady that Mile. Aimee's Face Bleach is the most remarkable complexion maker and the only face bleach that absolutely and permanently removes freekles, tan, sunburn, pimples, blotches, pin worms, blackheads, sallowness, crowsfeet or any skin eruption whatever. It produces a clear, transparentakin; gives a refined, faselinating a complexion whatever is a ladies agent expectations. Do not fail to send 20c, for sample bottle, or 2c, stamp for free book on facial beauty giving all particulars. Send today. Addr.

AXENE TOILET CO., Dept. 22, Masonic Temple, Chicago



Benign Growths.

#### Without the use of the Knife

THE LARGEST AND BEST EQUIPPED PRIVATE INSTITUTION IN THE WORLD.

We have never failed to effect a permanent cure where we have had a reasonable opportunity for treatment.

Please state your case as clearly as possible and our book with complete information will be mailed free. Address,

Drs. W. E. Brown & Son, North Adams, Mass.



Beecham's

A Wonderful Medicine for biliousness, torpid liver, loss of appetite, sick headache, indigestion, dyspepsia, constipation, and all kindred complaints, often forerunners of fatal disease. 25c. at all Drug Stores.

> Annual Sales. over 6.000,000 Boxes.

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"Earl Cuff Buttoner."

It puts cuff buttons into cuffs "quick as a wink." It saves fingers, cuffs, time and temper. A child can use it. Practical, sensible, helpful to any man or woman who wears cuffs. Send stamps or silver.

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An Electric Roller in all the term implies. The invention of a physician and electrician known throughout this country and Europe. A most perfect and electrician known throughout this country and Europe. A most perfect manager and all facial blemishes—POSITIVE. Whenever electricity is to be used for massaging or curative purposes, it has no equal. No charging. Will last forever. Always ready for use on ALL PARTS OF THE BODY, for all diseases. For Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Nervous and Circulatory Diseases, a specific. The professional standing of the inventor (you are referred to the public press for the past fifteen years), with the approval of this country and Europe, is a perfect guarantee. PRICE: GOLD, \$400: SILVER, \$400. By mail, or at office of Gibbs' Company, 958 BROAD WAY, New YORK. Circular free.

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That you may judge of the value of this Great Discovery for yourself, we will send you one Large Case by mail FREE, only asking that when cured yourself you will recommend it to others. It is a Sure Specific and cannot Address, The Church Kidney Cure Company, No. 409 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



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Jenkinson's When you buy a cigar you pay one price for the tobacco and three or four prices for style. You have to pay for the labor it takes to make the cigar graceful in shape and symmetrical in proportions. You have to pay for costly fancy labels, gilt bands, and expensive boxes. All these things are of absolutely no value to you.

When you buy Jenkinson Stogies you pay but one price. pay for the tobacco-the same tobacco you get in a good cigar. All the unnecessary expenses have been eliminated.

The expert stogie maker, with a few quick, dexterous movements, transforms pure tobacco leaves into the finished stogie. He can make several of them while the cigar maker would be making one cigar

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These facts, and these only, make the wide difference in price.

A box of 100 "Standard Hand-made" Stogies costs but \$1.50, express prepaid. Try them. If you don't like them, you can have all your money back for the asking.

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Adding, Multiplying and Dividing Machine, for Accountants and Engineers.

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PROFITABLE but NEGLECTED Science.

WillLE there are some people that have a vague idea that coins issued 100 or 1000 years ago are worth fabulous sums, yet very few know that coins issued only a few years ago are at a large premium. For instance, the first Columbian half-dollar store of the first Columbian half-dollar store of 1800 are at a premium, also Isabelia quarters of 1803, twenty-cent pieces 1876 to 1870 are at a premium, also Isabelia quarters of 1803, twenty-cent pieces 1876 to 1870 are at a premium, also Isabelia quarters of 1803, twenty-cent pieces 1876 to 1870, and three-cent pieces; first issue of the mckel cents, all gold dollars and three-cent silver pieces; if the time of the mckel cents, all gold dollars and three-dollar gold pieces; all Territorial and California coins from 1849 to 1850, and thousands of earlier American and Forga coins. There is also a premium on some coins with MI NT MARKS O. O. Cherter is also a premium on some coins with MI NT MARKS O. O. Cherter bills and old PONTAGE STAMPS. THE GLOBE reports that a coin was found in Galveston worth \$5.000. THE NEW YORK JOURNAL says; what a cent was plowed up at Aurora, N. Y., worth \$1,200, and that Mr. Castle paid \$84,400 FOR A STAMP found at Louisville, Ky. THE WORLD says: "Many people have become wealthy by looking after old coins and stamps." THE HOME JOURNAL says: "Coin and stamp collecting is a profitable business, as there are but few in it. The Numismakle Bank buys from Agents all over the country, and pays them big sums." Coins that are very hard to find in one section are often easily found in others. A Boston for \$1,700, and others have done nearly as well. Mr. F. W. Arkersol recently a lot of stamps, collected since 1892, to Stanley Gibbons for \$250,000. The COMMERCIAL AND FINANCIAL NEWS says: "The Numismatic Bank is not only the largest institution of its kind, but as reliable, safe and trustworthy to deal with as any National Bank. The enormous business done by them is the result of \$QUARE DEALING and liberality." Send two

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Simply placed in the heel felt down. Do not require larger shoes. Are scientific and healthful, and recommended by physicians. Can be raised or lowered by adding or removing the layers of conk. 1-2 in. 25c.; 3-4 in. 35c.; 1 in. 50c., per pair. Ladies' or Men's. FREE TRIAL. Send name, size of shoe, height desired, and 2c. stamp for pair on 10 days' trial.

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BY THE SEA. Protected by Beau-tiful I s lands. Game, Oysters and fish in abundance. Lemons, Oranges, Pincapples, and all Sub-

tropical Fruits and Flowers are grown to perfection. Climate delightful, Summer and Winter. Land fertile, high and dry. A nook in FLORIDA comparatively unknown that offers to settlers and to Winter visitors advantages not found elsewhere. Seekers after health, pleasure

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This Cut is 1-2 Actual and Size of Watch and Chain. FOR ONE DAY'S WORK.

We send this Nickel-Plated Watch, also a Chain and Charm to Boys and Girls fer selling 1½ dozen packages of BLUINE at roc. each. Send your full address by return mail and we will forward the Bluine, postpaid, and a large Premium List.

No money required. We send the Bluine at our own risk.
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This is an American Watch, Nickel-Plated Case, Open Face, Heavy Bevelled Crystal. It is Guaranteed to keep Accurate Time, and with proper care chould last Ten Years.

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All you have to do to get one is to drop us a postal with your name and address, and the name and address of a dealer who doesn't sell it.

Wool Soap is white, pure, safe for toilet and bath. The only soap that won't shrink woolens.

Swift and Company, Makers, Chicago

# Yale Mixture

#### A Centleman's Smoke

is the pipe-smoker's daily delight!

All that's best in pipe tobacco is here for your enjoyment. Try it—on the yacht, at the seashore, in the mountains—where cigars never satisfy.

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DURKEE'S SALAD DRESSING consists only of the very choicest ingredients which long experience and unlimited facilities in obtaining condiments from all over the world can bring together. "Nothing too good" has been the motto.

Just as some people are "covered and not clothed," so most salads are "messed but not dressed." A dash too much of this, or a drop too little of that, and the salad is spoiled; and just as the best fitting clothes are made by those who make a specialty of clothes making, so the best SALAD DRESSING is made by the house with whom the making of SALAD DRESSING has for years been a study, thus insuring absolute perfection.

Send for FREE booklet on "Salads; How to Make and Dress Them," giving many valuable and novel recipes for Salads, Sandwiches, Sauces, Luncheon Dishes, etc. Sample, 10c.

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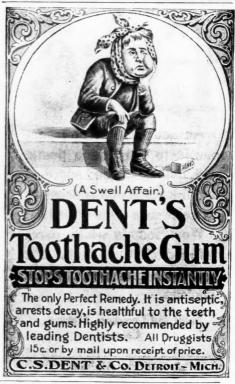
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5 Varieties, ready for dilution and use. 10¢ can makes 6 plates.

An exquisite blending of flavors with strength. Our booklet explains, free. Note Helmet trade-mark and Kansas City on package.

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BLUINE COMPANY, - Concord Junction, Mass.



#### **Home Brand Java Coffee**

The Highest Grade Coffee Grown.

**HEALTHFUL**—because it is thoroughly cleansed and scoured before roasting.

**DELICIOUS**—because the full rich flavor and fine aroma of the coffee is retained.

Packed WHOLE BEAN, GROUND or PULVER-IZED, in one pound, air tight, non metallic boxes

Used and recommended by Mrs. S. T. Rorer.

If your grocer does not keep it, we will send by mail, post-paid, to any address in the United States, I pound upon receipt of 50c., or 2 pounds for \$1.00.

HENRY A. FRY & CO.,

Importers, Roasters and Packers,
ESTABLISHED 1866. 131 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.

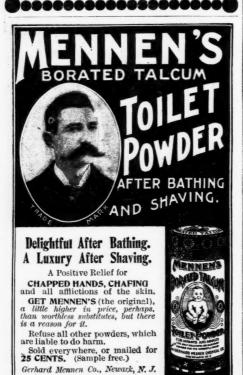
A SIX DAYS' TREATMENT SENT ON TRIAL BY MAIL, TO ANYONE WHO HONESTLY DESIRES TO BE CURED OF THE OPIUM, MORPHINE OR CO-CAINE "HABITS."

Remedy Contains No Opiates or Poisons Cures the Dreaded "Habits" Permanently Without Suffering.

A well-known practitioner of Cincinnati, O., after many years' close study has discovered a remedy that permanently cures the morphine, opium, cocaine, laudanum and similar habits. In order to let the sufferer realize how easily he can be cured at home, without any suffering, detention from business or loss of time the doctor sends a six days' treatment on trial to anyone who actually desires to be cured.

The cure is complete and permanent and leaves the patient in a condition of perfect

If you are or have a friend addicted to the terrible habit write to Dr. Carlos Bruisard, 335 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, O., for a trial treatment. All correspondence strictly confidential. Write to-day.



# **Cured His Rupture**

After Suffering Fifteen Years a Maine Citizen Recovers.

Remarkable Discovery of a New Healing System.

People who have been ruptured for some years generally settle down to the notion that they must end their lives in suffering. Usually, they have tested all sorts of cures and trusses and give up at last in despair. But



MR. WALTER J. COLBY, Brunswick, Me.

MR. WALTER J. COLBY, Brunswick, Me. now comes a new plan, a radically different system, which says positively that any kind of a rupture, old or recent, bad or slight can be cured completely and permagently in a very short time. The experience of Mr. Colby is cited as an evidence of what the new plan will accomplish. Mr. Colby was badly ruptured. For fifteen years he lived in constant dread of strangulation. He tried everything known in the truss line and still his rupture was there just as it had been for fifteen years, worse if anything. Some one called his attention to the so-called Dr. Rice system, but he was skeptical. He sent for an explanation of the plan, and this so appealed to his experience and sense of the fitness of things that he could not resist the impulse to try it, skeptical as he was.

The results have more than met expectations, for not only was his severe rupture returned into the abdomen and securely held there, but the cure was absolutely perfect and permanent, enabling him in a few short weeks to do any kind of work without fatigue, bother or feeling that he had ever been ruptured. It is a home cure. No pain nor danger can possibly happen. A person won't lose a moment from work. There is no operation of any kind, and the plan is so certain to cure that every ruptured person ought to know all about it. Dr. Rice has prepared an illustrated book telling about his discovery in a most convincing manner. He sends the book free to all. Write for it. If you know others who are ruptured tell them to write for this free book, or do so yourself. It will be an act of kindness which they will appreciate. Write to Dr. W. S. Rice, 309 C. Main St., Adams, N. Y.

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You feel it's drawing, soothing strengthening power at once

APPLY HEAT IF NOT SUFFICIENTLY ADRESIVE.
THIS CLOTH SHOULD NOT BE REMOVED.

### Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plaster.

Prepared by S.C. Syer Co.

Proprietors Aver's STANDARD FAMILY MEDICINES.

LOWELL, MASS. U.S.A.

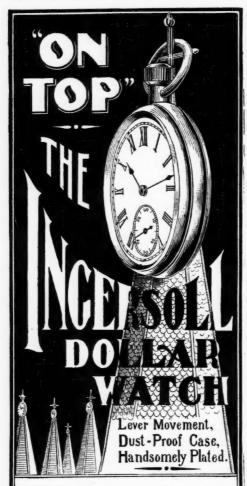
If cloth adheres too firmly, it can be easily removed by

Put the Plaster over the Pain. Takes Away
Soreness in the Chest:

Strengthens a weak back.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

If your druggist cannot supply you send
25 cents in stamps to J.C. AYER CO., LOWELL MASS.



THE INGERSOLL DOLLAR WATCH has attained a reputation for reliability and beauty extending around the world. It has become the standard of all low-priced watches in America and in many other countries.

The factory output has steadily increased until the annual production has reached the enormous quantity of one million perfect watches per year. There are now millions of satisfied wearers of this famous watch and the number is still increasing.

Send one dollar for a sample and see for yourself the greatest mechanical production of

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We can prove this, and invite investigations and comparisons. Motors from 1 to 50 horse power.

Boats in all sizes and types, from a 16-ft. Tender to a 125-ft. Yacht.

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# Tones Every Organ and Nerve in the

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System Every home should have our New Improved Ther-mal Vapor Bath Cabinet (recently patented). It opens the several million pores all over the body, and sweats out of the system all impure and poisonous matter which causes disease. Gives absolute cleandisease. Gives absolute clean-liness and without medicine, keeps the body healthy and vigorous. Will cure a hard cold and break up all symp-toms of typhoid and other fe-vers with one bath. Reduces surplus flesh; cures rheuma-tism and all blood, kin, nerve, kidney diseases. You will have annsing and purifying effects of

PRICE \$5.00.

PRICE \$5.00. kidney diseases. You will have all the invigorating, cleansing and purifying effects of the most luxurious Turkish, hot-air or medicated bath at a trifling cost. Price \$5.00.

The Rev. J. W. Batley, D. D., Topeka, Kans., recommends this Thermal Bath Cabinet highly for nervous diseases. S.R. May, Haven, Kas., sufered lifteen years with rheumatism. After using our Bath Cabinet a short time he was entirely cured. Dr. Wm. F. Holoombe, one of New York's ablest and best known specialists, recommends this Cabinet for Bright's disease and all kidney troubles, and also says it is the createst cure known for meumonia.

the greatest cure known for pneumonia.

Ladies should have our Complexion Steamer, used Ladles should have our Complexion Steamer, used in conjunction with the Cabinet, in which the face is given the same vapor treatment as the body. The only harmless and sure method of drawing away all impurities, leaving the skin clear and soft as velvet. It is the only cure for pimples, blotches, and other disguring sores and blemishes. Invaluable for the successful treatment of Catarrh & Asthma. Price \$1.50 extra PREE Descriptive Book and Testimonials to all PREE who write. Special Inducements to Agents.

MOLLENKOPP & McCREERY, 102Summit St. Toledo, 0 \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*



#### WYANDOTTE WASHING SODA



DOTTE Washing Soda is not simply the best washing soda-it is the best washing compound.

It is ten times as effective as sal-soda, and better and stronger than all other washing sodas.

It is also safer and surer.

Soda was meant to be a blessing to working womankind.

It was intended to make the washing as easy as it should be.

It is the best thing known for loosening the dirt from the clothes and making it easy to wash them.

The reason ordinary sodas don't do this to your satisfaction is because they are not pure.

Ordinary soda contains alkali which injures the clothes and spoils the hands, Wyandotte Washing Soda is the soda which contains no caustic alkali.

It is absolutely safe and sure.

It is so safe and so sure that we guar-

antee it to the last ounce. We know it will not injure the finest

fabric or the softest hands. Our name and our reputation are right behind Wyandotte Washing Soda to say that it is good and safe.

We guarantee it to be the best washing soda you have ever tried.

It will save you time, labor and expense in your laundry, and will find a permanent place in your home if you once give it a thorough trial.

This is something that can be said of no other washing soda, and especially of sal-soda, and other sodas you buy in bulk.

Bulk soda is a risky thing for you to use. You know nothing about it, and you can find out nothing about it. There is no one behind it to say that it is good.

Wyandotte Washing Soda is always put up by us with our name upon the

box, and our guarantee behind our name.

It is the biggest and best package of washing soda you can buy for five cents.

It is five cents' worth of economy, cleanliness, and labor-saving. It is the biggest and

best five cents' worth of anything you can buy.

The Wyandotte package is bigger than any other five cent package of soda.

It is not only bigger - it is also stronger. It goes farther, and costs less than other washing compounds.

There is a great deal of drudgery about washing clothes which is need-

There has always been a want for what chemists call a detergent-that is, something that will loosen the dirt without injuring the fabric.

Soan does this after a long time and after a good deal of hard rubbing.

Soda and soap together do it better than soap can do it alone-more quickly, and when it is the right soda will not harm the hands or the fabric.

Wyandotte Washing Soda is that right soda

Every ounce of it is good and pure and sure.

It will save you money constantly from the moment you begin to use it.

A package costs five cents. It is bigger than any other five cent

package. It is better than any other package at any price.

It is a new soda, and your grocer may not have it.

We want the name of your grocer, so that hereafter he will always carry it. Send us his name, and, in return for it, we will send you a coupon which is good for a five cent package of the soda. When you have once used it, you will always use it.

This is why we can afford to give it to you free.

If it were not the best washing soda that you can use, we could not afford to have you try it for nothing.

THE J. B. FORD COMPANY, BOX B, Wyandotte, Michigan.



#### BELL STARCH



LL Starch is made in a new way, which makes better starch for less money than any starch which has been sold before.

Bell Starch saves the time of your laundress, which is your time and your money, and starches your things stiffer, cleaner, and more quickly than you have been used to having them done.

Bell Starch is made in a common sense way, and is to be used in a common sense way.

There is no unnecessary work about it-just the simplest, quickest, easiest thing to be done

It is made with cold water.

A little boiling hot water is added, and then it is ready for use.

There is no long, tiresome boiling, and no keeping the

starch boiling through a long wash

A small quantity of Bell Starch can be prepared instantly, and is instantly ready for use.

Although so easily prepared, Bell Starch does its work better than the average starch.

Bell Starch is extra strong.

It is stiffer, and makes the article starched stiffer than other starches.

It gives that rich, soft gloss so desir-ble, without any extra work. It does not stick to the iron.

The time of your laundress is worth money to you.

#### Three **Things** Free

Send us the name of your grocer and we will send you, free, three coupons-one coupon good for one package of Wyandotte Washing Soda; one coupon good for one package of Bell Starch, and one coupon good for one package of Wyandotte Baking Soda.

> The J. B. Ford Company Wyandotte, Michigan

The first cost of your starch is worth money to you

value of skirts, waists, dresses, The and shirts, that are worn-out by too much ironing, is worth money to you. You will save these things by buying

and using Bell Starch.
You only need to buy it and use it for one week to be convinced that it is a

good thing for you.

good thing for you.

The longer you use it the more firmly will you be convinced.

Bell Starch may not be sold by your grocer, but it ought to be. If it is not, send us his name and address, and we will send you a coupon which is good for one five cent package of Bell Starch.

This coupon is entirely free.

It means that we think Bell Starch so good that all you need is an

introduction to it. THE J. B. FORD COMPANY, Box B, Wyandotte, Michigan.

#### WYANDOTTE BAKING SODA

Wyandotte Baking Soda contains more gas than any other soda. It is stronger, lighter, and makes better baking than any other soda. It is absolutely pure. A package costs but five cents.

Your grocer, perhaps, does not keep it. We are very anxious that he should. We want his name and address so that we can tell him about it.

If you will send his name and address to us, we will send you by return mail a coupon which will entitle you to a free package of Wyandotte Baking Soda.

package of wyandotte Baking Soda.
One package will teach you that you
can do better baking at a less expense
with Wyandotte Baking Soda than
with any other soda you have known.
THE J. B. FORD COMPANY, Box B,
Wyandotte, Michigan.



# Staffords Small

Any ink will make a mark, but the marks fade sometimes.
Your records should be kept with a permanent ink.
I. S. Stafford, New York, Chicago, London, Berlin.

FOR BELL SKIRT, FLARE SKIRT OR ANY KIND OF SKIRT

#### Use HAIR CLOTH

IF YOU WISH the DESIRED STYLISH EFFECT and a satisfactory stiff interlining; it is PRACTICAL, therefore SENSIBLE. Nothing Has Been or Can Be Substituted with any degree of satisfaction. It is "The Survival of the Fittest."

ITS FURTHER USES: Lower edge of Skirts and Basques, Basque Pieces, Collars, Collarettes on Children's Cloaks, Epaulets, Flat Vests, Flat Yokes. Habit Basques, Jacket-Skirts, Muffs, Revers, Small Capes, Small Jacket Fronts, Bustles, and any other purpose requiring an interlining.

Not less than a ten inch facing gives the stylish set to a skirt, holds out a petticoat from the feet, and acts as a safety guard in a bicycle skirt. Send for "Hair Cloth and Its Uses" Free. The high-class dressmaker and ladies' tailor will use Hair Cloth.

Use Black, Gray, or White in Styles.

Herringbone, 10/3, 16/3, 10/4. French, 146/3, 200/3, 206/3. French Imperial, 206/4.

AMERICAN HAIR CLOTH COMPANY, - - PAWTUCKET, R. I. Largest Manufacturers in the World of French and Herringbone HAIR CLOTH.

Ask for our Trade-mark of horses.



CHARLES E. PERVEAR, Agent.



Made only by John I. Brown & Son, TRY THEM FOR

Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness and Sore Throat.

Observe Fac-Simile

John & Brown Son

on wrapper of every box.

THE IMPROVED HOME



combines in its construction scientific simplicity, with the highest efficiency and absolute safety. The user requires no assistant. Enables one to enjoy privately at home the delights and benefits of

Turkish, Russian, Dry Steam, Oxygen, Medicated and Perfumed Baths.

It is not intended to compete in price with the improperly constructed, complicated contrivances that are high priced as a gift. Made on merit by a responsible concern. Sold on merit at as reasonable a price as high class material and workmanship will permit. Send for descriptive circular, free, to free, to MAYOR, LANE & CO.,

148 White St.,

New York City.



# Artistic (

Made of Ornamental Red Brick. Note the generous fire opening-the projecting upper shelf and ample lower shelf supported by Renaissance fluted work with centre panel; also the broad hearth. It's a charming design. Our mantels are the newest and best. Our customers say so. When you build or remodel send for our Sketch Book of 59 designs of mantels costing from \$12 upwards.

PHILA. & BOSTON FACE BRICK CO. 307 Liberty Square,

# Silver Plate.



These goods look like sterling silver, and will wear almost as long.

If you cannot procure the genuine "Eagle Brand" from your dealer, write us and we will see that you are supplied without delay. The genuine is made only by

SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO., Wallingford, Conn.

New York - Chicago - Montreal.

#### BUY DIRECT FROM THE IMPORTER



Buckle

FRENCH ROSE

A beautiful and artistic novelty, size 3 x 2 in. Choice of Amethyst, Emerald, or Turquoise Center. Sent on receipt of wholesale price, 50cts. in coin or 2-ct. stps.

BEDFORD NOVELTY CO.,

40 Bedford Street.

BOSTON, MASS.

## EAGLE LIQUEURS

THE ONLY TRULY AMERICAN PRODUCTION.



"An after Dinner Liqueur of Superior Excellence."

To be found at leading Cafes, Clubs, and on private sideboards everywhere.

For Punches, Cocktails, Sherbets. A necessary Culinary Assistant.

DIGESTIVE.

NUTRITIVE,

SEDATIVE.

If your dealer can not supply you, write to us for

Illustrated Booklet and Prices.

#### EAGLE LIQUEUR DISTILLERIES.

RHEINSTROM BROS., Distillers and Exporters,

923-945 MARTIN ST., 924-944 E. FRONT ST.,

CINCINNATI, O.

#### Woodward's



The Old-Established Popular English Remedy for all Disorders of Infants and Children.

Dr. W. H. WRIGHT, Medical Officer of Health, Derby, England: —" For over 20 years I have prescribed your excellent 'GRIPE WATER.'"

GORDON STABLES, Esq., M.D., C.M., Twyford, Berks, England: -

"WOODWARD'S 'GRIPE WATER' is the only safe Medicine for infants. It is therefore recommended by the profession. If it became the only medicine in our Nurseries, we would have more healthy, happy Children, and fewer puny, wretched Men."

Mrs. ADA S. BALLIN, Lecturer upon "The Health and Management of Infants and Children":

"I had your 'GRIPE WATER' analysed on the occasion of The 'Baby' Exhibition, as I was requested to mention it in my lectures. The result of this analysis was such that I had pleasure in recommending it."

Ask Medicine Vendors everywhere for it.

# ON 30 DAY'S TRIAL. Elastic T



Has a Pad different from all others, is cup shape, with self-adjusting Ball in center, adapts itself to all positions of the body, while the ball in the cup presses back the intestines, just as a person

does with the finger. light pressure the Hernia is held securely day and night, and a radical cure certain. It is easy, durable and cheap. Sent by mail. Circulars free.

durable and cheap. Sent by mail. Circulars free.

Dr. Eggleston & Co., gentlemen. I would like to say a few words in regard to your truss it is the only one that I have ever worn with any comfort. It holds the rupture in its place day and night and I think it has cured me for I can take it off and do my work all right weeks at a time.

Trinity Med. Coll., Toronto, Canada, Nov. 8, '98.

C. H. Eggleston Truss Co., Toronto, Ont., gentlemen. The truss obtained from you six weeks ago, has already produced a closure of the hernial orifice and although I am still wearing the truss (and that I am no longer that object of pity "a ruptured man."

Yours sincerely H. S. Johnston.

WASHBURN, Wis., Nov. 23.

C. H. Eggleston & Co., gentlemen. I was ruptured in 1867 and for 13 years could not get a truss that would hold my rupture. In 1880 I got one of yours, wore it 28 months and today am a sound man. A. M. Worden.

\$1,000 forfeited to you if every testimonial used by use

\$1,000 forfeited to you if every testimonial used by us is not genuine. Address.

C. H. EGGLESTON & CO., 1317 MASONIC TEMPLE, CHICAGO.



# Makes the Bath a Delight

Keeps the Skin Soft and Smooth

Reproductions of this artistic photograph mailed to any address upon receipt of 5c. (Size 10x 12 inches).

Sample cake mailed for 2 cents
Full sized cake, - - 15 cents

Address Dept. M THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.

Manufacturers for over half a century of WILLIAMS' CELEBRATED SHAVING SOAPS



#### Whooping Cough, Croup, Asthma, Colds.

Hundreds of thousands of mothers use Vapo-Cresolene. Do you! Hundreds of thousands of mothers use Vapo-Cresolene. Do you! Cresolene cures Whooping Cough every time; stops Croup almost immediately, and if used at once will cure a Cold before any complications can arise. I. N. Love, M.D., of St. Louis, says: "I have instructed every family under my direction to secure it." Mrs. Ballington Booth, says: "I recommend that no family where there are young children should be without it." W. R. Chichester, M.D. of New York, says: "As a vehicle for disinfecting purposes Cresolene is immediately successful." Anthony Comstock, says: "Mailgnant Diphtheria in my house; Cresolene used; cases recovered in two weeks; no others were affected."

Descriptive booklet with testimonials free. Sold by all druggists.

VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 69 Wall St., New York.

Schieffelin & Co., New York, U. S. Agents.

#### American People

are proud to acknowledge as their own the superb American product-

#### **GREAT** WESTERN Champagne

Pure, palatable, purchasable. No fancy price for a foreign Will be served if you label. call for it, at all first class cafés, clubs and buffets.

> The present vintage is especially pleasing and extra dry.

#### Pleasant Valley Wine Co.,

SOLE MAKERS,

Rheims. - N. Y.

Sold by H. B. KIRKE & CO., NEW YORK.

# Lost 54 Lbs. of Fat



#### **ARE YOU TOO STOUT?**

If so, why not reduce your weight and be comfortable 1 Obesity is a disease and predisposes to Heart Trouble, Paralysis, Liver disease, Rheumatism, Apoplexy, etc., and is not only dangerous but extremely annoying to people of refined taste. We do not care how many reduction remedies you may have taken disease the statement of t been reduced in weight and greatly improved in health by its use.

Mr. W. A. Pollock,
Hartington, Neb., 50 lbs.
Mrs. M. M. Cummins,
Ottawa, Ill., 78 "Miss M. Holsington,
Lake View, Mich., 50 "Miss M. Nobles,
Racine, Wis., 56 "

We are going to give away barrels and

#### BARRELS OF SAMPLE BOXES FREE

just to prove how effective, pleasant, and safe this remedy is to reduce weight. If you want one, send us your name and address, and 4 cents to pay for postage, packing, etc. Price of large box, \$1.00, postpaid. Each box is sent in a plain sealed package with no advertising on it to indicate what it contains. Correspondence strictly confidential.



HALL CHEMICAL CO., Dept. H. M., St. Louis, Mo.

THE JACKSON SANATORIUM

Main Building Absolutely Fire-proof.

#### at Dansville, New York,

For thirty-eight years the leading Health Institution in America, is under the personal care of regularly educated and experienced physicians, and is distinctive in its methods and character.

A delightful home for health and rest seekers in which every provision is made for recreation, comfort, and good cheer, as well as for skilled medical care and treatment.

A beautiful illustrated pamphlet with full information will be sent on application. Address

J. ARTHUR JACKSON, M. D., Secretary, P. O. Box 1866.

Twenty=third Annual Statement of

# The PRUDENTIAL

January 1st, 1899.





Bonds and Mortgages	10,489,318,63
Real Estate	3,557,234.29
Railroad Bonds, (Market Value)	9,054,906.25
Municipal Bonds, (Market Value)	3,167,718.75
U. S. Government Bonds, (Market	
Value)	111,000.00
Cash in Banks and Office	1,311,107.03
Interests and Rents, due and accrued.	308,243.00
Loans on Collateral Securities	30,000.00
Loans on Policies	225,570.52
Deferred Premiums in course of col-	
lection	632,097.95
Total	28,887,196.42

#### LIABILITIES.

Reserve on Policies							\$22,877,071.00
Capital and Surplus All other Liabilities	to	Po	lic	y-b	olde	rs	5,888,894.76 121,230.66
Total							\$28,887,196,42

The Prudential's Record for 1898 shows remarkable gains in those Departments of its business which add Strength, Progress, and Prosperity.

ASSETS			increased to nearly	29 MILLION DOLLARS
SURPLUS		• .	increased to nearly	<b>6 MILLION DOLLARS</b>
INCOME	•		increased to over	17 MILLION DOLLARS
INSURANCE II	N FORCE		increased to over	414 MILLION DOLLARS
POLICIES IN I	FORCE		increased to nearly	3 MILLIONS
<b>CLAIMS PAID</b>	<b>DURING 1</b>	898	on over	<b>43 THOUSAND POLICIES</b>
PAID POLICY-	HOLDERS		during 1898 over	<b>5 MILLION DOLLARS</b>
TOTAL PAID	POLICY-HO	<b>DLDERS</b>	to date, over	<b>36 MILLION DOLLARS</b>

THE PRUDENTIAL wrote during 1898 over ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FOUR MILLION DOLLARS of Insurance.

Covering all the plans devised for protection and investment. Full information gladly furnished.

Write The Prudential Insurance Company

...of America...

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President.

Home Office: NEWARK, N. J.



# Che Waldorf Shoe

FOR MEN

 $^{\$}2^{\frac{.50}{*}}$ 

#### A Fashionable Shoe...

Made with all the style and appearance of a \$4.00 shoe.

#### A Comfortable Shoe...

Every operation on our shoes is the same as on hand sewed shoes, giving them flexibility, and our lasts are specially designed so we can fit any foot—wide or narrow, large or small.



WALDORF STREET SHOE. All styles. All kinds leather.

# A Reasonable Price...

Which any one can afford to pay.

The Waldorf Shoes are put on the wearers' feet at the least cost of any shoes in the world. We buy our leather direct from tanners for cash, and have the latest improved machinery and expert workmen in every department; and on our large business we are content with a very small profit.

Direct from Our Factories . . . . Sold Only in Our Own Stores . . . No Jobbers' or Middlemen's Profits



FULL DRESS.
Patent and Enamel leather.

Satisfied customers have helped the wonderful growth of our business. Hundreds of our customers voluntarily say **The Waldorf** is the best shoe they ever wore to one who is not fully satisfied.

Delivered anywhere in United States, prepaid, for \$2.75. Send for Catalogue A to Mail Order Department.

R. H. LONG, Springfield, Mass.

FACTORIES AT SPRINGFIELD AND BELCHERTOWN. MASS.

New York Stores:

1327 Broadway (Herald Square) 3 Park Row (opp. Post Office) 80 Nassau Street 218a Third Ave. (cor. 119th St,)

Springfield, Mass.: 291 Main Street Boston, Mass.: 307 Washington Street Brooklyn Store:

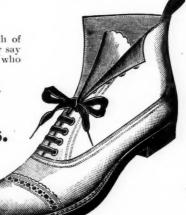
387 Fulton St. (opp. City Hall)

Philadelphia:
17 South 8th Street

Syracuse:

116 Washington Street
Providence:

89 Westminster Street



THE WALDORF EASY WALKING—Invisible Cork, Waterproof.

Made in Sealskin, Russia Calf, Enamel, and Calfskin.



Entertaining with Cards is the easiest, pleasantest and most enjoyable mode of social entertainment. Given a pack of new, crisp, handsome cards and a card-table and your guests will enjoy themselves without effort on your part. Tasteful decorations and a dainty lunch are pleasant accessories, but good cards are essential to their complete enjoyment. Many handsome designs are available at moderate prices. Our booklet "Entertaining with Cards," describes novel card parties, sent FREE, with pamphlet showing 200 miniature backs, in colors.

Fashion Series Playing Cards

are thin, crisp, flexible and pleasant to handle; absolutely true in size; edges smooth and even; colors bright and permanent. Paces and indexes are clear-cut, readable and handsomely printed. Highly enameled, waterproof surface. Packs are gauged to uniform thickness. Special designs for all special occasions—Delft backs, Tinted backs, Cupid backs, Japanese backs, Secret Society backs, Floral backs, beautiful Landscape backs, Fortune-telling Cards, plain faces, whist and Standard sizes. Fashion Series No. 2 (Sample pack, 75c.) Sold by dealers, or

Address Dep'114, THE UNITED STATES PLAYING CARD COMPANY, Cincinnati, O., U. S. A.

# WEBER **PIANOS**

The same Intelligence and Solidity of Construction, Pure Musical and Sympathetic Tone, combined with Greatest Power, which have characterized the WEBER since its complete triumph over all competition in 1876, are marked in even a greater degree in the

#### WEBER of ToDay.

WAREROOMS:

Fifth Avenue and 16th Street. New=York.

268 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.



#### This Pretty Dress for

Is an example of the economy and satisfaction of clothing children at the Children's Store.



Made of fine nainsook, with yoke of narrow tucks and three insertions, each insertion finished on both sides with a dainty ruffle of embroidery; full skirt, deep hem, neatly made, Sizes, 6 months to 2 years.

By mail, 5 cents extra.

We publish a catalogue showing what

New York Boys and Girls

will wear this year.

Over 900 Illustrations.

Mailed for 4 cents postage,

60-62 West 23d Street, New York.



#### The "OUEEN" of Music Boxes.

Money cannot buy a better Music Box than a "REGINA."

Boxes of every description, costing from \$7 to \$300.

BOXES Of EVERY GESCIPLION, COSING ITOM 5/1 to \$500.

Rustrated Catalogues from any of our Wholesale Selling Agents:
Sherman, Clay & Co., San Francisco, Cal.; Lyon & Healy,
Onicago, Ill.; Kipp Bro.'s Co., Indianapolis, Ind.; John C. Haynes
Co., Boston, Mass.; C. Bruno & Son, St. Louis and New York City;
August Pollman, New York City; John Church Co. and Rudolph
Wurlitzer Co., Cincinnati, Ohio; Heeren Bros. & Co., Pitteburg.
Pa.; Murray, Blanchard, Young & Co., Providence, R. I.

Manufactured by

REGINA MUSIC BOX CO., RAHWAY, N.J. New York Salesrooms: Broadway, 22d St. and Fifth Ave.





--- 10 DAYS' TRIAL FREE ---Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

The Williams Mfg. Co., Ltd., Box 42 Plattsburg, N. Y.





Suppose you do want the best you can buy and are willing to pay a fancy price, you can't get any better collars than those stamped "Corliss, Coon & Co." and sold at 2 for 25c. They are the same four-ply linen, as correctly made, as good fitting, as perfect style, look as well, wear as well and last as long as those you pay double the price for. You pay for collar value only when you buy goods stamped "Corliss, Coon & Co." We make collars exclusively, have made them for sixty years—ask your dealer about it. Try them. Send for catalogue of styles, giving proper dress for all occasions—this will interest dealers as well.

CORLISS, COON & CO. Dept. A, TROY, N. Y.











The Corliss Collar has always been the standard for style, quality, elegance and durability. Costs but little—15c., two for 25c. You can pay more, but it will be impossible to secure greater satisfaction at any price. For the above reasons careful dealers sell them. The styles here illustrated are up-to-date; made in various heights; adapted to silk, flannel or wash waists; suitable for all seasons. If your dealer cannot supply you, send to us price as above, stating size desired, and goods will be sent postpaid.

Artistic style booklet sent free.

CORLISS, COON & CO., DEPT. A, TROY, N. Y.





# COLLARS and



Stylish, convenient, economical, made of fine cloth and finished alike on both sides. The turn down collars are reversible and give double service.

#### NO LAUNDRY WORK

When soiled on both sides, discard. **Ten Collars or five pairs of cuffs, 25c.** *By mail,* 3oc. Send 6c. in stamps for sample collar and pair of cuffs. Name size and style.

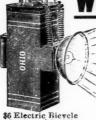
REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO., Dept. A, BOSTON.



# Battery Table

\$2.75 complete.





\$6 Electric Bicycle Lights, \$2.75

# ARE SELLII

	\$ 8.00 Electric Bell Outfits for	1.00
	21.00 Telephones, complete, for	5.95
	12.00 Fan Motors, with Batteries, for.,	5.95
ME (2) 11-	8.00 Electric Hand Lanterns for	8.00
	10.00 Electric Carriage Lights for	3.95
11	8.00 Medical Batteries for.	3.95
1	5.00 Electric Belts, the genuine, for	1.00
6	3.00 Necktie Lights, with Dry Battery	1.50
- /.	14-Candle Hanging Lamp, with Battery.	10.00
	Telegraph Outfits, complete, for	2.25
	Miniature Electric Lamps for	.40
Bicycle	Sewing Machine Motors for	5.00
2.75	All Electrical Books at low prices.	
	ll all on Everything Electrical.	

OHIO ELECTRIC WORKS, CLEVELAND, O. HEADQUARTERS FOR ELECTRIC NOVELTIES AND SUPPLIES.

Agents wanted. Send for New Catalogue just out.

# JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT



MAKES FLESH AND BLOOD

Our booklet with colored illustrations of prominent men mailed upon application.

EISNER & MENDELSON CO., Sole Agents, 156 Franklin Street, New York.

In answering this advertisement it is desirable that you mention Munsey's MAGAZINE.

# Clothing Salesmen Wanted

\$150.00 PER MONTH AND EXPENSES MADE BY ALL OUR ACTIVE MEN. WE PAY MANY FAR MORE.

We want men in every County in the United States. If your reference is satisfactory we will start you at once. No experience necessary. No capital required. We furnish a full line of samples, stationery, etc. A tailor's-for-the-trade complete outfit ready for business. No commission plan. You regulate your profits to suit yourself. No nouse to house can wass. This is not one of the many catchy advertisements for agents, but one of the very few advertisements offering a rare opportunity to secure strictly high-crade em. We are the Largest Tailors in America. We make to measure over 300,000 suits annually. We ployment at hit walks. One Krehange National Hank in Chicago, any Express or Railroad Co. In Chicago, any resident of Chicago. Before engaging with us, write to any friend in Chicago and ask them to come and see us, then write you if it is a rare opportunity to secure steady, high-class, big-paying employment. BETTER STILL—come to Chicago yourself and see us before engaging and satisfy yourself regarding every word we say. You can get steady work, and big pay. Work in your own county 300 days in the year, and you can't make less than 85 every day above all expenses. WE WANT TO ENCAGE YOU to take orders for our Made-to-Order and Measure Custom Tailoring, (Men's Suits, Pants and Overcoats). We put you in the way to take orders from almost every man in your county; a business better than a store with a \$20,000.00 stock. You will have no competition.

We are the Largest Tailors in America



RIO, Wis., June 20th, 1898.

GENTLEMEN:—In reply to your letter requesting the use of my photograph for advertising purposes, and asking how I am pleased with the work, would say I do not object to your using my photograph, as your prices are very low and garments so exact to my measurements that I gladly recommend you. I would add that I have never made less than \$80.00 per month since I received your first outfit, and in the best months have made as high as \$850.00 per month.

Very truly,

Should you write Mr. Doyle, be sure to enclose a 2c stamp for reply.

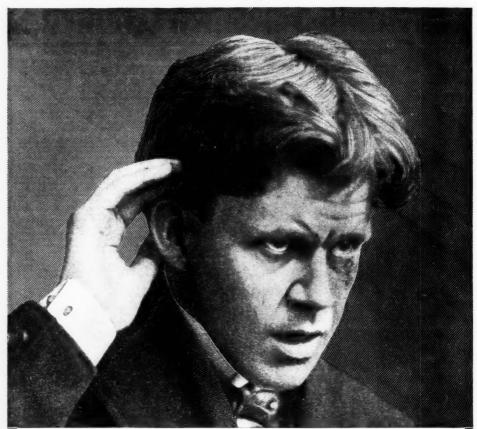
We are the Largest Tailors in America

AMERICAN WOOLEN MILLS CO., West Side Enterprise Bidg., CHICACO, ILL.

GENTLEMEN:—Please send me by express. C. O. D., subject to examination, your Sample Book and Complete Salesman's Outfit, as described above. I agree to examine it at the express office and if found exactly as represented and I feel I can make good big wages taking orders for you, I agree to pay the express agent, as a guarantee of good faith, and to show I mean business

merely as a temporary deposity, One Dollar and express charges, voon as my sales have amounted to \$25.00. If not found as represent pay one cent.	with the understanding the One Bollar is to be refunded to me s sented and I am not perfectly satisfied I shall not take the outf
Sign your name on above line.	
Name of Postoffice, County and State on above line.	On above two lines give as reference, names of two men ove 21 years of age who have known you one year or longer.
Your age	
Married or single	In above line give name of your nearest everage office

Address your letter AMERICAN WOOLEN MILLS CO., West Side Enterprise Bldg., CHICACO, ILL.



# There are none so deaf as those who won't buy

# Wilson's Common Ear Drums

The only scientific sound conductors. Invisible, comfortable, efficient. They fit in the ear. Doctors recommend them. Thousands testify to their perfection and to benefit derived.

Information and book of letters from many users, free. Wilson Ear Drum Co., 152 Trust Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

#### Pale, Thin, Delicate

people get vigorous and increase in weight from the use of

A Perfect Food.

Tonic and Restorative.

It is a powder, made from the most nourishing elements of meat, prepared for the nutriment and stimulus of weak systems. May be taken in water, milk, tea, coffee, etc.

At druggists', in 2-oz., 1/4, 1/2, and 1-lb. tins.

Also the following combinations: Somatose-Biscuit, Somatose-Cocoa, Somatose-Chocolate—each containing 10 per ceut. Somatose. Very convenient and palatable preparations.

Pamphlets mailed by

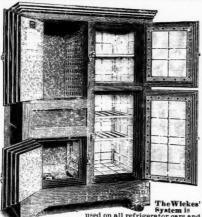
FARBENFABRIKEN OF ELBERFELD CO., 40 Stone Street, New York City,

Selling agents for Farbenfabriken vorm. Friedr. Bayer & Co., Elberfeld. 35-40 05-40 05-40 05-40 05-40 05-40 05-40 05-40

Direct from Manufacturer to **Private Families.** 

REFRIGERATORS PAY FOR THEMSELVES IN

HE SAVING OF ICE.



The Wickes' System is used on all refrigerator cars and Meat Houses owned by Armour & Co., Nelson Morris & Co., Swift & Co., Libby, McNeill Libby, and other packers. The Merchants Dispatch has 0,000 in use. These people know the value of the WICKES' ATENT REFRIGERATING SYSTEM. Offered for first time in all sizes to private families. Porcelain ned. Send to nearest office for catalogue and price-list.

BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO., \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* とうこうこうこうこうこうご GENUINE GEORGIA

The most famous Southern dish. Made of Selected Chicken, Beef, Corn and Tomatoes. A complete Meal in itself. A perfect Lunch for Clubs. At retail—16 ounce Cans—35 cts. each.

THE STOCKDELL

#### Rare

Made of Pure Cream Cheese. Delightfully seasoned and ready for use. At retail—9 ounce Caus—25 cts. each.

THE STOCKDELL

A delicious Relish. Just the thing for Raw Oysters. Made of the finest Vinegar, Horseradish and Sauces. Splendid also for Lobsters and Meats. At retail—4 oz. Bottles—25 cts. each.

If your grocer does not keep them, show him this advertisement, or send his address to

COLD SPRING PACKING COMPANY, ANNEX A." ATLANTA, CA.



#### Columbia Soups Delight the Connoisseur.

They tempt the palate, stimulate the appetite and prepare the stomach for the heavier foods. Columbia Soups are superior-made from choicest materials by experienced French chefs. NONE BET-TER CAN BE MADE.

> 12 Varieties-all equally good. Sold by Best Dealers.

MULLEN-BLACKLEDGE CO., Indianapolis, Ind.

#### <u>EDISON SAYS</u>

Concerning the STUDY of ELECTRICITY at home by our MAIL system:

I consider the Electrical Engineer Institute as conducted by Mesors Wetzler and Martin to be of great value to those who desire an Electrical Education

Write for our two FREE books entitled "Can I Become an Electrical Engineer?" and "The Electrical Marvels of our Times."

Thomas a Edwar

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#### MARCH WINDS

Dry the hair and scalp and fill them with dust. Too much washing is bad for both hair and scalp.

#### Coke Dandruff Cure

cleanses the scalp and stimulates the natural secretions, so the growth of the hair is encouraged and the scalp kept in perfect condition.

"Coke Dandruff Cure" is guaranteed to cure or money refunded. One dollar a bottle at druggists or by express. Booklet free,

A. R. BREMER CO., 13 La Salle St., Chicago.



#### THE BOOK OF THE YEAR

in all points relating to Poultry and Poultry Management, care in the alth and disease with many valuable tested recipes is our annual POULTRY GUIDE FOR '99.
Tells all about the 40 varieties of thorough bred poultry grown on Millhook Farm. The kind to select for best resule, however, worth its weight in gold to the beginner. Sent for 10a. in stamps—merely to pay postage and mailing rowls and Eggs for Sale at Lawest Prices.

WILLEER 60. BRW 41 Freenart. Ille

THE J. W. MILLER CO., Box 41 Freeport, Ills.



8000 BICYCLES

verstock: Must Be Closed Out. STANDARD '98 MODELS, guaranteed, \$9.75 to \$16. Shopworn & second hand wheels, good as new, \$3 to \$10. Great factory clearing sale. We ship to anyone on approval

**EARN a BICYCLE** by helpin Agent in each town FREE USE of sample wi

G. P. MEAD CYCLE CO., Chicago.



#### COMFORT THE SICK.

In all the world there is nothing that will bring more Cheer, Comfort and
Encouragement to the sick than

#### Baker's Adjustable Bedside Table.

The Table is adapted for use over Bed, Lounge, Chair, etc. Adjustable for serving meals or for reading, writing, etc. The leaf can be extended, raised or lowered, or tilted either way to any angle. Neat folding book holders are attached to each side of leaf.

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IN FOUR STYLES.—Black Enamel, \$4.00; White Enamel, \$4.50; Nickel Plated, \$6.50; Antique Copper Plated, (very handsome) \$7.00. FREIGHT PREPAID east of the Missouri River and north of North Carolina.

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#### DEAR MADAM:

The Index to lamps and the chimneys for them will save you money and trouble.

We want you to have it.

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Will deliver free of expense to any address in the United States, Six Shirts on receipt of Six Dollars.

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That's what people with poor digestion are doing every day. They have no appetite or if they do have an appetite and eat what they require it does them no good, because the stomach does not digest it and the fermenting mass of food becomes a source of disease, of headaches, sleeplessness, languor and the thousand and one symptoms of disordered digestion.

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The best \$50.00 hair mattress made is not its equal in cleanliness, durability or comfort. We pay all express charges, and sell on the distinct agreement that you may return it and get your money back (without question or dispute), if not all you have even hoped for, at the end of

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If you are skeptical about its merits or don't need one now, send for our complete pamphlet, The Test of Time, mailed free for the asking. It gives full particulars.

Patent Elastic Felt consists of airy, interlacing, fibrous sheets, of snowy whiteness and great elasticity; closed in the tick by

Is perfectly dry, non-absorbent, and is guaranteed absolutely vermin proof. Softer and purer than hair can be; no re-picking or restuffing necessary.

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3525 LUCAS AVR., ST. LOUIS, MO., Feb. 11, 1896.

Dear Sirs: — Your Patent Elastic Felt Mattresses have been in use in my house since 1877. During this time, nineteen years, they have constantly grown in favor, remaining always the same, requiring no remaking. They make the most comfortable, the cleanest, and the most wholesome beds.

Yours truly, E. H. Gregory. M.D.

Warning! Not for sale by stores. A few unscrupulous dealers are trying to sell a \$5 mattress for \$10 and \$15 on our advertising. Patent Elastic Felt Mattresses can only be bought of

#### OSTERMOOR & COMPANY, 114 Elizabeth Street, New York.

Canadian Agency : 290 Guy St., Montreal, We have cushioned 25,000 Churches. Send for our book, "Church Cushions."



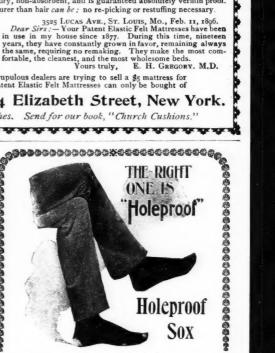
Ladies who are careful about the appearance of their feet need never be ashamed of their shoes if they use

#### Solo Shoe Polish.

Brightens the shoe, preserves the leather, will not soil the garments and is conceded the best for all shoes worn by men, women and children. Ask Your Dealer; or Mailed for 10c. per Box.

A postal card brings booklet, "The Story of a Name."

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Are made of a specially twisted hygienic yarn, on special machinery, to resist hardest wear. They are a boon to bachelors, men away from home, married men whose wives and daughters are tired of that weekly mending job, and every one that wants that satisfactory kind.

SOLD UNDER A GUARANTEE NOT TO NEED MEND-ING FOR SIX MONTHS if four pairs are worn alternately.

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A SHOE that acts as a veritable air-pump to the foot; containing ball-bearing cushions which admit and expel air at each movement of the foot. There is nothing visible, nor anything that will detract from the appearance of the shoe. This is not an experiment, not an untried scheme, but a positive, practical ventilated shoe, tried and endorsed by leading physicians.

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No. 44. Men's Tan Kid Lace Shoe. "Coin" Toe. A beautiful "every-day shoe" made of fine Tan Vici Kid, with a neat, perforated, straight tip, single sole and medium heel. Sizes, 6 to 11. Widths, AA to E.

ated, straight tip, single sole and medium heel. Sizes, 6 to 11. Widths, AA to E. No. 45. The same as the above, only made of Black Vici Kid. Price, \$4.00. If not sold by your dealer order direct from us. G. A. Kantrowitz & Co., 253-261 Market St., Chicago.

### SINGER National Costume

RUSSIA

USSIA, the most extensive empire ever established. stretches from a land in the south where the vine and fig flourish, to the barren, frozen plains of the Arctic region; it is peopled by more differ-

ent races than any other nation.

The original tribes, the true Slavs, are physically

the nearest to perfection of any people.

Three widely distinct classes exist: the nobles, the

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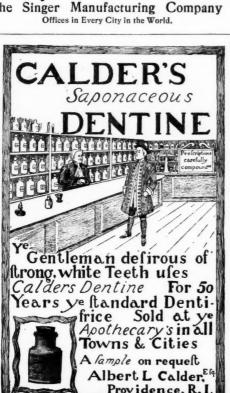
Among such a diversity of races and social conditions the costumes are necessarily very different. The photograph shows a traveling salesman, clad in the loose, flowing, priestly robe largely worn by men of the middle class in Central European Russia, explaining to a customer the use of a Singer sewing machine.

The woman wears the indoor costume of the women of Novgorod, a long, loose, richly embroidered robe over which is a long, open, sleeveless jacket. Her gold beads and sequins are considered family heirlooms.

Singer sewing machines are distributed throughout the vast Russian Empire, and Singer offices are found in every town of any importance. Thus, this product of American genius is bringing the women of the whole world into one universal kinship and sisterhood,

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Old machines taken in Exchange.

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# Barga

Worth \$20.00. Made of all wool IN-VISIBLE PLAID, perfect fitting Waist; Silk Taffeta Lining. Skirt entirely new stylehandsomest creation.

Special Price ... \$12.75 Samples Mailed on Request.

Only one of our beautiful line. OUR CATA-LOGUE contains many new and elegant styles of Suits and Wraps, etc.,

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FOR QUALITY, AND DURABILITY.

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The only shear made by natural gas process. Catalogue Free. NO TIRED AND SORE FINGERS WHEN CLAUSS SHEARS AND SCISSORS ARE USED.

Gentlemen, use a Clauss Razor; smooth and easy shaving. All razors on trial. If not satisfactory, money refunded.

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1 Concave Ivoride Razor, in Leather Plush Lined Case,

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BUYS THIS EXCELLENT

desk (direct from the factory) freight prepaid, sent desk (drect from the invelory) freight prepard, sent. On Approval, to be returned at our expense if not positively the best roll-top desk ever sold at retail at so low a price.

This dresk has raised panels, a closed back, one row of oak front file boxes, ball-bearing casters, double deck topp solid brass trimmings, an abundance of dra wers and pigeon-holes. It is made of choice quarter sawed oak, with a rich polish finish—dealers ask \$35.00 to \$50.00 for a similar desk.



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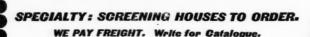




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Largest Factories in the World.

Gold, Silver, Nickel and Metal Plating. PROFITS IMMENSE. **NEW PROCESS.** EASILY LEARNED.

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s, you can positively make \$5 to \$15 a day, at home or traveling, taking orders, using and selling Prof. Gray's Latest Improved Platers. Unequaled for plating watches, jewelry, tableware, bicycles, and all metal goods, heavy plate. Warranted. No experience necessary.

LET US START YOU IN BUSINESS FOR YOURSELF. Be your own boss. We do all kinds of plating ourselves. Have had years of experience. Manufacture the only practical outfits, including generators or dynamos, and all tools, lathes and materials. All sizes complete. Ready for work when received. Guaranteed. New modern methods.

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THE ROYAL, OUR NEW DIPPING PROCESS. Quick. Easy. Latest method. Tableware simply dipped in melted metal, taken out instantly with finest, most brilliant, beautiful plate, ready to deliver. Thick plate every time. Guaranteed 5 to 10 years. A boy plates 200 to 300 pleces tableware daily. No polishing, grinding or work necessary.

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WRITE TODAY. Our New Plan, Testimonials and Circulars, FREE. Don't wait. Send us your address any way.

CRAY & CO. PLATING WORKS, 53 Miami Building, Cincinnati, O.

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The perfect Bath Cabinet, rubber coated inside and outside. Not a skirt-shaped affair to pull over the head, but a room with a door. Hinged so as to be folded away into a six-inch space. Turkish, vapor and medicated baths can be taken in it at home exactly the same as in Turkish bath rooms. The cost is three cents per bath.

Turkish baths are necessary to perfect cleanliness. They ward off sickness by forcing all impurities out through the pores. They head off all colds. They do all that hot springs and mud baths accomplish in the cure of disease. They clear the complexion, give freshness and vigor to mind and body, quiet the nervous and rest the tired. This cabinet places these benefits within the reach of everybody.

The Racine Bath Cabinet is the latest, and by several times over the best one on the market. We warrant each cabinet, and send it on approval, to

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> RACINE BATH CABINET CO., Corner Clark & 14th St...RACINE. WIS.

# Drunkenness Gured

It is now Within the Reach of Every Woman to Save the Drunkard.

#### A TRIAL PACKAGE FREE.

The Remedy Can be Given in Tea, Coffee or Food, thus Absolutely and Secretly Curing the Patient in a Short Time Without His Knowledge.

This cure for Drunkenness has shed a radiance into thousands of hitherto desolate firesides. It does its work so silently and surely that while the devoted wife, sister or daughter looks on, the drunkard is reclaimed even against his will and without his knowledge or co-operation. The discoverer of this grand remedy, Dr. Haines, will send a sample of the remedy free to all who will write for it. Enough of the remedy is mailed free to show how it is used in tea, coffee or food and that it will cure the dreaded habit quietly and permanently. Send your name and address to Dr. J. W. Haines, 1034 Glenn Building, Cincinnati, O., and he will mail a free sample of the remedy to you, securely sealed in a plain wrapper, also full directions how to use it, books and testimonials from hundreds who have been cured, and everything needed to aid you in saving those near and dear to you from a life of degradation and ultimate poverty and disgrace.

Send for a free trial today. It will brighten the rest of your life.





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#### HOT AIR AND VAPOR BATHS AT HOME. Sure Cure for LaGrippe, Colds and Rheumatism.

The Robinson Cabinet is the only genuine Folding Cabinet with door. It folds like a screen into six inch space. Spurious imitations crush together and ruin the goods.

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We guarantee our Cabinet 20 years. Samples of goods, circulars and 1000 letters from delighted patrons sent free. Every aliment can be cured or greatly benefited by the bath. We handle all kinds of hygienic appliances. Price of Cabinets range from \$3.50 to \$12.50. Large commission to good agents. We furnish capital. Write to-day.

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Grand Summer and Autumn Flowering Bulbs.

These beautiful, brilliant, hardy bulbs are almost unknown in our country, while in Europe they are used extensively in all out-door planting, and will doubtless be one of the horticultural features at the Paris Exhibition in 1996, and it has been a matter of wonder to us why they are not more generally used. We feel certain if once tried they will become firm favorites. No trouble to grow, always flower freely and are elegant for cutting. We offer seven of the most distinct and brilliant varieties, ranging in color from clear yellow to scarlet. We will furnish

1 bulb each of the 7 varieties free by mail for 20c.
3 bulbs " " " " " " " " " " 55c.
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Also free to each buyer or applicant who mentions this paper Dreer's Garden Calendar for 1899, showing the Montbretias in color on the cover.

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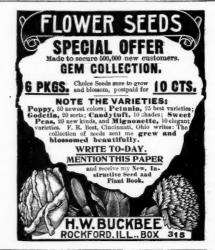
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350 Seeds	1 Pkt. (50 seeds) Giant Purple
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Also GIANT PANSY MIXTURE, 250 seeds, 35 kinds in the pkt., only 20c. postpaid; 3 pkts., 50c.

Our 1899 Catalogue, a Mirror of American Horticulture, FREE with every order. It contains the largest variety, and "Best Flower Seeds in America."



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with 30 lbs, S. S. Chop Tea. Lace Curtains, Watches, Clocks, Tea Sets, Toilet Sets **given away** with \$5, \$5, \$10 and \$15 orders, Send this "ad," and 15c, and we will send you a sample of S. S. Chop or any other Tea you may select. *Munsey*.

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are ever new and intensely interesting to the picture maker, and it is there where the Camera's good points are worked out.

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#### Improved '99 Model Manhattan Bo-Peep B Folding Camera

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PRICE, 814.

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Our New Photo Printing Papers, Platinum, Platinoid, Floragraph and Wizard Ferro, Give the Best Results.

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# Sunart Cycle Vici No. 1

Exact outside measurement of Camera, which takes  $4 \times 5$  pictures, is 5 % inches by 6 inches by 2 % inches thick.



# *Price* \$25.00

Tan Cover is waterproof; no fear of rain.

Extension
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Vertical and Lateral Adjustment of Front; Removable Ground Glass; Side Curtains for Focusing; Extension Bed for Long Focusing.

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Cameras from \$5, \$8, and upwards

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28 STYLES

Send 2-cent stamp for Catalogue.

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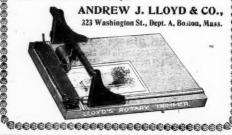
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Avoid Mistakes. Our 40 page booklet tells you how to make and record correct exposures under all conditions. Send five 2-cent stamps.



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Circulars at Agencies, or sent by mail, giving full information. Catalogue FREE. :: ::

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Our own reproduction of the massive and elegant Colonial Sofa, embodying both comfort and style. Frame is of solid birch, finished mahogany, and highly polished. Upholstering first quality, with steel tempered springs guaranteed two years. In any shade velour or corduroy. Deep, soft seat. Size: 6 ft. 3 in. long, 30 inches deep.

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We have the contracts for furnishing every Post Office, Court House, and Custom House in the United States, and Weather Bureau Signal Stations in the United States, Cuba, and Porto Rico.



### FREE SAMPLE

#### "OUR FAVORITE" **ENAMEL** (WASHABLE)

to gild a small frame, also a brush to apply it with, to anyone mentioning this paper and enclosing a z-cent stamp for postage. As brilliant and smooth as goldleaf. Ready for use. A child can apply it. Shows no brushmarks. Can be washed without taraishing. Gilds everything, such as frames, chairs, bric-à-brac, fancy articles, chandeliers, baskets, etc. Also made in

#### ALUMINUM SILVER

When not sold by dealers will send full size box (gold or silver), for or large size, three times the quantity, 50c., express prepaid. Address

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We take this method of informing physicians of all schools that we shall be pleased to co-operate with any who have a difficult case of either Diabetes or Bright's

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are as simple and practical as the hook and eye—are made of nickel-plated spring steel, will not break or get out of order—weigh less than 3 ounces, and no grip is so small or full but there is room for them.



Holds 2 pair of trousers, prevents bagging and wrinkling and preserves



Holds 2 skirts each and keeps them like new, and does same as No. 4 for trousers.

No. 8 7 OPEN

Is adjustable to any size coat or waist. Folds up like a No. 8-FOLDED telescope.

The Economist holds 5 hangers (10 garments) in space used by one closet hook.

ECONOMIST

Any garment can be instantly taken down or replaced without disturbing the others. Thousands sold weekly and not one displeased patron.

If your dealer don't keep them don't take a substitute. I will send postpaid at following prices: any single hanger, 25 cts.; 5 assorted as desired, \$1; 1 doz., \$2; if asked for, 1 economist sent free with \$1 order, 2 with dozen order.

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Mounted: Knickerbockers for sport. Dismounted: Long trousers

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Ours is the only firm that can manufacture and sell the convenient TURNIP BICYCLE SUITS AND TROUSERS, having Golf Cuffs securely stitched inside of Trouser legs, suitable alike for Bicycling, Base Ball, Golf, Tennis, Horseback Riding or any kind of sport.



DERECTIONS: Turn of fold up bottom of pants log till lower edge of Golf Ceff appears, turn up once more, exposing full cuff to view, then pull pants leg up so cuff-rest just below the knee, fasten buckles and you have knee-pants ready for any kind of sport. For Cost state chest measure, for pants, walst and inseam, also whether dark or medium material, and if striped, plain or plaid. If wanted to, D. remit's fife trousers, or \$\frac{3}{2}\$ for suit, pay capress agent balance and express changes. Special discounts to our salesumer. Samples sent on request.

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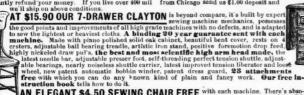
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Many Carpets that
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### ...The Newest Spring Novelties...

HE response to our February announcement of the opening in new Spring silks was a tremendous one. The public, from Maine to California, have grown enthusiastic over our magnificent collection of silks for Spring wear, comprising every fashionable weave, color, and combination, all offered at bedrock prices. It is a duty you owe yourself to see our samples and note our prices before purchasing your new Spring costume, waist, trimming, or lining silks.

How are we able to offer such bargains, you ask? Because we have an intimate business connection with the silk markets of the world, which enables us to give you the most fashionable and newest silken fabrics at the least possible cost to you.

This month we offer our Spring importation of all silk black grenadines, entirely new ideas in artistic designs. Our first import order of plain poplins for entire dresses is nearly exhausted, and we have cabled for a duplicate order. Retail price, \$1.25 per yard; our wholesale price to everybody, 93 cents.

Our mammoth stock of plain taffetas is still complete. This weave is bound to be in great favor this Spring for waists, linings, petticoats, and entire dresses, and a little later the most fashionable colors will be very scarce. Retail prices, 75 cents, \$1.00, and \$1.25 per yard; our wholesale price to everybody, 67 cents, 85 cents, and \$1.00 per yard.

Our fancy silk stock is now at its height. We have hundreds and hundreds of new designs and color combinations, calculated to charm the most fastidious, at prices consistent with every pocketbook. Then there are black taffetas, black peau de soies, black satin duchesse, black grosgrain, black failles, black armures, black Indias, etc., all offered at the lowest wholesale prices.

We want to become acquainted with your desires; it is for our interest as well as yours that we give you the very finest goods at rock bottom prices. And we wish to state right here that any silk purchased from us which is not found to be exactly as represented, or which for any other reason proves unsatisfactory, will have its cost refunded to the buyer. The purchaser may also get his money back if he discovers that our rate is not from 25% to 50% less than that charged in the great department stores of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Boston. This is a broad and liberal statement, backed up by our capitalization of \$500,000.

One cent is all it costs you to receive a line of our samples. On your postal card state color, kind of silk desired, and about what price you wish to pay. This will enable us to serve you more satisfactorily by giving you a greater assortment in the direction of your taste. Remember that many lines are controlled by us for the United States, and cannot be secured elsewhere.

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FREE Our new illustrated catalog showing colors, weights, and showing colors, weights, price, free to you for the asking.



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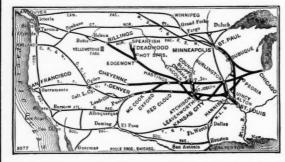
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THIS MACKINTOSH is latest 1899 style, made from heavy waterproof, taa color, senuise Davis Covert Cloth; extra long, double breasted, Sager velvetcollar, fancy pladi lining, waterproof sewed, strapped and cemented seams, suitable for either rain or overceat, and guaranteed greatest value ever offered by. us or any other house. For Free Cloth Samples of Men's Mackintoshes up to \$5.00, and Madeto-Measure Suits and Overcoask at £rom \$5.00 te \$10.00, writefor Free Book No. 80 C. Address,

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### 1899

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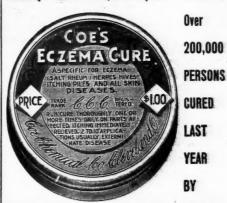
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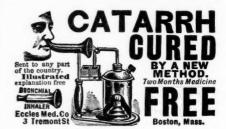
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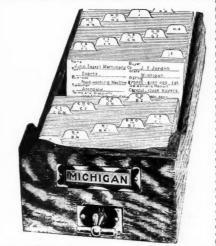


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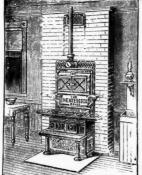
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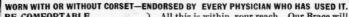
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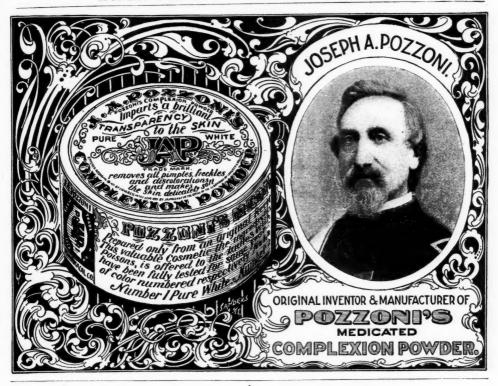


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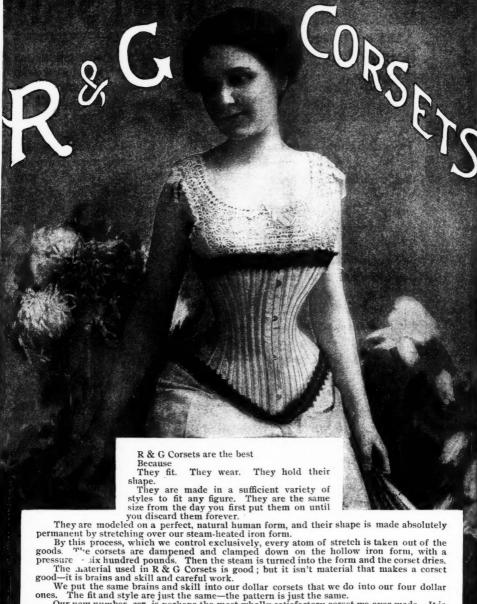
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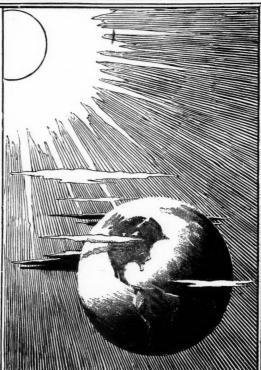
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